This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

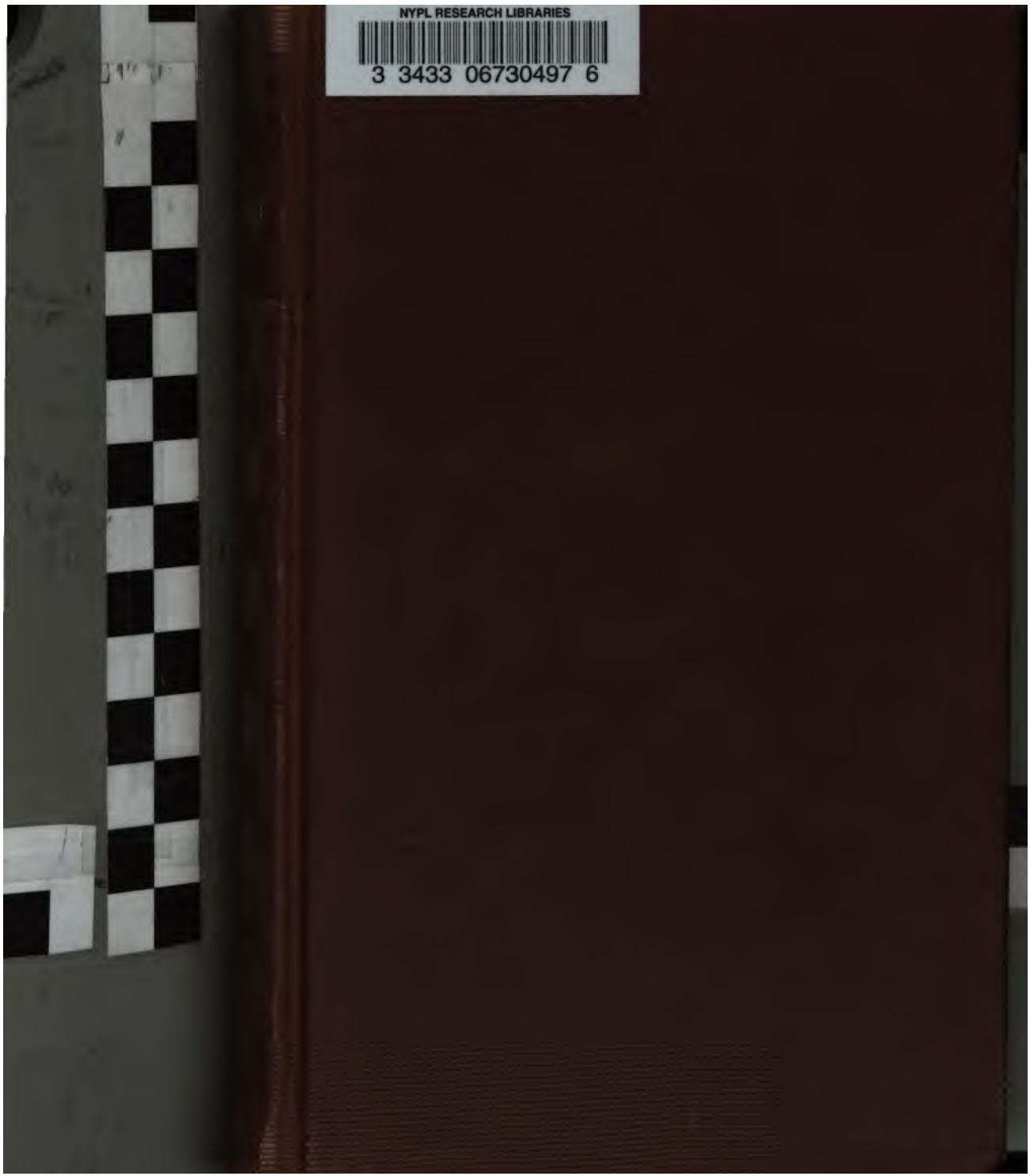
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

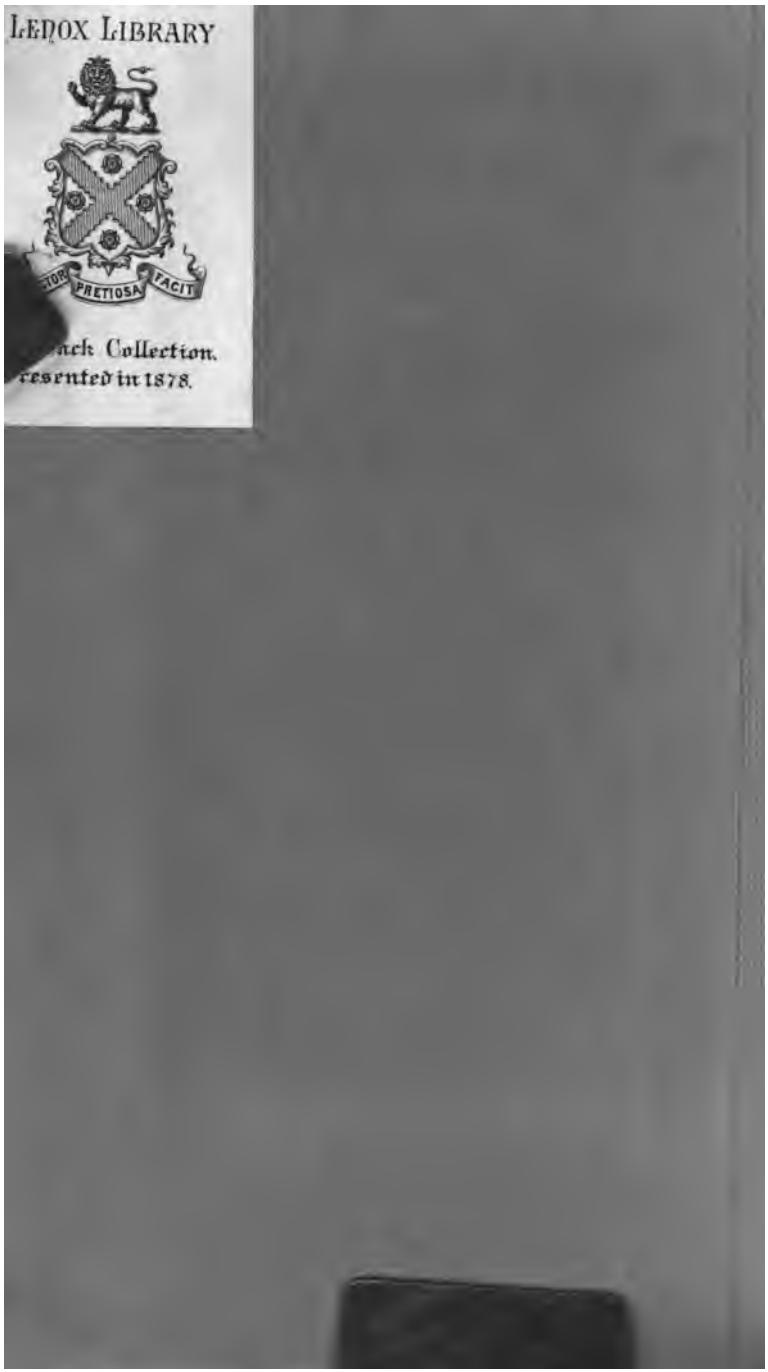
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

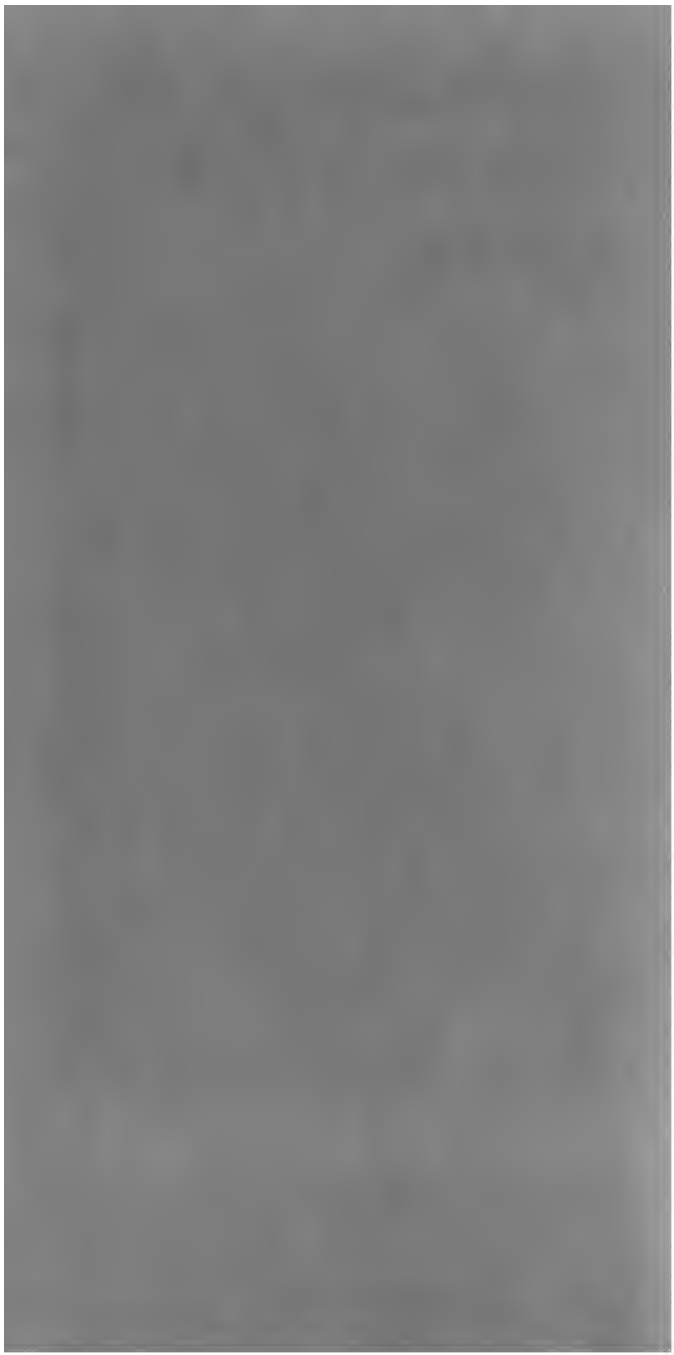
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 06730497 6


LENOX LIBRARY
PRETIOSA FACIT
ack Collection.
resented in 1878.



THE

OBSERVER:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

MORAL, LITERARY AND FAMILIAR

ESSAYS.

——MULTORUM PROVIDUS URBES
ET MORES HOMINUM INSPEXIT.——
(HORAT).

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. DILLY IN THE POULTRY.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

CONTENTS

OF THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

NUMBER.

XCIV. *A REVIEW of the preſent ſtate of ſociety in this country, as dependent upon laws, religion, manners and arts; the ſame compared with antecedent periods, and murmurers againſt the preſent times reprehended and confuted* — — — Page 1

XCV. *Advantages of a great fortune well applied, and the contrary conſequences reſulting from it's abuſe exemplified in the author's viſit to Attalus: A poetic rhapſody in the manner of* The Taſk *upon the firſt view of Attalus's country manſion* — — — 12

XCVI. *The viſit to Attalus concluded; obſervations reſulting from that viſit* — 24

XCVII. *The contemptible character of a proud man diſplayed; a contraſt given of humility* — — — 35

CONTENTS.

NUMBER.

XCVIII. *Advantages of a happy talent for discerning times and seasons; rules and observations on this subject; defaulters against these rules characterized in a variety of particulars* — Page 46

XCIX. *Discovery of a curious Greek fragment, describing the paintings of Apelles, Parrhasius and Timanthes, taken from certain dramas of Æschylus the tragic poet* — — — 55

C. *Of the midddle comedy of the Greeks; anecdotes of Alexis; fragments of that dramatic poet collected* — — 62

CI. *The same collection continued and concluded. Anecdotes of Antiphanes* 72

CII. *Collection of fragments from the comedies of Antiphanes* — — 80

CIII. *Anecdotes of Anaxandrides: Of Aristophon, with fragments of that poet: Of Axionicus, Bathon, Chæremon, Clearchus, Criton, Crobylus, Demoxenus, Demetrius, and Diodorus, with fragments of the latter: Of Dionysius and Ephippus* — — — 87

CIV. *Fragment of the comic poet Epicrates: Of Eriphus and Eubulus, with fragments of the latter: Of Euphron, Heniochus, Mnesimachus, and fragments of each* — — 95

CV. *Frag-*

CONTENTS.

NUMBER.

CV. *Fragments of the poet Moſchion: Of Nicoſtratus, Philippus, Phœnicides, Sotades and Straton, with various fragments of their reſpective comedies* — — — Page 105

CVI. *Fragments of Theophilus, Timocles and Xenarchus: Concluſion of the catalogue of writers of the middle comedy: General obſervation upon theſe poets and the author's addreſs to his readers upon this portion of his work* — — 113

CVII. *The notion of a certain humouriſt that death might be avoided at will; remarks conſequent thereto, and ſerious reflections upon that neceſſary event recommended to mankind in general* 120

CVIII. *Short review of events in the reign of King Charles the Firſt introductory of the great rebellion. Of the education of a prince, heir apparent to a throne; it's importance, difficulty and duties deſcribed* — — — 127

CIX. *Ben Jonſon's imitations of Philoſtratus compared with the original paſſages: his ſatirical glances at Shakeſpear inſtanced; his hags in the maſque of the Queens compared with Shakeſpear's witches in Macbeth* — — 136

CX. *Review of Ben Jonſon's comedy of the Fox* — — — 147

CONTENTS.

NUMBER.

CXI. *Review of the Samſon Agoniſtes of Milton; the criticiſms of Dr. Samuel Johnſon upon that drama examined and oppoſed — — Page 157*

CXII. *Letter from H. Poſthumous complaining of a certain writer, who had publiſhed a collection of his memoirs and remarkable ſayings with an account of his laſt will and teſtament; aſſerting the account to be falſe in all particulars. A letter alſo from H. B. to the author, offering to ſupply him with a collection of witty ſayings for poſthumous publication — — — 167*

CXIII. *An argument for the evidences of the Chriſtian religion: A variety of paſſages from the antient heathen writers adduced to ſhew how far natural religion had enlightened mankind before revelation took place — — 176*

CXIV. *Obſervations upon theſe ſeveral inſtances of right reaſon in the heathen world; modes of reaſoning, by which natural religion might deduce the probability of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. Confuſion of ſyſtems in the philoſophy of the heathens. Of the peculiar nation of the Jews; their character, hiſtory, government and religion 184*

CXV. *Reaſons offered* à priori *for the neceſſity of a Mediator: The appearance of*

CONTENTS.

NUMBER.

Chriſt on earth accompanied with ſuch evidences as put it out of doubt that he was the true Meſſias: Arguments of David Levi in a pamphlet lately publiſhed from the non-accordance of the evangelical genealogies examined. The goſpel account of the birth of Chriſt vindicated — — Page 193

CXVI. *Argument of David Levi for the ſuperiority of the miracles wrought by Moſes over thoſe, which the evangeliſts record of Chriſt: His cavils againſt two particular miracles of Chriſt examined and oppoſed — — — 202*

CXVII. *Further defence of the miracles objected to by David Levi; his charge of contradiction againſt the evangelical hiſtorians anſwered; and his further attempts for ſinking the character of Chriſt below that of Moſes fairly conſidered; the whole argument recapitulated, ſummed up and concluded — — 213*

CXVIII. *The ſtory of Ned Drowſy — 222*

CXIX. *The ſame continued — — 234*

CXX. *The ſame continued — — 246*

CXXI. *The ſame continued — — 259*

CXXII. *The ſame continued, in which Abraham*

CONTENTS.

NUMBER.

ham Abrahams gives his own hiſtory — — Page 269

CXXIII. *Remarks upon the preſent taſte for acting private plays. A ſhort poem annexed, founded upon reflections reſulting from that ſubject* — — 280

CXXIV. *Obſervations upon the paſſions, addreſſed to the ladies* — — 296

CXXV. *The author's explanation of his motives, in an addreſs to his readers upon the concluſion of the volume* — — 306

THE

THE OBSERVER.

N° XCIV.

A GOOD man will live with the world as a wiſe man lives with his wife; he will not let himſelf down to be a dupe to it's humours, a devotee to it's pleaſures, or a flatterer of it's faults; he will make himſelf as happy as he can in the connection for his own ſake, reform where he is able, and complain only when he cannot help it. I am ſick of that converſation which ſpends itſelf in railing at the times we live in; I am apt to think they are not made better by thoſe complaints, and I have oftentimes occaſion to know they are made worſe by thoſe very people who are loudeſt to complain of them. If this be really one of the habits of age, it is high time for every man, who grows old, to guard againſt it; for there is no occaſion to in-

yite more peeviſh companions for the laſt hours of life, than time and decrepitude will bring in their train: Let us look back upon things paſt with what content we can, ſalute time preſent with the beſt grace we are able, and reſign ourſelves to futurity with calmneſs and a patient mind: If we do not wiſh to be baniſhed from ſociety before death withdraws us from it, don't let us truſt to the world's reſpect only, let us ſtrive alſo to conciliate it's love.

But I do not wiſh to argue this point with the ſect of *the Murmurers* merely upon the ground of good policy; I ſhould be ſorry for the world, if I could give no better reaſon for keeping well with it than in ſelf-defence: I really think it a world very eaſy to live with upon paſſable good terms; I am free to confeſs it has mended me ſince I have lived with it, and I am fully of opinion it has mended itſelf: I don't deny but it has it's failings; it ſtill cuts out work for the moraliſts, and I am in no fear of finding ſubject matter for three more volumes of eſſays, before I have exhauſted the duty of an *Obſerver*. However, though I have preſumed upon taking up this character late in life, yet I feel no provocation from what I *obſerve* in others, or in myſelf, to turn *Murmurer*; I can call the time paſt under my review, as far back as my experience

will

will go, and comfort myſelf by the compariſon of it with the time preſent; I can turn to the authors, who have delineated the manners of ages antecedent to my own, without being aſhamed of my contemporaries, or entertaining a ſuperior reſpect for their's. I cannot look back to any period of our own annals, of which I can conſcientiouſly pronounce, according to ſuch judgment as I am poſſeſſed of, that the happineſs of ſociety was better ſecured, and more completely provided for than at the preſent moment.

This may appear ſo hardy an aſſertion, that if the *Murmurers* take the field againſt me, I ſuſpect that I ſhall find myſelf, as I frequently have done, in a very decided minority; for let the reader take notice, I know the world too well to think of getting popularity by defending it; if ever I make that my object, I muſt run counter to my own principles, and abuſe many, that all may read me: In the mean time I ſhall make a ſhew of ſome of my defences, if it be only to convince the *Murmurers*, that I ſhall not capitulate upon the firſt ſummons; and I will keep ſome ſtrong poſts maſked from their view, that if they repeat their aſſault, I may ſtill have reſources in my reach.

Society is cemented by laws, upheld by reli-

gion, endeared by manners, and adorned by arts.

Let us now enquire what is the preſent ſtate of theſe great fundamentals of ſocial happineſs, and whether any better period can be pointed out, compared to which their preſent ſtate may be juſtly pronounced a ſtate of declenſion.

The conſtitution of England has undergone many changes: The monarch, the nobles and the people, have each in their turn for a time deſtroyed that proper balance, in which it's excellence conſiſts. In feudal times the ariſtocratic power preponderated, and the kingdom was torn to pieces with civil diſtractions. From the acceſſion of Henry the Seventh to the breaking out of the great rebellion the power of the ſovereign was all but abſolute; the rapacity of that monarch, the brutality of his ſucceſſor, the perſecuting ſpirit of Mary, and the imperious prerogative of Elizabeth left ſcarce a ſhadow of freedom in the people; and, in ſpite of all the boaſted glories of Elizabeth's golden days, I muſt doubt if any nation can be happy, whoſe lives and properties were no better ſecured than thoſe of her ſubjects actually were: In all this period the moſt tranquil moments are to be found in the peaceful reign of James the Firſt; yet even then the king's *jus divinum* was at it's height,

height, and totally overturned the ſcale and equipoiſe of the conſtitution. What followed in Charles's day I need not dwell upon; a revolution enſued; monarchy was ſhaken to it's foundations, and in the general fermentation and concuſſion of affairs the very dregs of the people were thrown up into power, and all was anarchy, ſlaughter and oppreſſion. From the Reſtoration to the Revolution we contemplate a period full of trouble, and, for the moſt part, ſtained with the deepeſt diſgrace; a penſioned monarch, an abandoned court, and a licentious people: The abdication, or, more properly, the expulſion of a royal bigot, ſet the conſtitution upon it's bottom, but it left the minds of men in a ferment that could not ſpeedily ſubſide; antient loyalty and high monarchical principles were not to be ſilenced at once by the peremptory fiat of an act of parliament; men ſtill harboured them in their hearts, and popery, three times expelled, was ſtill upon the watch, and ſecretly whetting her weapons for a fourth attempt. Was this a period of ſocial happineſs?—The ſucceſſion of the houſe of Hanover ſtill left a pretender to the throne; and though the character of the new ſovereign had every requiſite of temper and judgment for conciliating his government, yet the old leaven was not exhauſted, freſh revolutions

were attempted and the nation felt a painful repetition of it's former ſorrows.

So far therefore as the happineſs of ſociety depends upon the ſecure eſtabliſhment of the conſtitution, the juſt adminiſtration of the laws, the ſtrict and correct aſcertainment of the ſubjects rights, and thoſe ſacred and inviolable privileges as to perſon and property, which every man amongſt us can now define, and no man living dares to diſpute, ſo far we muſt acknowledge that the times we live in are happier times, than ever fell to the lot of our anceſtors, and if we complain of them, it muſt be on account of ſomething, which has not yet come under our review; we will therefore proceed to the next point, and take the preſent ſtate of religion into our conſideration.

Religious feuds are ſo terrible in their conſequences, and the peace of this kingdom has been ſo often deſtroyed by the furiouſneſs of zealots and enthuſiaſts, ſtruggling for church-eſtabliſhment, and perſecuting in their turns the fallen party without mercy, that the tranquillity we now enjoy, (greater as I believe than in any time paſt, but certainly as great) is of itſelf ſufficient to put the modern *murmurer* to ſilence. To ſubſtantiate my aſſertion, let me refer to the riſing ſpirit of toleration; wherever that bleſſed ſpirit prevails,

prevails, it prevails for the honour of man's nature, for the enlargement of his heart, and for the augmentation of his ſocial happineſs. Whilſt we were contending for our own rights, ſelf-defence compelled us to keep off the encroachments of others, that were hoſtile to thoſe rights; but theſe being firmly eſtabliſhed, we are no longer warranted to hang the ſword of the law over the head of religion, and oppreſs our ſeceding fellow-ſubjects. Is there any juſt reaſon to complain of our eſtabliſhed clergy in their collective character? If they do not ſtun us with controverſies, it is becauſe they underſtand the ſpirit of their religion better than to engage in them: The publications of the pulpit are ſtill numerous, and if they have dropt their high inflammatory tone, it is to the honour of Chriſtianity that they have ſo done, and taken up a milder, meeker language in it's ſtead. As for the practice of religion, it is not in my preſent argument to ſpeak of that; my buſineſs is only to appeal to it as an eſtabliſhment, eſſential to the ſupport and happineſs of ſociety; and when we reflect how often in times paſt it has been made an engine for ſubverting that tranquillity and good order in the ſtate, which it now peaceably upholds, I think it will be clear to every candid man that this cannot be one of the cauſes

of complaint and murmur againſt the preſent times.

The *Manners* of the age we live in is the next point I am to review; and if I am to bring this into any decent compaſs, I muſt reject many things out of the account, that would make for my argument, and ſpeak very briefly upon all others.

To compare the manners of one age with thoſe of another we muſt begin by calling to remembrance the changes that may have been made in our own time, (if we have lived long enough to be witneſſes of any) or we muſt take them upon tradition, or gueſs at them by the writings of thoſe who deſcribe them: The comic poets are in general good deſcribers of the living manners, and of all dramatic painters in this claſs Ben Jonſon is decidedly the beſt. In the mirror of the ſtage we have the reflection of the times through all their changes from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Anne, with an exception to the days of Oliver, of which interval if there was no other delineation of the reigning manners, than what we find in the annals of Whitelocke and Clarendon, we ſhould be at no loſs to form our judgment of them. I ſtopt at the age of queen Anne, becauſe it was then that Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Addiſon

began

began to ſpread their pallets, and when they had compleated *The Spectator*, nobody will diſpute their having given a very finiſhed pourtrait of the age they lived in. Where they ſtop tradition may begin; ſo that I think an obſerving man, with all theſe aids and no ſhort experience of his own to help them out, may form a pretty cloſe compariſon in his own thoughts upon the ſubject.

Here I muſt remind the reader that I am ſpeaking of manners as they reſpect ſociety. Now we can readily refer to certain times paſt, when the manners of men in this country were inſufferably boiſterous and unpoliſhed; we can point to the period, when they were as notoriouſly reſerved, gloomy, dark and fanatical; we know when profligacy threw off all appearances, and libertiniſm went naked as it were into all ſocieties; we can tell when pedantry was in general faſhion, when duelling was the rage, and the point of honour was to be defined by a chain of logic that would have puzzled Ariſtotle; we can turn to the time, when it was reputable to get drunk, and when the fine gentleman of the comedy entertains his miſtreſs with his feats over the bottle, and recommends himſelf to her good graces by ſwearing, bluſtering, and beating up the watch: We know there are ſuch words in the language as fop and beau, and ſome can remember

remember them in daily uſe; many are yet living, who have had their full-bottomed wigs brought home in a chair, and many an old lady now crowds herſelf into a corner, who once hooped herſelf in a circle hardly leſs than Arthur's round table: Here I may be told that dreſs is not manners; but I muſt contend that the manners of a man in a full-bottomed wig muſt partake ſomething of the ſtiffneſs of the barber's buckle; nor do I ſee how he can walk on foot at his eaſe, when his wig goes in a chair. How many of us can call to mind the day, when it was a mark of good-breeding to cram a poor ſurfeited gueſt to the throat, and the moſt ſocial hours of life were thrown away in a continual interchange of ſolicitations and apologies? What a ſtroke upon the nerves of a modeſt man was it then to make his firſt approaches, and perform his awkward reverences to a ſolemn circle all riſing on their legs at the awful moment of his entry! and what was his condition at departing, when, after having performed the ſame tremendous ceremonies, he ſaw his retreat cut off by a double row of guards in livery, to every one of whom he was to pay a toll for free paſſage! A man will now find his ſuperiors more acceſſible, his equals more at their eaſe, and his inferiors more mannerly than in any time paſt. The effects of public

education, travel and a general intercourſe with mankind, the great influx of foreigners, the variety of public amuſements, where all ranks and degrees meet promiſcuouſly, the conſtant reſort to bathing and water-drinking places in the ſummer, and above all the company of the fair ſex, who mix ſo much more in ſociety than heretofore, have with many other conſpiring cauſes altogether produced ſuch an eaſe and ſuavity of manners throughout the nation, as have totally changed the face of ſociety, and levelled all thoſe bars and barriers, which made the approaches to what was called good company ſo troubleſome, and obſtructed the intercourſe between man and man. Here then I ſhall conclude upon this topic, and paſs to the Arts, which I ſaid were the ornaments of ſociety.

As I am perſuaded my argument will not be conteſted in this quarter, I need ſpend few words upon ſo clear a point. If ever this country ſaw an age of artiſts, it is the preſent; Italy, Spain, Flanders and France have had their turn, but they are now in no capacity to diſpute the palm, and England ſtands without a rival; her painters, ſculptors and engravers are now the only ſchools, properly ſo called, in Europe; Rome will bear witneſs that the Engliſh artiſts are as ſuperior in talents as they are in numbers to thoſe of all nations

tions beſides. I reſerve the mention of her architects as a ſeparate claſs, that I may for once break in upon my general rule by indulging myſelf in a prediction, (upon which I am willing to ſtake all my credit with the reader) that when the modeſt genius of a *Harriſon* ſhall be brought into fuller diſplay, England will have to boaſt of a native architect, which the brighteſt age of Greece would glory to acknowledge.

N° XCV.

Μακάριος ὅστις οὐσίαν καὶ νοῦν ἔχει·
Χρῆται γὰρ οὗτος εἰς ἃ δεῖ ταύτῃ καλῶς·
Οὕτω μαθεῖν δεῖ πάντα καὶ πλοῦτον φέρειν.
Ασχημοσύνης γὰρ γίνετ' ἐνίοις αἴτιος.
(MENANDER. *Circulatore.*)

"*Abundance is a bleſſing to the wiſe;*
"*The uſe of riches in diſcretion lies:*
"*Learn this, ye men of wealth—a heavy purſe*
"*In a fool's pocket is a heavy curſe.*"

THERE are ſo many ſtriking advantages in the poſſeſſion of wealth, that the inheritance of a great eſtate, devolving upon a man in the vigour of mind and body, appears to the

the eye of ſpeculation as a lot of ſingular felicity.

There are ſome countries, where no ſubject can properly be ſaid to be independant; but in a conſtitution ſo happily tempered as our's, that bleſſing ſeems peculiarly annexed to affluence. The Engliſh landed gentleman, who can ſet his foot upon his own ſoil, and ſay to all the world —*This is my freehold; the law defends my right: Touch it who dare!*—is ſurely as independant as any man within the rules of ſociety can be, ſo long as he encumbers himſelf by no exceedings of expence beyond the compaſs of his income: If a great eſtate therefore gives a man independance, it gives him that, which all, who do not poſſeſs it, ſeem to ſigh for.

When I conſider the numberleſs indulgencies, which are the concomitants of a great fortune, and the facility it affords to the gratification of every generous paſſion, I am mortified to find how few, who are poſſeſſed of theſe advantages, avail themſelves of their ſituation to any worthy purpoſes: That happy temper, which can preſerve a medium between diſſipation and avarice, is not often to be found, and where I meet one man, who can laudably acquit himſelf under the teſt of proſperity, I could inſtance numbers, who deport themſelves with honour under the viſita-

tions

tions of adverſity. Man muſt be in a certain degree the artificer of his own happineſs; the tools and materials may be put into his hands by the bounty of Providence, but the workmanſhip muſt be his own.

I lately took a journey into a diſtant county, upon a viſit to a gentleman of fortune, whom I ſhall call *Attalus*. I had never ſeen him ſince his acceſſion to a very conſiderable eſtate; and as I have met with few acquaintance in life of more pleaſant qualities, or a more ſocial temper than Attalus, before this great property unexpectedly devolved upon him, I flattered myſelf that fortune had in this inſtance beſtowed her favours upon one who deſerved them; and that I ſhould find in Attalus's ſociety the pleaſing gratification of ſeeing all thoſe maxims, which I had hitherto revolved in my mind as matter of ſpeculation only, now brought forth into actual practice; for amongſt all my obſervations upon human affairs, few have given me greater and more frequent diſappointment, than the almoſt general abuſe of riches. Thoſe rules of liberal œconomy, which would make wealth a bleſſing to it's owner and to all he were connected with, ſeem ſo obvious to me, who have no other intereſt in the ſubject than what meditation affords, that I am apt to wonder how men can make ſuch

ſuch falſe eſtimates of the true enjoyments of life, and wander out of the way of happineſs, to which the heart and underſtanding ſeem to point the road too plainly to admit of a miſtake.

With theſe ſanguine expectations I purſued my journey towards the magnificent ſeat of Attalus, and in my approach it was with pleaſure I remarked the beauty of the country about it; I recollected how much he uſed to be devoted to rural exerciſes, and I found him ſituated in the very ſpot moſt favorable to his beloved amuſements; the ſoil was clean, the hills eaſy, and the downs were chequered with thick copſes, that ſeemed the fineſt nurſeries in nature for a ſportſman's game: When I entered upon his ornamented demeſne, nothing could be more enchanting than the ſcenery; the ground was finely ſhaped into hill and vale; the horizon every where bold and romantic, and the hand of art had evidently improved the workmanſhip of nature with conſummate taſte; upon the broken declivity ſtately groves of beech were happily diſpoſed; the lawn was of the fineſt verdure gently ſloping from the houſe; a rapid river of the pureſt tranſparency ran through it and fell over a rocky channel into a noble lake within view of the manſion; behind this upon the northern and eaſtern flanks I could diſcern the

tops

tops of very ſtately trees, that ſheltered a ſpacious encloſure of pleaſure-ground and gardens, with all the delicious accompaniments of hothouſes and conſervatories.

It was a ſcene to ſeize the imagination with rapture; a poet's language would have run ſpontaneouſly into metre at the ſight of it; "What a ſubject," ſaid I within myſelf, "is "here preſent for thoſe ingenious bards, who "have the happy talent of deſcribing nature in "her faireſt forms! Oh! that I could plant the "delightful author of *The Taſk* in this very ſpot! "Perhaps, whilſt his eye—*in a fine phrenſy roll-* "*ing*—glanced over this enchanting proſpect, "he might burſt forth into the following, or "ſomething like the following, rhapſody—"

Bleſt above men, if he perceives and feels
The bleſſings he is heir to, He! to whom
His provident forefathers have bequeath'd
In this fair diſtrict of their native iſle
A free inheritance, compact and clear.
How ſweet the vivifying dawn to him,
Who with a fond paternal eye can trace
Beloved ſcenes, where rivers, groves and lawns
Riſe at the touch of his Orphéan hand,
And Nature, like a docile child, repays
Her kind diſpoſer's care! Maſter and friend
Of all that blooms or breathes within the verge
Of this wide-ſtretcht horizon, he ſurveys
His upland paſtures white with fleecy flocks,

Rich

Rich meadows dappled o'er with grazing herds
And vallies waving thick with golden grain.
Where can the world diſplay a fairer ſcene?
And what has Nature for the ſons of men
Better provided than this happy iſle?
Mark! how ſhe's girded by her watery zone,
Whilſt all the neighb'ring continent is trench'd
And furrow'd with the ghaſtly ſeams of war:
Barriers and forts and arm'd battalions ſtand
On the fierce confines of each rival ſtate,
Jealous to guard, or eager to invade;
Between their hoſtile camps a field of blood,
Behind them deſolation void and drear,
Where at the ſummons of the ſurly drum
The riſing and the ſetting ſun reflects
Nought but the gleam of arms, now here, now there
Flaſhing amain, as the bright phalanx moves:
Waſteful and wide the blank in Nature's map,
And far far diſtant where the ſcene begins
Of human habitation, thinly group'd
Over the meager earth; for there no youth,
No ſturdy peaſant, who with limbs and ſtrength
Might fill the gaps of battle, dares approach;
Old age inſtead, with weak and trembling hand
Feebly ſolicits the indignant ſoil
For a precarious meal, poor at the beſt.
Oh, Albion! oh, bleſt iſle, on whoſe white cliffs
Peace builds her halcyon neſt, thou, who embrac'd
By the uxorious ocean ſit'ſt ſecure,
Smiling and gay and crown'd with every wreath,
That Art can faſhion or rich Commerce waft
To deck thee like a bride, compare theſe ſcenes
With pity not with ſcorn, and let thy heart,
Not wanton with proſperity, but warm

With grateful adoration, ſend up praiſe
To the great Giver—thence thy bleſſings come.
The ſoft luxurious nations will complain
Of thy rude wintry clime, and chide the winds
That ruffle their fine forms; trembling they view
The boiſterous barrier that defends thy coaſt,
Nor dare to paſs it till their pilot bird,
The winter-ſleeping ſwallow, points the way;
But envy not their ſuns, and ſigh not thou
For the clear azure of their cloudleſs ſkies;
The ſame ſtrong blaſt, that beds the knotted oak
Firm in his clay-bound cradle, nerves the arm
Of the ſtout hind, who fells him to the ground.
Theſe are the manly offspring of our iſle;
Their's are the pure delights of rural life,
Freedom their birth-right and their dwelling peace;
The vine, that mantles o'er their cottage roof,
Gives them a ſhade no tyrant dares to ſpoil.
Mark! how the ſturdy peaſant breaſts the ſtorm,
The white ſnow fleeting o'er his brawny cheſt;
He heeds it not, but carols as he goes
Some jocund meaſure or love-ditty, ſoon
In ſprightlier key and happier accent ſung
To the kind wench at home, whoſe ruddy cheeks
Shall thaw the icy winter on his lips,
And melt his frozen features into joy.
But who, that ever heard the hunter's ſhout,
When the ſhrill fox-hound doubles on the ſcent,
Which of you, ſons and fathers of the chace,
Which of your hardy, bold, adventurous band
Will pine and murmur for Italian ſkies?
Hark! from the covert-ſide your game is view'd!
Muſic, which none but Britiſh dryads hear,
Shouts, which no foreign echoes can repeat,
Ring thro' the hollow wood and ſweep the vale.

Now,

Now, now, ye joyous ſportſmen, ye, whoſe hearts
Are uniſon'd to the ecſtatic cry
Of the full pack, now give your ſteeds the rein!
Your's is the day—mine was, and is no more;
Yet ever as I hear you in the wind,
Tho' chill'd and hovering o'er my winter hearth,
Forth, like ſome Greenwich veteran, if chance
The conqu'ring name of *Rodney* meets his ear,
Forth I muſt come to ſhare the glad'ning ſound,
To ſhew my ſcars and boaſt of former feats.
They ſay our clime's inconſtant, changeful—True!
It gives the lie to all aſtrology;
Makes the diviner mad and almoſt mocks
Philoſophy itſelf; Cameleon-like
Our ſky puts on all colours, bluſhing now,
Now louring like a froward pettiſh child;
This hour a zephyr, and the next a ſtorm;
Angry and pleas'd by fits—Yet take our clime,
Take it for all in all and day by day,
Thro' all the varying ſeaſons of the year,
For the mind's vigour and the body's ſtrength,
Where is it's rival?—Beauty is it's own;
Not the voluptuous region of the Nile,
Not aromatic India's ſpicy breath,
Nor evening breeze from Tagus, Rhone or Loire
Can tinge the maiden cheek with bloom ſo freſh.
Here too, if exerciſe and temperance call,
Health ſhall obey their ſummons; every fount,
Each rilling ſtream conveys it to our lips;
In every zephyr we inhale her breath;
The ſhepherd tracks her in the morning dew,
As o'er the graſſy down or to the heath
Steaming with fragrance he conducts his flock.
But oh! defend me from the baneful eaſt;
Screen me, ye groves! ye interpoſing hills,

Riſe up and cover me! Agues and rheums,
All Holland's marſhes ſtrike me in the gale;
Like Egypt's blight his breath is all alive;
His very dew is poiſon, honey-ſweet,
Teeming with putrefaction; in his fog
The locuſt and the caterpillar ſwarm,
And vegetable nature falls before them:
Open, all quarters elſe, and blow upon me,
But bar that gate, O regent of the winds!
It gives the food that melancholy doats on,
The quick'ner that provokes the ſlanderer's ſpleen,
Makes green the eye of Jealouſy and feeds
The ſwelling gorge of Envy till it burſts:
'Tis now the poet's unpropitious hour;
The ſtudent trims his midnight lamp in vain,
And beauty fades upon the painter's eye;
Hang up thy pallet, *Romney!* and convene
The gay companions of thy ſocial board;
Apelles' ſelf would throw his pencil by,
And ſwear the ſkies conſpir'd againſt his art.
But what muſt Europe's ſofter climes endure,
Thy coaſt, Calabria! or the neighbouring iſle,
Of antient Ceres once the fruitful ſeat?
Where is the bloom of Enna's flowery field,
Melliſluous Hybla, and the golden vale
Of rich Panormus, when the fell *Siroc*,
Hot from the furnace of the Libyan ſands,
Breathes all it's plagues upon them? Hapleſs iſle!
Why muſt I call to mind thy paſt renown?
Is it this deſolating blaſt alone,
That ſtrips thy verdure? Is it in the gulph
Of yawning earthquakes that thy glory ſinks?
Or hath the flood that thund'ring Ætna pours
From her convuls'd and flaming entrails whelm'd
In one wide ruin every noble ſpark

Of

Of priſtine virtue, genius, wiſdom, wit?
Ah no! the elements are not in fault;
Nature is ſtill the ſame: 'Tis not the blaſt
From Afric's burning ſands, it is the breath
Of Spain's deſpotic maſter lays thee low;
'Tis not alone the quaking earth that reels
Under thy tottering cities, 'tis the fall
Of freedom, 'tis the pit which ſlavery digs,
That buries every virtue; 'tis the flood
Of ſuperſtition, the inſatiate fires
Of perſecuting zealots that devour thee;
Theſe are the Titans who diſturb thy peace,
This is thy grave, O Sicily! the hell
Deeper than that, which heathen poets feign'd
Under thy burning mountain, that engulphs
Each grace and every muſe, arts, arms and all
That elegance inſpires or fame records.
Return, ye victims of caprice and ſpleen,
Ye ſummer friends, daughters more fitly call'd
Than ſons of Albion, to your native ſhores
Return, ſelf-exiles as you are, and face
This only tyrant which our iſle endures,
This hoary-headed terror of the year,
Stern winter—What, tho' in his icy chains
Impriſon'd for a time e'en father Thames
Checks his imperial current, and beholds
His wealthy navigation in arreſt,
Yet ſoon, like Perſeus on his winged ſteed,
Forth from the horns of the celeſtial Ram
Spring, his deliverer, comes—down, down at once
The frighted monſter dives into the earth,
Or burſts aſunder with a hideous craſh,
As thro' his ſtubborn ribs th' all-conqu'ring ſun
Drives his refulgent ſpear: The ranſom'd floods,

As at a ſignal, riſe and clap their hands;
The mountains ſhout for joy; the laughing hours
Dance o'er the eaſtern hills and in the lap
Of marriageable earth their odours fling,
Wreaths of each vernal flowret, whilſt the choir
Of feather'd ſongſters make the groves reſound
With Nature's hymenæals—all is joy.
Hail, bounteous Spring! primæval ſeaſon, hail!
Nature's glad herald! who to all the tribes
That link creation's ſcale, from lordly man
To the ſmall inſect, that eludes his ſight,
Proclaims that univerſal law of life,
The firſt great bleſſing of the new-born world,
Increaſe and multiply!—No ſooner heard
By ſultry climes, than ſtrait the rebel ſun
Mounts his bright throne, and o'er the withering earth
Scatters his bold Titanian fires around,
And cancels Heaven's high edict; Nature feels
Quick growth and quick decay; the verdant ſcene
Glitters awhile and vaniſhes at once.
Not ſuch the tints that Albion's landſcape wears,
Her mantle dipt in never-fading green,
Keeps freſh its vernal honours thro' the year;
Soft dew-drops nurſe her roſe's maiden bloom,
And genial ſhowers refreſh her vivid lawn.
Thro' other lands indignant of delay
Spring travels homeward with a ſtranger's haſte;
Here he repoſes, dwells upon the ſcene
Enamour'd, native here prolongs his ſtay,
And when his fiery ſucceſſor at length
Warns him from hence, with ling'ring ſtep and ſlow,
And many a ſtream of falling tears he parts,
Like one, whom ſurly creditors arreſt

In

In a fond conſort's arms and force him thence.
But now, my Muſe, to humbler themes deſcend!
'Tis not for me to paint the various gifts
Which freedom, ſcience, art, or fav'ring Heav'n
Shower on my native iſle; quench'd are the fires,
Which young ambition kindled in my breaſt;
Morning and noon of life's ſhort day are paſt,
And what remains for me ere night comes on,
But one ſtill hour perchance of glimmering eve
For ſober contemplation? Come, my Muſe,
Come then! and as from ſome high mountain's top
The careful ſhepherd counts his ſtraggling flock,
So will we take one patient laſt ſurvey
Of this unquiet, babbling, anxious world;
We'll ſcan it with a calm but curious eye;
Silence and ſolitude are all our own;
Their's is the tumult, their's the throng; my ſoul
Is fitted to the taſk—for, oh fair truth!
Yet I am thine, on thy perennial baſe
I will inſcribe my monumental verſe,
And tho' my heart with kindred ardor beats
To every brave compatriot, yet no ties,
Tho dignified with friendſhip's ſpecious name,
Shall ſhackle my free mind, nor any ſpace
Leſs than the world's wide compaſs bound my love.
No more; for now the hoſpitable gates
Of wealthy *Attalus* invite their gueſt;
I paus'd and look'd, and yielding to the wiſh
That fortune had bequeath'd me ſuch a lot,
A momentary ſigh ſurpriz'd my heart:
Flocks, herds, and fields of golden grain, of theſe
I envied not the owner; but I ſaw
The curling ſmoke from cottages aſcend,
And heard the merry din of childiſh ſports;

I ſaw the peaſant ſtooping to his plough
And whiſtling time away; I met a form,
Fair as a fabled nymph; Nature had ſpread
Her toilette, health her handmaid dealt the bloom,
Simplicity attir'd her; by the copſe
Skirting the horn-beam row, where violets bud
And the firſt primroſe opens to the ſpring,
With her fond lover arm in arm ſhe walk'd,
Not with the ſtealthy ſtep and harlot leer
Of guilty aſſignation, nor unnerv'd
By midnight feaſt or revel, but in prime
Of youth and health and beauty's genuine glow:
I mark'd the conſcious look of honeſt truth,
That greets the paſſenger with eye direct,
Nor fears nor meditates ſurprize; my heart
Yearn'd at the ſight and as they paſs'd I cried—
"Why was it not my fortune to have ſaid
"Go, and be happy?"—On a riſing ſlope
Full to the ſouth the ſtately manſion ſtands,
Where dwells the maſter of this rich domain;
Plain and of chaſte proportion the device,
Not libell'd and bedawb'd with tawdry frize
Or lac'd pilaſter, patcht with refuſe ſcraps,
Like that fraternal pile on Thames's bank,
Which draws it's title not it's taſte from Greece.
Happy! if there in rural peace he dwells,
Untortur'd by ambition, and enjoys
An eye for nature and a heart for man.

N° XCVI.

Οὐκ ἔσαμαι πλουτεῖν, ἀτ' ἔυχομαι, ἀλλὰ μοι εἴη
Ζῆν ἀπὸ τῶν ὀλίγων μηδὲν ἔχοντι κακόν.

(Theognis.)

" *I aſk not wealth; let me enjoy*
" *An humble lot without annoy!*"

UPON my arrival at the houſe I was ſhewn into a ſmall room in the baſe-ſtory, which the owner of this fine place uſually occupied and in which he now received me: here I had been but a very few minutes before he propoſed to ſhew me the houſe, and for that purpoſe conducted me up ſtairs to the grand apartment, and from thence made the entire tour, without excepting any one of the bed-chambers, offices or even cloſets in the houſe: I cannot ſay my friend Attalus conſulted *times and ſeaſons* in chuſing ſo early a moment after my arrival for parading me about in this manner; ſome of the apartments were certainly very ſplendid; a great deal of rich furniture and many fine pictures ſolicited my notice; but the fatigue of ſo ill-timed a perambulation diſabled me from expreſſing

expreſſing that degree of admiration, which ſeemed to be expected on this occaſion, and which on any other I ſhould have been forward to beſtow: I was ſorry for this, becauſe I believe he enjoyed little other pleaſure in the poſſeſſion of his houſe, beſides this of ſhewing it; but it happened to my hoſt, as it does too frequently to the owners of fine places, that he miſſed the tribute of flattery by too great eagerneſs in exacting it.

It appeared to me that Attalus was no longer the gay lively man he was formerly; there was a gloom upon his countenance and an inquietude in his manner, which ſeemed to lay him under a conſtraint that he could not naturally get rid of: Time hung heavy on our hands till the hour of dinner, and it was not without regret I perceived he had arranged his family meals upon the faſhionable ſyſtem of London hours, and at the diſtance of two hundred miles from the capital had by choice adopted thoſe very habits, which nothing but the general cuſtom of late aſſemblies and long ſittings in Parliament can excuſe upon the plea of neceſſity: It was now the midſt of ſummer, which made the abſurdity of ſuch a diſpoſition of our time more glaring, for whilſt the beſt hours of the afternoon were devoted to the table, all exerciſe and enjoyment out of doors were

were either to be given up, or taken only in the meridian heat of the day. I diſcovered a further bad conſequence of theſe habits upon ſociety and good-fellowſhip, for ſuch of the neighbouring gentry, who had not copied his example, were deterred from making him any viſits, not preſuming to diſturb him at unſuitable hours, and yet not able, without a total diſarrangement of their own comforts, to make their time conform to his. Attalus himſelf, I muſt acknowledge, both ſaw and confeſſed the bad ſyſtem he was upon, he found himſelf grown unpopular amongſt his country neighbours on this very ſcore, and was piqued by their neglect of him: "It was a villainous cuſtom," he obſerved, "and deſtructive "both of health and pleaſure; but all people of "faſhion dined at five, and what could he do? "He muſt live as other great families lived; if in-"deed he was a mere private gentleman, he might "do as he liked beſt." If it be ſo, thought I, this man's great fortune is an incumbrance to him; if it robs him of health and pleaſure, what does it give him, nay what can it give him, in compenſation for the loſs of ſuch bleſſings? If faſhion takes away from Attalus the liberty of doing what he beſt likes, and is beſt for him, I muſt have been miſtaken in ſuppoſing independance was the reſult of affluence; I ſuſpect there

are

are not all the advantages in his conditon which I ſuppoſed there were—I will examine this more narrowly.

The next morning, after a late breakfaſt, the conſequence I had foreſeen enſued, for we were advanced into the hotteſt hours of the day, when Attalus, being impatient to ſhew me the beauties of his park and grounds, gave orders for the equipages and horſes to be made ready, and we were to ſet out upon the ſurvey in a burning ſun. When the train was in waiting at the door, we ſallied forth, but here a diſcuſſion began, in which ſo many things required a new arrangement, that a long ſtop was put to our march, whilſt the ſcrutinizing eye of Attalus was employed in a minute examination of every thing appertaining to the cavalry and carriages; the horſes were wrong harneſſed, they were to be changed from the off-ſide to the near-ſide, ſaddles were to be altered, and both groom and coachman were heartily recommended to repeated damnation for their ſtupidity and inattention—"Never any "man was ſo plagued with raſcally ſervants as I "am," cried Attalus; "they are the curſe and "vexation of my life; I wiſh I could live with-"out them; no man can be happy, who has to "do with them."—Is it ſo? (ſaid I within myſelf) then I have the advantage over you in that reſpect.

reſpect, for I have but one man and one horſe, and both are always ready at a moment's warning.

I mounted a phaeton with Attalus and we ſet forward in a broiling day: My conductor immediately began to vent his angry humour upon the wrong object, and plied his thong at ſuch a furious rate upon his unoffending horſes, that the high-mettled animals ſo reſented the unjuſt correction, that after ſtruggling and kicking under the laſh for ſome time, one of them reared acroſs the pole of the chaiſe and ſnapped it: This produced a ſtorm of paſſion more violent than the firſt, and though it was evident the ſervant had put the horſes on their proper ſides at firſt, the fault was charged upon him with vehement imprecations, and this produced a ſecond halt longer and more diſagreeable than our ſetting out had been: Our purpoſe however was not to be defeated and we muſt poſitively proceed; Attalus was not in a humour to ſubmit with patience to diſappointments, ſo that having ordered two of his ſervants to diſmount, we took their horſes and ſet off upon our tour; the beauties of nature were before us, but that ſerenity of mind which ſhould ever accompany the contemplation of thoſe beauties, was wanting; Attalus was one of fortune's ſpoilt children, and his temper, grown

irritable

irritable by indulgence and humourſome by proſperity, had loſt it's reliſh for ſimplicity and was wholly given up to a ſilly paſſion for oſtentation and parade; he immediately began to harangue upon the many evil qualities of ſervants, a topic at the beſt unedifying and commonly moſt diſguſting to the hearers; he bewailed his own ill-fortune in that reſpect very bitterly, and ſo much of the way paſſed off before this philippic was concluded, that I began to think I had been carried out for no better purpoſe than to hear a declamation in the open air: I brought him at laſt to a ſtop by obſerving he had a paradiſe about him, and that it was a pity his vexations did not ſuffer him to enjoy it—Upon this hint he ſeemed to recollect himſelf and proceeded to expatiate upon his own improvements, pointing out to me what he had done, and what he had more in mind to do, if his overſeer had obeyed his inſtructions, and proper people had been found to execute his deſigns.

I took notice of a group of neat cottages, which had a very picturesque and pleaſing appearance, for they were deliciouſly ſituated, and had all the air, as I obſerved, of happy habitations—"No matter for that," replied Attalus, "down they muſt all come, for they are cruelly "in my eye, and I purpoſe to throw all that hill-

"into

" into wilderneſs with plantations of pine, where " you ſee the rock and broken ground, which " will be a bold and ſtriking contraſt to the or- " namented grounds about it—I am ſurpriſed," added he, " you can ſee any beauty in thoſe " paltry huts."—Before I could make reply, an old peaſant had approached us, and humbly enquired of Attalus, when he was to be diſlodged from his cottage—" I have ordered the work- " men to take it down next week," ſaid he, " the ſeaſon is favorable for your removal and " you muſt ſeek out elſewhere." The decree was heard without an effort to reply; a ſigh was all the plea the poor man offered, and with that ſigh he ſent a look to heaven, that in its paſſage rent my heart: I determined to be gone next morning.

We proceeded in our circuit till we were croſſed by a high encloſure, which awkwardly enough ſeparated a paſture of about three acres, in which was a brick-kiln too conſpicuouſly placed not to annoy the ſight, and at that very moment too furiouſly employed in the act of duty, not to be exceſſively offenſive to the ſmell; we found ourſelves involved in columns of thick ſmoke, which were not of the moſt grateful odour in the world; I confeſs I was not a little ſurpriſed at the location of this flaming nuiſance,

and as we were making our way through the ſmothering cloud, remarked to Attalus that ornament muſt give place to uſe——"I brought "you hither," ſays he, "purpoſely to ſhew you "how I am treated by a ſurly obſtinate fellow in "my neighbourhood, who has not another foot "of land in the world, but this curſed patch of "ground, and which the raſcal keeps on purpoſe "to ſpite me, though I have bidden three times "the value of it: indeed it is indiſpenſably ne-"ceſſary to me, as you may well believe by the "annoyance it produces in his hands; I have "tried all means to get it from him, rough and "ſmooth, and if a proſecution would have laid "againſt it, I would have driven him out of it "by the expences of a ſuit; but all to no pur-"poſe; I am ſo tormented by the fellow's obſti-"nacy, and my comforts are ſo ſacrificed by the "nuiſance, that I have no longer any enjoyment "in my place; nay I have ſtopped moſt of my "works and diſcharged my labourers, for what "ſignifies carrying on improvements, when I "can no longer live in my houſe with that "curſed brick-kiln for ever in my eye, and with "little intermiſſion in my noſtrils alſo?"

A new theme of diſcontent was now ſtarted, which the unhappy Attalus purſued with heavy complaints as we travelled down a ſtream of ſmoke,

ſmoke, which ſeemed as if maliciouſly to purſue us, determined not to quit it's execrator, till he left off his execrations; at laſt they both ceaſed in the ſame moment and parted by conſent. As ſoon as Attalus deſiſted from his invectives I took up my reflections, and if a wiſh could have purchaſed his poſſeſſions, encumbered with the vexations of their owner, I would not have taken them at the price. Down ſunk the viſion of proſperity; ſwifter than the ſhifting of a play-houſe ſcene vaniſhed all the enchanting proſpect; a naked lodge in a warren with content had been more enviable in my eye than his palace haunted with diſguſt; I ſaw Attalus, the verieſt darling of fortune, ſickening and ſurfeited with proſperity; peeviſh with his ſervants, unſociable to his neighbours, a ſlave to faſhions, which he obeyed and diſapproved, unfeeling to the poor, tired with the ſplendor of a magnificent houſe, and poſſeſſing an extenſive territory, yet ſighing after a ſmall nook of land, the want of which poiſoned all his comforts.—And what then are riches? ſaid I within myſelf. The diſturbers of human happineſs; the corrupters of human nature. I remember this Attalus in his youth; I knew him intimately at ſchool and college; he was of a joyous, ſocial temper; placid, accommodating, full of reſource; always in good humour with

himſelf and the world, and he had a heart as liberal and compaſſionate as it was ſincere and open; this great eſtate was then out of ſight; it muſt be this eſtate then, which has wrought the unhappy change in his manners and diſpoſition; and if riches operate thus upon a nature like his, where is the wonder if we meet ſo many wretches, who derive their wants from their abundance?

How beautiful is the maxim of *Menander!*—Ψυχὴν ἔχειν δεῖ πλουσιαν—*enrich your mind! Riches,* ſays the ſame elegant and moral dramatiſt, *are no better than an actor's wardrobe,* the paltry tinſel, that enables him to glitter for a few minutes in a counterfeited character—

> To fret and ſtrut his hour upon the ſtage,
> And then be heard no more.

In another place he ſays, *they transform a man into a different kind of being from what he was originally*—

> Εἰς ἕτερον ἦθος, ἐκ ἐν ᾧ τὸ πρόσθεν ἦν·

and then concludes with that Attic ſimplicity, ſo neatly turned and elegantly expreſſed as to diſtance all tranſlation.

Κρεῖττον

Κρεῖττον γάρ ἐστιν, ἄν σκοπῇ τις κατὰ λόγον,
Μὴ πολλ' ἀηδῶς, ὀλίγα δ' ἡδέως ἔχειν.

" Better to chooſe, if you would chooſe the beſt,
" A chearful poverty, than wealth unbleſt."

N° XCVII.

—— Ω τρισάλθιοι
Απαντες οἱ φυσῶντες ἐφ ἑαυτοῖς μέγα,
Αὐτοὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἴσασιν ἀνθρώπου φύσιν,
(MENANDER. *Gubernatoribus.*)

" *Oh wretched mortals! by falſe pride betray'd,*
" *Ye know not of what nature man is made.*"

THOUGH I think our nation can never be accuſed of want of charity, yet I have obſerved with much concern a poor unhappy ſet of men amongſt us, whoſe caſe is not commiſerated as it ought to be;—and as I would gladly contribute any thing in my power towards their relief, the beſt proof I can give them of my good will is by endeavouring to convince them of a certain truth, which all the world except themſelves

ſelves has diſcovered long ago, *viz.*—*That a proud man is the moſt contemptible being in nature.* —Now if theſe proud men, to whom I addreſs myſelf and for whoſe miſerable ſituation I have ſuch compaſſion, ſhall once find a friend to convince them, that they are truly *the moſt contemptible beings in nature*, it can never be ſuppoſed they will perſiſt to entertain a companion in their boſoms, who affords them ſo little pleaſure, and yet involves them in ſo much diſgrace. I muſt conſider them therefore as miſtaken rather than obſtinate, and treat them accordingly; for how can I ſuppoſe there would be ſuch an abſurdity in the world as a proud man, if the poor creature was not behind hand with the reſt of mankind in a diſcovery that concerns himſelf ſo materially? I admit indeed that pride is a very fooliſh thing, but I contend that wiſe men are ſometimes ſurprized into very fooliſh things, and if a little friendly hint can reſcue them, it would be an ill-natured action to withhold the information: "If you are proud, you are a fool"—ſays an old Greek author called *Sotades*—Ἀν' ἀλαζονῆς, τοῦτ' ἀνοίας ἐστὶ φρύαγμα—but I hope a little plain Engliſh, without the help of *Sotades*, will ſerve to open the eyes of a plain Engliſhman, and prevent him from ſtrutting about the world

world merely to make ſport for his neighbours; for I declare in truth, that ſo far from being annoyed and made ſplenetic as ſome folks are, when I fall into company with a proud fellow creature, I feel no other impulſe than of pity, with now and then a ſmall propenſity to titter, for it would be downright rudeneſs to laugh in a man's face on ſuch an occaſion, and it hurts me to ſee an honeſt gentleman, who may have many more natural good qualities, than he himſelf is aware of, run about from houſe to houſe only to make ſport for the ſcoffers, and take a world of pains and put on an air of gravity and importance for no better purpoſe than to provoke ridicule and contempt.—*Why is earth and aſhes proud?* ſays the Son of Sirach; *Pride was not made for men.*

As I am determined to put theſe poor men upon their guard in all points, I ſhall remind them of another error they are in, which ſadly aggravates their misfortunes, and which ariſes from a circumſtance of a mere local nature, viz. *That England is the worſt country a proud man can exhibit himſelf in.*—I do really wiſh they would well conſider the land they live in; if they do not know, they ought to be told, that we are a free people; that freedom tends to make us independant of one another, fearleſs in our per-

ſons, warm in our reſentments, bold of tongue and vindictive againſt inſult; England is the place upon earth, where a proud ſtomach finds the leaſt to feed upon; indeed it is the only ſtomach, that can here complain of its entertainment: if the proud man thinks it will be ſufficient to pay his fine of affability to his neighbours once in ſeven years upon a parliamentary canvaſs, he is cruelly miſtaken; the common people in this country have ſuch a ſhare of intuition, underſtand their own ſtrength ſo well, and ſcrutinize into the weakneſſes of their ſuperiors ſo acutely, that they are neither to be deceived nor intimidated; and on that account, (as the proud man's character is compounded of the impoſtor and the bully) they are the very worſt people he can deal with. A man may ſtrut in Spain, vapour in France, or kick and cuff the vulgar as he likes in Ruſſia; he may ſit erect in his palanquin in India without dropping his eyes upon the earth he moves over; but if he carries his head in the air here, and expects the crowd to make way for him, he will ſoon run foul of ſomebody that will make him repent of his ſtatelineſs. Pride then, it ſeems, not only expoſes a man to contempt, but puts him in danger; it is alſo a very expenſive frolick, if he keeps it up as it ſhould be kept,

for

for what ſignifies his being proud, if there is not ſomebody always preſent to exerciſe his pride upon? He muſt therefore of neceſſity have a ſet of humble couſins and toad-eaters about him, and as ſuch cattle cannot be had for nothing in this country, he muſt pay them according to the value of their ſervices; common traſh may be had at a common price, but clever fellows know their own conſequence, and will ſtand out upon terms: If Nebuchadnezzar had not had *all people, nations and languages* at his command, he might have called till he was hoarſe before any one would have come to worſhip his *image in the plain of Dura*; let the proud man take notice withal that Nebuchadnezzar's *image* was made of *gold*, and if he expects to be worſhipped by all people after this faſhion, and caſts himſelf in the ſame mould, he muſt alſo caſt himſelf in the ſame metal. Now if I am right in my aſſertion, that ſycophants bear a higher price in England than elſewhere (and, if ſcarcity makes things dear, I truſt they do) let the proud man conſider if it be worth his while to pay dear for bad company, when he may have good-fellowſhip at an eaſy rate: Here then is another inſtance of his bad policy, and ſure it is a ſorrowful thing to be poor and proud.

That I may thoroughly do my duty to an order

of men, to whoſe ſervice I dedicate this ſhort eſſay, I muſt not omit to mention, that it behoves a proud man in all places and on all occaſions to preſerve an air of gloomineſs and melancholy, and never to ſuffer ſo vulgar an expreſſion as mirth or laughter to diſarrange the decorum of his features: other men will be apt to make merry with his humour, but he muſt never be made merry by their's: In this reſpect he is truly to be pitied, for if once he grows ſociable he is undone. On the contrary, he muſt for ever remain in the very predicament of the proud man deſcribed in the fragment of Euripides's Ixion—Φίλοις ἄμικτός, καὶ πάσιπτόλει — *Urbi atque amicis pariter inſociabilis:* He muſt have no friend, for that would be to admit an equal; he muſt take no advice, for that would be to acknowledge a ſuperior: Such ſociety as he can find in his own thoughts, and ſuch wiſdom as he was ſent into the world with, ſuch he muſt go on with: as wit is not abſolutely annexed to pedigree in this country, and arts and ſciences ſometimes condeſcend to throw their beams upon the low-born and the humble, it is not poſſible for the proud man to deſcend amongſt them for information and ſociety; if truth does not hang within his reach, he will never dive into a well to fetch it up: His errors, like ſome arguments, move *in a circle*; for his

his pride begets ignorance, and his ignorance begets pride; and thus in the end he has more reaſons for being *melancholy* than *Maſter Stephen* had, not only becauſe it is *gentleman-like*, but becauſe he can't help it, and don't know how to be merry.

I might enumerate many more properties of this contemptible character, but theſe are enough, and a proud man is ſo dull a fellow at beſt that I ſhall gladly take my leave of him; I confeſs alſo that I am not able to treat the ſubject in any other than a vague and deſultory manner, for I know not how to define it myſelf, and at the ſame time am not reconciled to any other definition of pride, which I have met in Mr. Locke's eſſay or elſewhere. It is called a paſſion, and yet it has not the eſſentials of a paſſion; for I can bring to mind nothing under that deſcription, which has not reference either to God, to our fellow-creatures, or to ourſelves. —The ſenſual paſſions for inſtance of whatever ſort have their end in ſelfiſh gratification; the generous attributes, ſuch as valour, friendſhip, public ſpirit, munificence and contempt of danger have reſpect to our fellow-creatures; they look for their account in an honorable fame, in the enjoyment of preſent praiſe and in the anti-

cipation

cipation of that, which poſterity ſhall beſtow; whilſt the leſs oſtentatious and purer virtues of ſelf-denial, reſignation, humility, piety, forbearance and many others are addreſſed to God alone, they offer no gratification to ſelf, they ſeek for no applauſe from man. But in which of theſe three general claſſes ſhall we diſcover the paſſion of pride? I have indeed ſometimes ſeen it under the cloak of religion, but nothing can be more oppoſite to the practice of it: It is in vain to enquire for it amongſt the generous and ſocial attributes, for it's place is no where to be found in ſociety; and I am equally at a loſs to think how that can be called a ſelfiſh gratification, which brings nothing home to a man's heart but mortification, contempt, abhorrence, ſecret diſcontent and public ridicule. It is compoſed of contraries, and founded in abſurdity; for at the ſame time that it cannot ſubſiſt without the world's reſpect, it is ſo conſtituted as never to obtain it. Anger is proverbially termed a ſhort madneſs, but pride methinks is a perpetual one; if I had been inclined to uſe a ſofter word, I would have called it folly; I do confeſs I have often ſeen it in that more venial character, and therefore not to decide upon the point too haſtily, I ſhall leave the proud man to make

make his choice between folly and madneſs, and take out his commiſſion from which party he ſees fit.

Good heaven! how pleaſant, how complacent to itſelf and others is an humble diſpoſition! To a ſoul ſo tempered how delightfully life paſſes in brotherly love and ſimplicity of manners! Every eye beſtows the chearing look of approbation upon the humble man; every brow frowns contempt upon the proud. Let me therefore adviſe every gentleman, when he finds himſelf inclined to take up the character of pride, to conſider well whether he can be quite proud enough for all purpoſes of life; whether his pride reaches to that pitch as to meet univerſal contempt with indifference; whether it will bear him out againſt mortification, when he finds himſelf excluded from ſociety, and underſtands that he is ridiculed by every body in it; whether it is convenient to him always to walk with a ſtiff back and a ſtern countenance; and laſtly, whether he is perfectly ſure, that he has that ſtrength and ſelf-ſupport in his own human nature, as may defy the power and ſet at nought the favor of God, *who reſiſteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.*

There is yet another little eaſy proceſs, which I would recommend to him as a kind of probationary

tionary rehearſal before he performs in public: I am perſuaded it will not be amiſs if he firſt runs over a few of his airs and graces by himſelf in his own cloſet: Let him examine himſelf from head to foot in his glaſs, and if he finds himſelf no handſomer, no ſtronger, no taller than all the reſt of his fellow-creatures, he may venture without riſque to conclude that he like them is a man, and nothing more: Having ſettled this point, and taken place in the human creation, he may next proceed to conſider what that place ought to be; for this purpoſe he may conſult his pedigree and his rent-roll, and if upon a careful peruſal of theſe documents he ſhall find, (as moſt likely he will) that he is not decidedly the nobleſt and the richeſt man in the world, perhaps he will ſee no good cauſe, why he ſhould ſtrut over the face of it, as if it was his own: I would then have him go back to his glaſs, and ſet his features in order for the very proudeſt and moſt arrogant look he can put on; let him knit his brow, ſtretch his noſtrils and bite his lips with all the dignity he can ſummon, and after this, when he has reverſed the experiment by ſoftening them into a mild complacent look, with as much benignity as he can find in his heart to beſtow upon them, let him aſk himſelf honeſtly and fairly, which character beſt becomes

becomes him, and whether he does not look more like a man with ſome humanity than without it: I would in the next place have him call his underſtanding to a ſhort audit, and upon caſting up the ſum total of his wit, learning, talents and accompliſhments, compute the balance between others and himſelf, and if it ſhall turn out that his ſtock of all theſe is not the prodigious thing it ought to be, and even greater than all other men's, he will do well to huſband it with a little frugal humility: The laſt thing he muſt do, (and if he does nothing elſe I ſhould hope it would be ſufficient) is to take down his bible from the ſhelf, and look out for the parable of the Phariſee and Publican; it is a ſhort ſtory and ſoon read, but the moral is ſo much to his purpoſe, that he may depend upon it, if that does not correct his pride, his pride is incorrigible, and all the *Obſervers* in the world will be but waſte paper in his ſervice.

N° XCVIII.

N° XCVIII.

Non erat his locus.

THERE is a certain delicacy in ſome men's nature, which though not abſolutely to be termed a moral attribute, is nevertheleſs ſo grateful to ſociety at large and ſo recommendatory of thoſe who poſſeſs it, that even the beſt and worthieſt characters cannot be truly pleaſing without it: I know not how to deſcribe it better than by ſaying it conſiſts in a happy diſcernment of *times and ſeaſons.*

Though this engaging talent cannot poſitively be called a virtue, yet it ſeems to be the reſult of many virtuous and refined endowments of the mind, which produces it; for when we ſee any man ſo tenderly conſiderate of our feelings, as to put aſide his own for our accommodation and repoſe, and to conſult opportunities with a reſpectful attention to our eaſe and leiſure, it is natural to us to think favorably of ſuch a diſpoſition, and although much of his diſcernment may be the effect of a good judgment and proper knowledge of the world, yet there muſt be a great proportion of ſenſibility, candor, diffi-

dence and natural modeſty in the compoſition of a faculty ſo conciliating and ſo graceful. A man may have many good qualities, and yet if he is unacquainted with the world, he will rarely be found to underſtand thoſe apt and happy moments, of which I am now ſpeaking; for it is a knowledge not to be gained without a nice and accurate obſervation of mankind, and even when that obſervation has given it, men, who are wanting in the natural good qualities above deſcribed, may indeed avail themſelves of ſuch occaſions to ſerve a purpoſe of their own, but without a good heart no man will apply his experience to general practice.

But as it is not upon theories that I wiſh to employ theſe papers, I ſhall now devote the remainder of my attention to ſuch rules and obſervations as occur to me upon the ſubject of *the times and ſeaſons*.

Men, who in the faſhionable phraſe *live out of the world*, have a certain awkwardneſs about them, which is for ever putting them out of their place in ſociety, whenever they are occaſionally drawn into it. If it is their ſtudies which have ſequeſtered them from the world, they contract an air of pedantry, which can hardly be endured in any mixed company without expoſing the object of it to ridicule; for the very

very eſſence of this contracted habit conſiſts in an utter ignorance *of times and ſeaſons*. Moſt of that claſs of men who are occupied in the education of youth, and not a few of the young men themſelves, who are educated by them, are of this deſcription: We meet with many of *Jack Lizard*'s caſt in the Spectator, who will learnedly maintain *there is no heat in fire*. There is a diſputatious preciſion in theſe people, which lets nothing paſs in free converſation, that is not mathematically true; they will confute a jeſt by ſyllogiſm, canvaſs a merry tale by croſs-examination and dates, work every common calculation by X *the unknown quantity*, and in the feſtive ſallies of imagination convict the witty ſpeaker of falſe grammar, and nonſuit all the merriment of the table.

The man of form and ceremony, who has ſhaped his manners to the model of what is commonly called *The Old Court*, is another grand defaulter againſt *times and ſeaſons*: His entrances and exits are to be performed with a ſtated regularity; he meaſures his devoirs with an exactitude that beſpeaks him a correct interpreter of *The Red Book*; pays his compliments with a minuteneſs, that leaves no one of your family unnamed, enquires after the health of your child who is dead, and deſires to be kindly remembered

bered to your wife, from whom you are divorced: Nature formed him in ſtrait lines, habit has ſtiffened him into an unrelenting rigidity, and no familiarity can bend him out of the upright. The uneducated ſquire of ruſtic manners forms a contraſt to this character, but he is altogether as great an intruder upon *times and ſeaſons*, and his total want of form operates to the annoyance of ſociety as effectually as the other's exceſs. There cannot be in human nature a more terrible thing than vulgar familiarity; a low-bred fellow, who affects to put himſelf at his eaſe amongſt his ſuperiors and be pleaſant company to them, is a nuiſance to ſociety; there is nothing ſo ill underſtood by the world in general as familiarity; if it was not for the terror, which men have of the very troubleſome conſequences of condeſcenſion to their inferiors, there would not be a hundredth part of that pride and holding-back amongſt the higher ranks, of which the low are ſo apt to complain. How few men do we meet with, who when the heart is open and the channel free, know how to keep their courſe within the buoys and marks, that true good-manners have ſet up for all men to ſteer by! Jokes out of ſeaſon, unpleaſant truths touched upon incautiouſly, *plump queſtions* (as they are called) put without any preface or

refinement, manual careſſes compounded of hugs and ſlaps and ſqueezes, more reſembling the gambols of a bear than the actions of a gentleman, are ſure to follow upon the overflowing ebullitions of a vulgar familiarity broke looſe from all reſtraints. It is a painful neceſſity men of ſenſibility are under, when they find themſelves compelled to draw back from the eager advances of an honeſt heart, only becauſe the ſhock of it's good-humour is too violent to be endured; it is very wounding to a ſocial nature to check feſtivity in any degree, but there is nothing ſinks the ſpirits ſo effectually as boiſterous mirth, nobody ſo apt to overact his character as a jolly fellow, and ſtunned with the vociferation of his own tongue to forget that every other man is ſilent and ſuffering: In ſhort it is a very difficult thing to be properly happy and well pleaſed with the company we are in, and none but men of good education, great diſcernment and nice feelings know how to be familiar. Theſe rural gentry are great dealers in long ſtories of their own unintereſting atchievements, they require of you to attend to the narrative of their paltry ſquabbles and bickerings with their neighbours; they are extremely eloquent upon the laws againſt poachers, upon turnpike roads and new encloſures, and all theſe topicks they will

will thruſt in by the neck and ſhoulders to the excluſion of all others.

Plain-ſpeaking, if we conſider it ſimply as a mark of truth and honeſty, is doubtleſs a very meritorious quality, but experience teaches that it is too frequently under bad management, and obtruded on ſociety out of *time and ſeaſon* in ſuch a manner as to be highly inconvenient and offenſive. People are not always in a fit humour to be told of their faults, and theſe plain-ſpeaking friends ſometimes perform their office ſo clumſily, that we are inclined to ſuſpect they are more intereſted to bring us to preſent ſhame than future reformation: It is a common obſervation with them, when things turn out amiſs, to put us in mind how they diſſuaded us from ſuch and ſuch an undertaking, that they foreſaw what would happen, and that the event is neither more nor leſs than they expected and predicted. Theſe retorts, caſt in our teeth in the very moment of vexation, are what few tempers, when galled with diſappointment, can patiently put up with; they may poſſibly be the pure reſult of zeal and ſincerity, but they are ſo void of contrivance and there is ſo little delicacy in the timing of them, that it is a very rare caſe indeed, when they happen to be well underſtood and kindly taken.

The ſame want of ſenſibility towards human infirmities, that will not ſpare us in the moments of vexation, will make no allowances for the mind's debility in the hours of grief and ſorrow: If a friend of this ſort ſurpriſes us in the weakneſs of the ſoul, when death perhaps has robbed us of ſome beloved object, it is not to contribute a tear, but to read us a lecture, that he comes; when the heart is agoniſed, the temper is irritable, and as a moraliſer of this ſort is almoſt ſure to find his admonitions take the contrary effect from what he intended, he is apt to miſtake an occaſional impatience in us for a natural one, and leaves us with the impreſſion that we are men, who are ill prepared againſt the common viciſſitudes of life, and endowed with a very ſmall ſhare of fortitude and reſignation; this early miſconception of our character in the courſe of time leads him to another, for he no ſooner finds us recovered to a proper temper of mind, than he calls to mind our former impatience and comparing it with our preſent tranquillity concludes upon appearances, that we are men of light and trivial natures, ſubject indeed to fits and ſtarts of paſſion, but incapable of retention, and as he has then a fine ſubject for diſplaying his powers of plain-ſpeaking, he reminds us of our former inattention to his good advice

advice and takes credit for having told us over and over again that we ought not to give way to violent ſorrow, and that we could not change the courſe of things by our complaining of them. Thus for want of calculating *times and ſeaſons* he begins to think deſpiſingly of us, and we in ſpite of all his ſincerity grow tired of him and dread his company.

Before I quit this ſubject I muſt alſo have a word with the valetudinarians, and I wiſh from my heart I could cure them of their *complaints*,—that ſpecies I mean which comes under my notice as an *Obſerver*, without intruding upon the more important province of the phyſician. Now as this iſland of our's is moſt happily ſupplied with a large and learned body of profeſſors under every medical deſcription and character, whether operative or deliberative, and all theſe ſtand ready at the call and devoted to the ſervice of the ſick or maimed, whether it be on foot, on horſeback or on wheels to reſort to them in their diſtreſſes, it cannot be for want of help that the valetudinarian ſtates his caſe to all companies ſo promiſcuouſly. Let the whole family of death be arrayed on one ſide, and the whole army of phyſic, regulars and irregulars, be drawn out on the other, and I will venture to ſay that for every poſſible diſeaſe in the ranks of the be-

ſieger, there ſhall be a champion in the garriſon ready to turn out and give him battle: Let all who are upon the ſick liſt in the community be laid out between the camps, and let the reſpective combatants fight it out over the bodies, but let the forces of life and health have no ſhare in the fray: Why ſhould their peace be diſturbed, or their ſociety contaminated by the infectious communication? It is as much out of *time and place* for a man to be giving the diary of his diſeaſe in company, who are met for ſocial purpoſes, as it is for a doctor to be talking politics or ſcandal in a ſick man's chamber; yet ſo it is that each party are for ever out of character; the chatterer diſguſts his patient by an inattention to his complaints, and the valetudinarian diſguſts his company by the enumeration of them, and both are equally out of ſeaſon.

Every man's obſervation may furniſh him with inſtances not here enumerated, but if what I have ſaid ſhall ſeem to merit more conſideration than I have been able to give it in the compaſs of this paper, my readers may improve upon the hint and ſociety cannot fail to profit by their reflections.

N° XCIX.

N° XCIX.

Cuncti adſint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ!

A CURIOUS Greek fragment has been lately diſcovered by an ingenious traveller at Conſtantinople, which is ſuppoſed to have been ſaved out of the famous Alexandrian library, when ſet on fire by command of the Caliph. There is nothing but conjecture to guide us to the author: Some learned men, who have examined it, give it to *Pauſanias*, others to *Ælian*; ſome contend for *Suidas*, others for *Libanius*; but moſt agree in aſcribing it to ſome one of the Greek ſophiſts, ſo that it is not to be diſguiſed that juſt doubts are to be entertained of it's veracity in point of fact. There may be much ingenuity in theſe diſcuſſions, but we are not to expect conviction; therefore I ſhall paſs to the ſubject-matter, and not concern myſelf with any previous argumentation on a queſtion, that is never likely to be ſettled.

"This fragment ſays that ſome time after the death of the great dramatic poet Æſchylus, there was a certain citizen of Athens named *Philoteuchus*, who by his induſtry and fair cha-

racter in trade had acquired a plentiful fortune, and came in time to be actually choſen one of the Areopagites: This man in an advanced period of his life engaged in a very ſplendid undertaking for collecting a ſeries of pictures to be compoſed from ſcenes in the tragedies of the great poet above-mentioned, and to be executed by the Athenian artiſts, who were then both numerous and eminent.

"The old Areopagite with a ſpirit, that would have done honour to *Piſiſtratus* or *Pericles*, conſtructed a ſpacious lyceum for the reception of theſe pictures, which he laid open to the reſort both of citizens and ſtrangers, and the ſucceſs of the work reflected equal credit upon the undertaker and the artiſts, whom he employed.

The chain of the narration is here broken by a loſs of part of the fragment, which however is fortunately reſumed in that place, where the writer gives ſome account of the maſters, who painted for this collection, and of the ſcenes they made choice of for their ſeveral pictures.

"He tells us that *Apelles* was then living and in the vigour of his genius, though advanced in years; he deſcribes the ſcene choſen for his compoſition minutely, and it appears to have been taken from that ſuite of dramas, which we know *Eſchylus* compoſed from the ſtory of the

Atridæ,

Atridæ, and of which we have ſtill ſuch valuable remains. He repreſents *Ægiſthus*, after the murder of *Agamemnon* by the inſtigation of *Clytemneſtra*, in the act of conſulting certain Sybils, who by their magical ſpells and incantations have raiſed the ghoſt of *Agamemnon*, which is attended by a train of phantoms, emblematic of eight ſucceſſive kings of Argos, his immediate deſcendants: The ſpectre is made *pointing* to his poſterity, and at the ſame time looking on his murderer with a ſmile, in which *Apelles* contrived to give the ſeveral expreſſions of contempt, exultation and revenge with ſuch a character of ghaſtly pain and horror, as to make the beholders ſhrink. Amongſt theſe Sybils he introduces the perſon of *Caſſandra* the propheteſs, whom *Agamemnon* brought captive from the deſtruction of Troy. The light, he ſays, proceeds only from a flaming cauldron, in which the Sybils have been making their libations to the infernal deities or furies, and he ſpeaks of the reflected, ruddy tints, which by this management of the artiſt were caſt upon the figures, as producing a wonderful effect, and giving an amazing horror and magnificence to the group. Upon the whole he ſtates it as the moſt capital performance of the maſter, and that he got ſuch univerſal honour thereby, that he was afterwards employed

employed to paint for the Perſian monarch, and had a commiſſion even from the queen of Scythia, a country then emerging from barbarity.

" *Parrhaſius*, though born in the colony of Miletus on the coaſt of Aſia, was an adopted citizen of Athens and in great credit there for his celebrated picture on the death of *Epaminondas:* He contributed to this collection by a very capital compoſition taken from a tragedy, which was the third in a ſeries of dramas, founded by *Æſchylus* on the well-known ſtory of *Oedipus*, all which are loſt. The miſerable monarch, whoſe misfortunes had overturned his reaſon, is here depicted taking ſhelter under a wretched hovel in the midſt of a tremendous ſtorm, where the elements ſeem conſpiring againſt a helpleſs being in the laſt ſtage of human miſery. The painter has thrown a very touching character of inſanity into his features, which plainly indicates that his loſs of reaſon has ariſen from the tender rather than the inflammatory paſſions; for there is a majeſtic ſenſibility mixed with the wildneſs of his diſtraction, which ſtill preſerves the traces of the once benevolent monarch. In this deſolate ſcene he has a few forlorn companions in his diſtreſs, which form a very peculiar group of perſonages; for they conſiſt of a venerable old man in a very piteous

piteous condition, whoſe eyes have been torn from their ſockets, together with a naked maniac, who is ſtarting from the hovel, where he had houſed himſelf during the tempeſt: The effect of this figure is deſcribed with rapture, for he is drawn in the prime of youth, beautiful and of a moſt noble air; his naked limbs diſplay the fineſt proportions of the human figure, and the muſcular exertion of the ſudden action he is thrown into furniſh ample ſcope to the anatomical ſcience of the artiſt. The fable feigns him to be the ſon of the blind old man above deſcribed, and the fragment relates that his phrenſy being not real but aſſumed, *Parrhaſius* availed himſelf of that circumſtance, and touched the character of his madneſs with ſo nice and delicate a diſcrimination from that of *Oedipus*, that an attentive obſerver might have diſcovered it to be counterfeited even without the clue of the ſtory. There are two other attendant characters in the group: One of theſe is a rough, hardy veteran, who ſeems to brave the ſtorm with a certain air of contemptuous petulance in his countenance, that beſpeaks a mind ſuperior to fortune, and indignant under the viſitation even of the gods themſelves. The other is a character, that ſeems to have been a kind of imaginary creature of the poet, and is a buffoon

or

or jeſter upon the model of Homer's Therſites, and was employed by *Æſchylus* in his drama upon the old burleſque ſyſtem of the Satyrs, as an occaſional chorus or parody upon the ſeverer and more tragic characters of the piece.

" The next picture in our author's catalogue was by the hand of *Timanthes*: This modeſt painter, though reſiding in the capital of *Attica*, lived in ſuch retirement from ſociety, and was ſo abſolutely devoted to his art, that even his perſon was ſcarce known to his competitors. Envy never drew a word from his lips to the diſparagement of a contemporary, and emulation could hardly provoke his diffidence into a conteſt for fame, which ſo many bolder rivals were prepared to diſpute.

" *Æſchylus*, it is well known, wrote three plays on the fable of *Prometheus*; the ſecond in this ſeries is the *Prometheus chained*, which happily ſurvives; the laſt was *Prometheus delivered*, and from the opening ſcene of this drama *Timanthes* formed his picture. *Prometheus* is here diſcovered on the ſea-ſhore upon an iſland inhabited only by himſelf and his daughter, a young virgin of exquiſite beauty, who is ſuppoſed to have ſeen none other of the human ſpecies but her father, beſides certain imaginary beings, whom *Prometheus* had either created by his ſtolen

ſtolen fire, or whom he employed in the capacity of familiars for the purpoſes of his enchantments, for the poet very juſtifiably ſuppoſes him endowed with ſupernatural powers, and by that vehicle brings to paſs all the beautiful and ſurpriſing incidents of his drama. One of theſe aërial ſpirits had by his command conjured up a moſt dreadful tempeſt, in which a noble ſhip is repreſented as ſinking in the midſt of the breakers on this enchanted ſhore. The daughter of *Prometheus* is ſeen in a ſupplicating attitude imploring her father to *allay* the ſtorm, and ſave the ſinking mariners from deſtruction. In the back ground of the picture is a cavern, and at the entrance of it a miſhapen ſavage being, whoſe evil nature is depicted in the deformity of his perſon and features, and who was employed by *Prometheus* in all ſervile offices, neceſſary for his accommodation in this ſolitude. The aërial ſpirit is in the clouds, which he is driving before him at the *behеſt* of his great maſter. In this compoſition therefore, although not replete with characters, there is yet ſuch diverſity of ſtile and ſubject, that we have all, which the majeſty and beauty of real nature can furniſh, with beings out of the regions of nature, as ſtrongly contraſted in form and character, as fancy can deviſe: The ſcenery alſo is of the ſublimeſt caſt,

and

and whilſt all Greece reſounded with applauſes upon the exhibition of this picture, *Timanthes* alone was ſilent, and ſtartled at the very echo of his own fame, ſhrunk back again to his retirement."

As this fragment is now in the hands of an ingenious tranſlator, I forbear for the preſent to intrude upon his work by any further anticipation of it, conſcious withal as I am that the public curioſity will ſhortly be gratified with a much more full and ſatisfactory delineation of this intereſting narrative, than I am able to give.

N° C.

I SHALL now reſume the plan I have purſued in the foregoing volumes and proceed with my review of the writers of the Greek ſtage.

In N° LXXVIII. I took leave of what is properly called *The Old Comedy*; I am next to ſpeak of that claſs of authors, who are generally ſtiled writers of *The Middle Comedy*.

The ſpirit of a free people will diſcover itſelf in

in the productions of their ſtage; the comic drama, being a profeſſed repreſentation of living manners, will paint theſe likeneſſes in ſtronger or in fainter colours according to the degree of licence or reſtraint, which may prevail in different places, or in the ſame place at different periods. We are now upon that particular æra in the Athenian conſtitution, when it began to feel ſuch a degree of controul under the riſing power of the Macedonian princes, as put a ſtop to the perſonal licentiouſneſs of the comic poets: If we are to conſider Athens only as the capital ſeat of genius, we muſt bewail this declenſion from her former ſtate of freedom, which had produced ſo brilliant a period in the annals of her literature; but ſpeak of her in a political ſenſe, and it muſt be acknowledged that whatever reſtraints were put upon her liberty, and however humbling the diſgraces were which ſhe incurred, they could not well be more than ſhe merited by her notorious abuſe of public proſperity and moſt ingrateful treatment of her beſt and moſt deſerving citizens. When the thunder of oratory was ſilenced, the flaſhes of wit were no longer diſplayed; death ſtopped the impetuous tongue of Demoſthenes, and the hand of power controuled the acrimonious muſe of Ariſtophanes; obedient to the rein, the poet checked

his career of perſonality, and compoſed his *Æoloſicon* upon the plan of what we now denominate the *Middle Comedy*. Cratinus alſo, though the bittereſt of all the old writers, began to ſweeten his gall, and, conforming to the neceſſity of the times, condeſcended to take up with the reſource of parody, and wrote his *Ulyſſes* upon the ſame ſyſtem of reform; no longer permitted to vent his ſatire upon living characters, he took poſt on the boldeſt ground, that was left for him to ſtand on, and opened his attack upon the dead by ridiculing the immortal Odyſſey of Homer. The chorus was now withdrawn, and the poet no longer ſpoke his own ſentiments or harangued his audience by proxy; parody is ſatire of ſo inferior a ſpecies, that if comedy did not very ſenſibly decline in it's middle æra (which there is no reaſon to think was the caſe), it muſt have been upheld by a very ſtrong exertion of talents, or by collateral reſources of a better ſtamp than this, which we are ſpeaking of. Some, who are ranked in the old claſs of comic writers, continued to compoſe for the ſtage, as we have already inſtanced; it may well be preſumed that they at leaſt drooped the wing, and flagged under the preſſure of unexperienced reſtraints; but if I may form a conjecture of the comparative ſpirit and excellence

lence of the *Middle Comedy* from the ſamples and fragments of thoſe dramatiſts, who properly and excluſively belong to it, I find nothing which diſpoſes me to ſuſpect that it had in the leaſt declined from the merit of the firſt writers, but on the contrary ſhould conceive, that it advanced in perfection no leſs than it did in time by the revolution which took place.

I ſhall now produce ſome ſpecimens of the comedies, which fall under this claſs, and ſuch accounts as I have been able to collect of their authors, whom I have ranged alphabetically; the firſt therefore, which I ſhall ſpeak of, will be the poet Alexis.

ALEXIS.

This poet was a native of Thurium in Magna Græcia, a town celebrated for being the birth-place of Herodotus; he was great uncle by the father's ſide to Menander, and was the firſt to diſcover and encourage the early genius of that admired writer. Alexis lived to a great age, and we have the authority of Plutarch for ſaying that the vigour of his faculties was preſerved to the laſt; "The comic poets Alexis and Phi-"lemon," ſays that author, "continued to write "for the ſtage to the lateſt period of their lives, "and when death at length ſurpriſed them, he

" found them crowned with the trophies of ſuc-
" ceſs and triumphing in the plaudits of the
" theatre." The numerous productions of our poet confirm this aſſertion of Plutarch, for Suidas ſays he was author of no leſs than two hundred and forty-five dramas, and I find the titles of one hundred and thirteen of this collection even now upon record; this proves that he poſſeſſed a very copious vein of invention, and the fragments, which remain out of the general wreck of his works, indicate the richneſs as well as copiouſneſs of that vein. The works of ſuch a maſter were of themſelves a ſtudy, and as Menander formed himſelf upon his inſtructions, we cannot fail to conceive very highly of the preceptor from the acknowledged excellence of the pupil. I diſcover a comedy of Alexis intitled *Adelphi*; it is generally ſuppoſed that Terence copied his comedy of that name from Menander, but unleſs his commentators have given ſome better reaſon, than I have yet met with, for the fact, it will bear a doubt at leaſt whether that elegant copy may not have been as much indebted to the uncle as to the nephew for the charms of it's dialogue and the delicacy of it's character.

Agellius informs us that Alexis formed the plot of one of his comedies upon the life and actions of Pythagoras; poſterity will give him credit for his choice, as we cannot conceive a

happier fable for an ingenious author to work upon, nor any that would afford a more fruitful field for facetious raillery than the extravagant and juggling tricks and contrivances, which that impoſtor's ſtory teems with. Amongſt his fragments I diſcover one little ſcrap, which, though a very ſmall one, ſeems to have been a ſplinter of the wreck, wherein he ridicules a certain gluttonous Pythagorean, named Epicharides, for evading the abſtemious rule of his ſect for eating nothing that has life, by ſwearing that his meat is killed before it is cooked; there can be no doubt but the tenour of the piece was altogether ſatirical, for it cannot be ſuppoſed that the ſame man, who lampooned Plato, would ſpare Pythagoras; and that he did treat Plato in this contemptuous ſtrain we have the word of Laertius, who refers to no leſs than four of his comedies, in which he ridicules him very ſeverely; there is one ſhort paſſage ſtill remaining, which conveys a ſneer at this philoſopher, and ſo far as it goes confirms the anecdote, which Laertius gives us; but the biographer does more than the admirers of the divine Plato will thank him for, when he informs us of the grace and comelineſs of Alexis's perſon, and of Plato's partiality to him on that account; and amongſt many other gallantries of the like nature we find ſome verſes

addreſſed to Alexis in praiſe of his beauty by the enamoured philoſopher, whoſe muſe ſeems to have viſited him pretty frequently on theſe occaſions: There is no great point in his love-epigram to Alexis, but in that to a certain young man named Stella, who was his fellow-ſtudent in aſtrology, he ſeems to have been as extravagant in imagination, as Juliet's *concetto* of cutting Romeo *into little ſtars*, for I queſtion if the whole ſchool of Epicurus can furniſh a more ridiculous ſtart of rhapſodical bombaſt than the following—

"Oh! that I were that heaven on which you gaze,
"To dart upon thee with a thouſand rays!"

What a plunge is this for Pegaſus to make with a grave philoſopher on his back! Whether it was ſucceſsful or not with the young ſtar-gazer I am not curious to enquire; if he was in the humour to be tickled with nonſenſe I ſhould think ſuch an addreſs muſt have been irreſiſtibly charming; but we may be very ſure that Alexis was not ſo complying, and that, inſtead of being pleaſed with the flattery, he turned the flatterer into ridicule upon all occaſions, firſt in his *Meropis*, again in his *Ancylion*, his *Olympiodorus*, and moſt of all in his celebrated comedy intitled *The Paraſite*. Ariſtotle records an anſwer made by Alexis

Alexis to an inquiſitive fellow, who obſerved him in his latter years ſlowly crawling along the ſtreets of Athens, and demanded *what he was doing—Nothing*; replied the feeble veteran, *and of that very diſeaſe I am dying*.—Stobæus has the ſame anecdote, and I think it unlikely for a man, who preſerved ſo vigorous a mind, as Plutarch ſays he did, to extreme old age, to be what Athenæus calls him Ὀψοφάγος, a glutton; I conclude therefore that the Deipnoſophiſt was in the miſtake of Congreve's Jeremy, who ſuſpected Epictetus was a real cook, whereas he only wrote receipts. I have one of theſe now before me from the pen of Alexis, which does not ſeem to ſpeak of the Epicurean *ſummum bonum* with all that reſpect and approbation, which a glutton would naturally profeſs for it—This it is—

" I ſigh'd for eaſe, and, weary of my lot,
" Wiſh'd to exchange it: In this mood I ſtroll'd
" Up to the citadel three ſeveral days;
" And there I found a bevy of preceptors
" For my new ſyſtem, thirty in a group;
" All with one voice prepar'd to tutor me—
" Eat, drink and revel in the joys of love!
" For pleaſure is the wiſe man's ſovereign good."

I think it will alſo bear a doubt whether a voluptuary could find in his heart to vent ſuch

irony as the following againſt the great ſupporters of his ſyſtem, harlots and procureſſes; I confeſs it ſhews Alexis to have been deep in the ſecrets of their vocation, but a libertine in practice would be branded for a traitor, if he was to tell ſuch tales of the academy he belonged to—He is ſpeaking of the commodious ſiſterhood of procureſſes—

" They fly at all, and, as their funds encreaſe,
" With freſh recruits they ſtill augment their ſtock,
" Moulding the young novitiate to her trade;
" Form, feature, manners, every thing ſo chang'd,
" That not a trace of former ſelf is left.
" Is the wench ſhort? a triple ſole of cork
" Exalts the pigmy to a proper ſize.
" Is ſhe too tall of ſtature? a low chair
" Softens the fault, and a fine eaſy ſtoop
" Lowers her to ſtandard-pitch—If narrow-hipt,
" A handſome wadding readily ſupplies
" What Nature ſtints, and all beholders cry,
" See what plump haunches!—Hath the nymph
" perchance
" A high round paunch, ſtuft like our comic drolls,
" And ſtrutting out foreright? a good ſtout buſk
" Puſhing athwart ſhall force th' intruder back.
" Hath ſhe red brows? a little ſoot will cure 'em,
" Is ſhe too black? the ceruſe makes her fair;
" Too pale of hue? the opal comes in aid.
" Hath ſhe a beauty out of ſight? Diſcloſe it!
" Strip nature bare without a bluſh—Fine teeth?
" Let her affect one everlaſting grin,
" Laugh without ſtint—But ah! if laugh ſhe cannot,

" And

" And her lips won't obey, take a fine twig
" Of myrtle, ſhape it like a butcher's ſkewer,
" And prop them open, ſet her on the bitt
" Day after day when out of ſight, till uſe
" Grows ſecond nature, and the pearly row,
" Will ſhe or will ſhe not, perforce appears."

This paſſage I have literally rendered, and I ſuſpect it deſcribes the artifices of an impure toilet with preciſion enough to ſhew that theſe Grecian models are not abſolutely antiquated by the intervention of ſo many centuries. Our modern puffers in perfumery may have carried artificial complexions and Circaſſian bloom to a higher ſtate of perfection; I dare ſay they have more elaborate means of ſtaining carrotty eyebrows than with ſimple ſoot, and cannot think of comparing a little harmleſs opal with their poiſonous farrago of paſtes, pomatums and pearl powders; but I would have my fair and virtuous countrywomen take notice that the ſubſtitution of ſtuft hips originated with the Athenian proſtitutes, with this advantage on the ſide of good ſenſe, that the inventors of the faſhion never applied falſe bottoms to thoſe, whom Nature had provided with true ones; they ſeem to have had a better eye for due proportion than to add to a redundancy, becauſe in ſome caſes it was convenient to fill up a vacuum.

As I addreſs this friendly hint to the plumper part of the fair ſex, I ſhall rely upon the old proverb for their good-humour, and hope they will kindly interpret it as a proof that my eye is ſometimes directed to objects, which their's cannot ſuperintend, and as they generally agree to keep certain particulars out of ſight, a real friend to decency will wiſh they would conſent to keep them a little more out of mind alſo.

N° CI.

WE are indebted to Vitruvius for a quotation in the beginning of his Sixth Book, taken from one of the dramas of Alexis, to the following effect—" Whereas all the other " ſtates of Greece compel the children of deſti- " tute parents without exception to provide for " the ſupport of them who begot them, we of " Athens," ſays the poet, " make the law bind- " ing upon ſuch children only, who are be- " holden to their parents for the bleſſing of a " liberal education."—The proviſo was certainly a wiſe one, and it is with juſtice that the poet

poet gives his countrymen credit for being the authors of it.

Alexis in one of his comedies very appoſitely remarks—" that the nature of man in ſome re-" ſpects reſembles that of wine, for as fermen-" tation is neceſſary to new wine, ſo is it alſo " to a youthful ſpirit; when that proceſs is " over and it comes to ſettle and ſubſide, we " may then and not till then expect to find a " permanent tranquillity." This alluſion he again takes up, probably in the ſame ſcene, though under a different character, and cries out—" I am now far advanced in the evening " of life's day, and what is there in the nature " of man, that I ſhould liken it to that of wine, " ſeeing that old age, which recommends the " latter, mars the former? Old wine indeed " exhilarates, but old men are miſerable to them-" ſelves and others." Antiphanes the comic poet has ſtruck upon the ſame compariſon but with a different turn—" Old age and old wine," ſays he, " may well be compared; let either of " them exceed their date ever ſo little, and the " whole turns ſour."

Julius Pollux ſays that Alexis named one of his comedies Γυναικοστρατία, and there are ſome paſſages, which we may preſume are reliques of this

this piece, of a very bitter caſt, for he makes one of his female characters roundly aſſert—

" No animal in nature can compare
" In impudence with woman; I myſelf
" Am one, and from my own experience ſpeak."

I flatter myſelf an Engliſh audience would not hear ſuch calumny; the modern ſtage encourages more reſpectful ſentiments—

Oh! woman, lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without thee.

Our poet muſt have been in an ill-humour with the ſex, when he wrote this comedy, or elſe the Athenian wives muſt have been mere Xantippes to deſerve what follows—

" Nor houſe, nor coffers, nor whatever elſe
" Is dear and precious, ſhould be watch'd ſo cloſely,
" As ſhe whom you call wife. Sad lot is our's,
" Who barter life and all it's free delights,
" To be the ſlaves of woman, and are paid
" Her bridal portion in the luckleſs coin
" Of ſorrow and vexation. A man's wrath
" Is milk and honey to a woman's rage;
" He can be much offended and forgive,
" She never pardons thoſe ſhe moſt offends:
" What ſhe ſhould do ſhe ſlights, what ſhe ſhould not
" Hotly purſues; falſe to each virtuous point,
" And only in her wickedneſs ſincere."

" Who

" Who but a lunatic would wed and be
" Wilfully wretched? better to endure
" The ſhame of poverty and all it's taunts
" Rather than this. The reprobate, on whom
" The Cenſor ſet his brand, is juſtly doom'd
" Unfit to govern others, but the wretch,
" Who weds, no longer can command himſelf,
" Nor hath his woe a period but in death."

So much for matrimony according to our author's picture of it! he has left us a deſcription of love, which he has ſketched in more pleaſing colours—

" The man, who holds true pleaſure to conſiſt
" In pampering his vile body, and defies
" Love's great divinity, raſhly maintains
" Weak impious war with an immortal God.
" The graveſt maſter that the ſchools can boaſt
" Ne'er train'd his pupils to ſuch diſcipline,
" As love his votaries, unrivall'd power,
" The firſt great deity—and where is he,
" So ſtubborn and determinedly ſtiff,
" But ſhall at ſome time bend the knee to love,
" And make obeiſance to his mighty ſhrine?"

" One day as ſlowly ſauntering from the port,
" A thouſand cares conflicting in my breaſt,
" Thus I began to commune with myſelf—
" Methinks theſe painters miſapply their art,
" And never knew the being which they draw;
" For mark! their many falſe conceits of love.
" Love is nor male nor female, man nor god,
" Nor with intelligence nor yet without it,
" But a ſtrange compound of all theſe, uniting

" In

" In one mixt eſſence many oppoſites;
" A manly courage with a woman's fear,
" The madman's phrenſy in a reaſoning mind,
" The ſtrength of ſteel, the fury of a beaſt,
" The ambition of a hero—ſomething 'tis,
" But by Minerva and the gods I ſwear!
" I know not what this nameleſs ſomething is."

This riddling deſcription of love I conſider as a very curious fragment of the Greek comedy, as it has more play of words and leſs ſimplicity of thought and ſtile, than I can recollect in any writer of this age and country. In general I think I can diſcover more antitheſis in the authors of the Middle Comedy than in any others, and I take it to have been one of the conſequences of parody. Phædria's picture of love in the opening ſcene of Terence's Eunuch is ſomething in the ſtile of this fragment of Alexis, and the particular expreſſion of—*ut cum ratione inſanias*—ſeems of a piece with—Ἡ ἄνοια μανίας, ὁ δὲ λόγος φρονοῦντος. Which I have rendered—

" A madman's phrenſy in a reaſoning mind."

Our Shakeſpear is ſtill cloſer to it, when Romeo deſcribing love calls it

A madneſs moſt diſcreet.

And again—

Why then, O brawling Love! O loving Hate!
Oh! any thing of nothing firſt create;

Oh, heavy Lightneſs! ſerious Vanity!
Miſshapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is.

Before I take leave of Alexis I ſhall ſubjoin one more paſſage from his remains, which conveys the ſtrongeſt marks of deteſtation, that language can ſupply, of that very vice, which Athenæus would perſuade us he was addicted to; but I will never be perſuaded that a glutton wrote the following lines in the face of his own example, nor would it be an eaſy matter to convince me, that if any glutton had the will, he would poſſeſs the wit, to write them.

" You, Sir, a Cyrenean as I take you,
" Look at your ſect of deſperate voluptuaries;
" There's Diodorus—beggary is too good for him—
" A vaſt inheritance in two ſhort years,
" Where is it? Squander'd, vaniſh'd, gone for ever:
" So rapid was his diſſipation.——Stop!
" Stop, my good friend, you cry; not quite ſo faſt!
" This man went fair and ſoftly to his ruin;
" What talk you of two years? As many days,
" Two little days were long enough to finiſh
" Young Epicharides; he had ſome ſoul,
" And drove a merry pace to his undoing—
" Marry! if a kind ſurfeit wou'd ſurpriſe us,
" Ere we ſit down to earn it, ſuch prevention
" Wou'd come moſt opportune to ſave the trouble
" Of a ſick ſtomach and an aching head:
" But whilſt the puniſhment is out of ſight,
" And the full chalice at our lips, we drink,

" Drink

" Drink all to-day, to-morrow faſt and mourn,
" Sick, and all o'er oppreſt with nauſeous fumes;
" Such is the drunkard's curſe, and Hell itſelf
" Cannot deviſe a greater—Oh that nature
" Might quit us of this overbearing burthen,
" This tyrant-god, the belly! take that from us,
" With all it's beſtial appetites, and man,
" Exonerated man, ſhall be all ſoul."

ANTIPHANES.

Antiphanes of Smyrna, or, as ſome will have it, of Rhodes, was born in or about Olymp. XCIII.: His father's name was Demophanes, and his mother's Œnoe, people of ſervile degree; yet our poet, thus ignoble in his birth, lived to ſignalize himſelf by his genius, and was held in ſuch reſpect by his Athenian patrons, that a public decree was made for the removal of his remains from the iſle of Chios, where he died at the age of ſeventy-four, and for depoſiting them in the city of Athens, where his funeral honours were ſumptuouſly performed at the charge of the ſtate.

Various accounts are given of the number of his comedies, but of all the Greek dramatiſts he appears to have been the moſt prolifick, for the loweſt liſt of his plays amounts to two hundred and ninety, and ſome contend that he actually compoſed three hundred and ſixty-five, a number

a number almoſt incredible if we had not the inſtances of Calderon and De Vega too well authenticated to admit of a doubt in modern times to refer to. Antiphanes bore off the prize with thirty comedies; and if theſe ſucceſſes appear diſproportioned to his attempts, yet they were brilliant, inaſmuch as he had to contend with ſuch reſpectable rivals. We have now no other rule, whereby to meaſure his merit, but in the ſeveral fragments ſelected from his comedies by various authors of the lower ages, and theſe, though tolerably numerous, will ſcarce ſuffice to give ſuch an inſight into the original, as may enable us to pronounce upon it's comparative excellence with any critical preciſion: True it is, even theſe ſmall reliques have agitated the curioſity of the learned moderns, to whom ſo many valuable authors are loſt, but we cannot contemplate them without a ſenſible regret to find how few amongſt them compriſe any ſuch portion of the dialogue, as to open the character, ſtile and manner of the writer, and not often enough to furniſh a conjecture at the fable they appertain to; they are like ſmall crevices, letting in one feeble ray of light into a capacious building; they dart occaſionally upon ſome rich and noble part, but they cannot convey to us a full and perfect idea of the ſymmetry and conſtruction of the majeſtic whole.

I have

I have the titles of one hundred and four comedies under the name of this author.

N° CII.

WHEN I find the Middle Comedy abounding with invectives againſt women, I am tempted to think it was the æra of bad wives. Antiphanes wrote two plays of a ſatirical caſt, one intitled *Matrimony*, and the other *The Nuptials*; we may venture to gueſs that the following paſſages have belonged to one or both of theſe plays—

" Ye fooliſh huſbands, trick not out your wives;
" Dreſs not their perſons fine, but cloath their minds.
" Tell 'em your ſecrets?—Tell 'em to the crier,
" And make the market-place your confidante!"—
" Nay, but there's proper penalties for blabbing".—
" What penalties! they'll drive you out of them;
" Summon your children into court, convene
" Relations, friends, and neighbours to confront
" And nonſuit your complaint, till in the end
" Juſtice is hooted down, and guilt prevails."

The ſecond is in a more animated ſtrain of comedy.

For

" For this, and only this, I'll truſt a woman,
" That if you take life from her ſhe will die,
" And being dead ſhe'll come to life no more;
" In all things elſe I am an infidel.
" Oh! might I never more behold a woman!
" Rather than I ſhould meet that object, Gods!
" Strike out my eyes—I'll thank you for your mercy."

We are indebted to Athenæus for part of a dialogue, in which Antiphanes has introduced a traveller to relate a whimſical contrivance, which the king of Cyprus had made uſe of for cooling the air of his banquetting-chamber, whilſt he ſate at ſupper.

" *A.* You ſay you've paſs'd much of your time in
" Cyprus.
" *B.* All; for the war prevented my departure.
" *A.* In what place chiefly, may I aſk?
" *B.* In Paphos;
" Where I ſaw elegance in ſuch perfection,
" As almoſt mocks belief.
" *A.* Of what kind, pray you?
" *B.* Take this for one—The monarch, when he ſups,
" Is fann'd by living doves.
" *A.* You make me curious
" How this is to be done; all other queſtions
" I will put by to be reſolv'd in this.
" *B.* There is a juice drawn from the Carpin tree,
" To which your dove inſtinctively is wedded
" With a moſt loving appetite; with this
" The king anoints his temples, and the odour
" No ſooner captivates the ſilly birds,

" Than ſtrait they flutter round him, nay, would fly
" A bolder pitch, ſo ſtrong a love-charm draws them,
" And perch, O horror! on his ſacred crown,
" If that ſuch prophanation were permitted
" Of the bye-ſtanders, who with reverend care
" Fright them away, till thus, retreating now
" And now advancing, they keep ſuch a coil
" With their broad vans, and beat the lazy air
" Into ſo quick a ſtir, that in the conflict
" His royal lungs are comfortably cool'd,
" And thus he ſups as Paphian monarchs ſhould."

An old man in the comedy, as it ſhould ſeem, of the Γηραιάδης, reaſons thus—

" I grant you that an old fellow like myſelf, if
" he be a wiſe fellow withal, one that has ſeen
" much and learnt a great deal, may be good for
" ſomething and keep a ſhop open for all cuſ-
" tomers, who want advice in points of difficulty.
" Age is as it were an altar of refuge for human
" diſtreſſes to fly to. Oh! longevity, coveted by
" all who are advancing towards thee, curs'd by
" all who have attained thee; rail'd at by the
" wiſe, betray'd by them who conſult thee, and
" well ſpoken of by no one.—And yet what is
" it we old fellows can be charged with! We are
" no ſpendthrifts, do not conſume our means in
" gluttony, run mad for a wench, or break locks
" to get at her; and why then may not old age,
" ſeeing ſuch diſcretion belongs to it, be allowed
" it's pretenſions to happineſs?"

A ſervant thus rallies his maſter upon a ſpecies of hypocriſy natural to old age.

" Ah! good my maſter, you may ſigh for death,
" And call amain upon him to releaſe you,
" But will you bid him welcome when he comes?
" Not you. Old Charon has a ſtubborn taſk
" To tug you to his wherry and diſlodge you
" From your rich tables, when your hour is come:
" I muſe the Gods ſend not a plague amongſt you,
" A good, briſk, ſweeping, epidemic plague:
" There's nothing elſe can make you all immortal."

Surely there is good comedy in this raillery of the ſervant—The following ſhort paſſages have a very neat turn of expreſſion in the original.

" An honeſt man to law makes no reſort;
" His conſcience is the better rule of court."

" The man, who firſt laid down the pedant rule,
" That love is folly, was himſelf the fool;
" For if to life that tranſport you deny,
" What privilege is left us—but to die?"

" Ceaſe, mourners, ceaſe complaint, and weep no
" more!
" Your loſt friends are not dead, but gone before,
" Advanc'd a ſtage or two upon that road,
" Which you muſt travel in the ſteps they trode;
" In the ſame inn we all ſhall meet at laſt,
" There take new life and laugh at ſorrows paſt."

When I meet theſe and many other familiar ſentiments, which theſe deſigners after nature

abound in, I aſk myſelf where originality is to be ſought for; not with theſe poets it is clear, for their ſickles are for ever in each other's corn; nor even with the founders of the Greek drama, for they all leant upon Homer, as he perhaps on others antecedent to his æra. As for the earlieſt writers of our own ſtage, the little I have read of their rude beginnings ſeems to be a dull maſs of ſecond-hand pedantry coarſely daubed with ribaldry: In Shakeſpear you meet originality of the pureſt caſt, a new creation, bright and beaming with unrivalled luſtre; his contemporary Jonſon did not ſeem to aim at it.

Though I have already given a Paraſite from Eupolis, and compared him with Jonſon's admirable Moſca, yet I cannot refuſe admiſſion to a very pleaſant, impudent fellow, who gives name to a comedy of Antiphanes, and in the following ſpirited apology for his life and actions takes upon him the office of being his own hiſtorian.

"What art, vocation, trade or myſtery
"Can match with your fine Paraſite?—The Painter?
"He! a mere dauber: A vile drudge the Farmer:
"Their buſineſs is to labour, our's to laugh,
"To jeer, to quibble, faith Sirs! and to drink,
"Aye, and drink luſtily. Is not this rare?
"'Tis life, my life at leaſt: The firſt of pleaſures
"Were to be rich myſelf, but next to this

"I hold

" I hold it beſt to be a Paraſite,
" And feed upon the rich. Now mark me right!
" Set down my virtues one by one: Imprimis,
" Good-will to all men—Would they were all rich
" So might I gull them all: Malice to none;
" I envy no man's fortune, all I wiſh
" Is but to ſhare it: Would you have a friend,
" A gallant, ſteady friend? I am your man:
" No ſtriker I, no ſwaggerer, no defamer,
" But one to bear all theſe and ſtill forbear:
" If you inſult, I laugh, unruffled, merry,
" Invincibly good-humour'd ſtill I laugh:
" A ſtout good ſoldier I, valorous to a fault,
" When once my ſtomach's up and ſupper ſerv'd:
" You know my humour, not one ſpark of pride,
" Such and the ſame for ever to my friends:
" If cudgell'd, molten iron to the hammer
" Is not ſo malleable; but if I cudgel,
" Bold as the thunder: Is one to be blinded?
" I am the lightning's flaſh: to be puff'd up,
" I am the wind to blow him to the burſting:
" Choak'd, ſtrangled?—I can do't and ſave a halter:
" Would you break down his doors? Behold an earth-
" quake:
" Open and enter them?—A battering-ram:
" Will you ſit down to ſupper? I'm your gueſt,
" Your very *Fly* to enter without bidding:
" Would you move off? You'll move a well as ſoon:
" I'm for all work, and tho' the job were ſtabbing,
" Betraying, falſe-accuſing, only ſay
" Do this, and it is done! I ſtick at nothing;
" They call me Thunder-bolt for my diſpatch;
" Friend of my friends am I: Let actions ſpeak me;
" I'm much too modeſt to commend myſelf."

I muſt conſider this fragment as a very ſtriking ſpecimen of the author, and the only licence I have uſed is to tack together two ſeparate extracts from the ſame original, which meet in the break of the tenth line, and ſo appoſitely that it is highly probable they both belong to the ſame ſpeech; more than probable to the ſame comedy and character. Lucian's Paraſite ſeems much beholden to this of Antiphanes.

Antiphanes was on a certain occaſion commanded to read one of his comedies in the preſence of Alexander the Great; he had the mortification to find that the play did not pleaſe the royal critic; the moment was painful, but the poet, addreſſing the monarch as follows, ingeniouſly contrived to vindicate his own production at the ſame time he was paſſing a courtly compliment to the prince, at whoſe command he read it—"I cannot wonder, O king! that you "diſapprove of my comedy; for he, who could "be entertained by it, muſt have been preſent "at the ſcenes it repreſents; he muſt be ac-"quainted with the vulgar humours of our "public ordinaries, have been familiar with the "impure manners of our courteſans, a party in "the beating-up of many a brothel, and a ſuf-"ferer as well as an actor in thoſe unſeemly "frays and riots: Of all theſe things, you,

"Great

" Great Sir! are not informed, and the fault
" lies more in my preſumption for intruding
" them upon your hearing, than in any want of
" fidelity, with which I have deſcribed them."

N° CIII.

ANAXANDRIDES.

ANAXANDRIDES of Rhodes, ſon of Anaxander, was author of ſixty-five comedies, with ten of which he bore away the prizes from his competitors. Nature beſtowed upon this poet not only a fine genius, but a moſt beautiful perſon; his ſtature was of the talleſt, his air elegant and engaging, and, whilſt he affected an effeminate delicacy in his habit and appearance, he was a victim to the moſt violent and uncontroulable paſſions, which, whenever he was diſappointed of the prize he contended for, were vented upon every perſon and thing that fell in his way, not excepting even his own unfortunate dramas, which he would tear in pieces and ſcatter amongſt the mob, or at other

times devote them to the moſt ignominious uſes he could deviſe: Of theſe he would preſerve no copy, and thus it came to paſs that many admirable comedies were actually deſtroyed and loſt to poſterity. His dreſs was ſplendid and extravagant in the extreme, being of the fineſt purple richly fringed with gold, and his hair was not coiled up in the Athenian faſhion, but ſuffered to fall over his ſhoulders at it's full length: His muſe was no leſs wanton and voluptuous than his manners, for it is recorded of him, that he was the firſt comic poet, who ventured to introduce upon the ſcene incidents of the groſſeſt intrigue: He was not only ſevere upon Plato and the Academy, but attacked the magiſtracy of Athens, charging them with the depravity of their lives in ſo daring and contemptuous a ſtile, that they brought him to trial, and by one of the moſt cruel ſentences upon record condemned the unhappy poet to be ſtarved to death.

Zarottus and ſome other commentators upon Ovid interpret that diſtich in his *Ibis* to allude to Anaxandrides, where he ſays, ver. 525-6.

Utve parum ſtabili qui carmine læſit Athenas,
Inviſus pereas deficiente cibo.

"Or meet the libeller's unpitied fate,
"Starv'd for traducing the Athenian ſtate."

I know

I know this interpretation of Zarottus is controverted upon the authority of Pauſanias, and Ovid is ſuppoſed by ſome to point at Mævius, by others at Hipponax; but as the name of the ſufferer is not given, thoſe, who incline to the conſtruction of Euſtathius as well as Zarottus, will apply it to our author.

Of the titles of his comedies eight and twenty remain, but for his fragments, which are few in number, I diſcover none, which ſeem to merit a tranſlation; had he ſpared thoſe which his paſſion deſtroyed, happy chance might perhaps have reſcued ſomething worth our notice.

ARISTOPHON.

This poet has left us more and better remembrancers of his muſe, though fewer of his hiſtory: That he was a writer of the Middle Comedy is all I can collect, which perſonally concerns him: The titles of four of his comedies are in my hands, but though Plutarch, Athenæus, Laertius in his Pythagoras, Stobæus and Gyraldus all make mention of his name, none of them have given us any anecdotes of his hiſtory.

Love and matrimony, which are ſubjects little touched upon by the writers of the Old Comedy, became important perſonages in the Middle Drama;

Drama; the former ſeems to have opened a very flowery field to fancy, the laſt appears generally to have been ſet up as the butt of ridicule and invective.—Our author for inſtance tells us—

" A man may marry once without a crime,
" But curſt is he, who weds a ſecond time."

On the topic of love he is more playful and ingenious—

" Love, the diſturber of the peace of heaven,
" And grand fomenter of Olympian feuds,
" Was baniſh'd from the ſynod of the Gods:
" They drove him down to earth at the expence
" Of us poor mortals, and curtail'd his wings
" To ſpoil his ſoaring and ſecure themſelves
" From his annoyance—Selfiſh, hard decree!
" For ever ſince he roams th' unquiet world,
" The tyrant and deſpoiler of mankind."

There is a fragment of his comedy of the *Pythagoriſta*, in which he ridicules that philoſopher's pretended viſit to the regions of the dead—

" I've heard this arrogant impoſtor tell,
" Amongſt the wonders which he ſaw in hell,
" That Pluto with his ſcholars ſate and fed,
" Singling them out from the inferior dead:
" Good faith! the monarch was not over-nice,
" Thus to take up with beggary and lice."

In

In another paſſage of the ſame ſatirical comedy he thus humorouſly deſcribes the diſciples of Pythagoras—

"So gaunt they ſeem, that famine never made
"Of lank Philippides ſo mere a ſhade;
"Of ſalted tunny-fiſh their ſcanty dole,
"Their beverage, like the frog's, a ſtanding pool,
"With now and then a cabbage, at the beſt
"The leavings of the caterpillar's feaſt:
"No comb approaches their diſhevell'd hair
"To rout the long-eſtabliſh'd myriads there;
"On the bare ground their bed, nor do they know
"A warmer coverlid than ſerves the crow;
"Flames the meridian ſun without a cloud?
"They baſk like graſshoppers and chirp as loud;
"With oil they never even feaſt their eyes;
"The luxury of ſtockings they deſpiſe,
"But bare-foot as the crane ſtill march along
"All night in chorus with the ſcreech-owl's ſong."

Of AXIONICUS the comic poet I have nothing to relate but that he was a writer of reputation in the period we are deſcribing, and that we have the titles of ſix of his comedies with a ſmall parcel of unintereſting fragments, chiefly to be found in Athenæus.

BATHON I muſt alſo paſs over like the former, no records of his hiſtory and only a few fragments of his comedies with three of their titles remaining.

Though I claſs CHÆREMON amongſt the writers

writers of the Middle Comedy, I have ſome doubt if he ſhould not have been in the liſt of Old Dramatiſts, being ſaid to have been the ſcholar of Socrates: He is celebrated by Ariſtotle, Athenæus, Suidas, Stobæus, Theophraſtus and others, and the titles of nine of his comedies are preſerved in thoſe authors with ſome ſcraps of his dialogue. Ariſtotle relates that in his comedy of *The Hippocentaur* he introduced a rhapſody, in which he contrived to mix every ſpecies of metre, inventing as it ſhould ſeem a characteriſtic meaſure for a compound monſter out of nature.

Of CLEARCHUS we have a few fragments and the titles of three comedies preſerved by Athenæus; the ſame author gives us the title of one comedy by CRITON, of four by CROBYLUS and of two by DEMOXENUS, one of which is *The Self-Tormentor*, or *Heautontimorumenos*; this poet was an Athenian born, and ſeems to have been a voluminous writer. Of DEMETRIUS there remains only one fragment, yet we have teſtimony of his having been a comic poet of this period in great reputation.

DIODORUS was a native of Sinope, a city of Pontus, and the birth-place of many eminent poets and philoſophers; we have the titles of three of his comedies, and from the few fragments

ments of his works now exiſting I have ſelected theſe which follow—

" This is my rule, and to this rule I'll hold,
" To chuſe my wife by merit not by gold;
" For on that one election muſt depend
" Whether I wed a fury or a friend."

" When your foe dies let all reſentment ceaſe,
" Make peace with death, and death ſhall give you
" peace."

I meet with another fragment of this author, which is ſo far curious, as it contains a bold blaſphemy againſt the ſupreme of the heathen deities, and marks the very looſe hold, which the eſtabliſhed religion had upon the minds of the common people of Athens at this period, who muſt have been wonderfully changed by the new philoſophy from the times of Æſchylus and Ariſtophanes, who both incurred their reſentment in a very high degree for daring to affront the Gods, though it is probable neither went the length of Diodorus's Paraſite, who aſſerts the ſuperior dignity, authority and even divinity of his vocation with the following hardy alluſion to Jupiter himſelf — " All other arts," ſays he, " have been of man's invention without the " help of the Gods, but Jupiter himſelf, who is " our partner in the trade, firſt taught us how

" to

to Ariſtophanes's remarks upon the occupations of Socrates's ſcholars in the comedy of *The Clouds*.

" *A.* I pray you, Sir (for I perceive you learn'd
" In theſe grave matters) let my ignorance ſuck
" Some profit from your courteſy, and tell me
" What are your wiſe philoſophers engag'd in,
" Your Plato, Menedemus and Speuſippus?
" What mighty myſteries have they in projection?
" What new diſcoveries may the world expect
" From their profound reſearches? I conjure you,
" By Earth, our common mother, to impart them!
" *B.* Sir, you ſhall know at our great feſtival
" I was myſelf their hearer, and ſo much
" As I there heard will preſently diſcloſe,
" So you will give it ears, for I muſt ſpeak
" Of things perchance ſurpaſſing your belief,
" So ſtrange they will appear; but ſo it happen'd,
" That theſe moſt ſage Academicians ſate
" In ſolemn conſultation—on a cabbage.
" *A.* A cabbage! what did they diſcover there?
" *B.* Oh ſir! your cabbage hath it's ſex and gender,
" It's provinces, prerogatives and ranks,
" And nicely handled breeds as many queſtions
" As it does maggots. All the younger fry
" Stood dumb with expectation and reſpect,
" Wond'ring what this ſame cabbage ſhould bring
" forth:
" The Lecturer ey'd them round, whereat a youth
" Took heart, and breaking firſt the awful ſilence,
" Humbly crav'd leave to think—that it was round:
" The cauſe was now at iſſue, and a ſecond

" Opin'd

moſt celebrated poets of his age; we have the titles of twelve of his comedies, of all which that intitled *Philyra* was the moſt admired; this *Philyra* was the mother of Chiron the Centaur.

N° CIV.

EPICRATES.

EPICRATES was a native of the city of Ambraſia, the capital of Epirus; his reputation is high amongſt the writers of the claſs under our preſent review; he was ſomewhat junior in point of time to Antiphanes before mentioned, and, if we are to give credit to Athenæus, was an imitator of that poet's manner; it is ſaid that he went ſo far as to copy certain paſſages out of his comedies and introduce them into his own. Five of his comedies are named, and the following remnant of a dialogue ridicules the frivolous diſquiſitions of the Academy in ſo pleaſant a ſtile of comic irony, that I think myſelf happy in the diſcovery of it. The learned reader will acknowledge a ſtriking ſimilitude in the manner

to Ariſtophanes's remarks upon the occupations of Socrates's ſcholars in the comedy of *The Clouds*.

" *A.* I pray you, Sir (for I perceive you learn'd
" In theſe grave matters) let my ignorance ſuck
" Some profit from your courteſy, and tell me
" What are your wiſe philoſophers engag'd in,
" Your Plato, Menedemus and Speuſippus?
" What mighty myſteries have they in projection?
" What new diſcoveries may the world expect
" From their profound reſearches? I conjure you,
" By Earth, our common mother, to impart them!
" *B.* Sir, you ſhall know at our great feſtival
" I was myſelf their hearer, and ſo much
" As I there heard will preſently diſcloſe,
" So you will give it ears, for I muſt ſpeak
" Of things perchance ſurpaſſing your belief,
" So ſtrange they will appear; but ſo it happen'd,
" That theſe moſt ſage Academicians ſate
" In ſolemn conſultation—on a cabbage.
" *A.* A cabbage! what did they diſcover there?
" *B.* Oh Sir! your cabbage hath it's ſex and gender,
" It's provinces, prerogatives and ranks,
" And nicely handled breeds as many queſtions
" As it does maggots. All the younger fry
" Stood dumb with expectation and reſpect,
" Wond'ring what this ſame cabbage ſhould bring
" forth:
" The Lecturer ey'd them round, whereat a youth
" Took heart, and breaking firſt the awful ſilence,
" Humbly crav'd leave to think—that it was round:
" The cauſe was now at iſſue, and a ſecond
" Opin'd

"Opin'd it was an herb—A third conceiv'd
"With due ſubmiſſion it might be a plant—
"The difference methought was ſuch, that each
"Might keep his own opinion and be right;
"But ſoon a bolder voice broke up the council,
"And, ſtepping forward, a Sicilian quack
"Told them their queſtion was abuſe of time,
"It was a cabbage, neither more nor leſs,
"And they were fools to prate ſo much about it—
"Inſolent wretch! amazement ſeiz'd the troop,
"Clamor and wrath and tumult rag'd amain,
"Till Plato, trembling for his own philoſophy,
"And calmly praying patience of the court,
"Took up the cabbage and adjourn'd the cauſe."

ERIPHUS was alſo a writer of the Middle Comedy, and like the poet laſt reviewed is charged by Athenæus with being a copyiſt of Antiphanes. Three ſmall fragments, and the titles of three plays, are every thing which now remains of this author.

EUBULUS.

Eubulus, the ſon of Euphranor, and a native of Atarna in Leſbos, ranks with the moſt celebrated poets of this æra, and though Suidas enumerates only four and twenty of his comedies, Athenæus contends that he was the author of fifty, and the names of all theſe are ſtill upon the liſt. He flouriſhed in Olymp. CI, which is ſo

high in the period now under review, as to make it matter of doubt whether the Old Comedy has not a joint claim to his productions with the Middle: Ammonius however expreſsly claſſes Eubulus amongſt the latter, and quotes his comedy of *The Cup Bearers*; it is from this very comedy as it ſhould ſeem, that the famous paſſage was taken, in which he introduces Bacchus in perſon laying down to mankind theſe temperate and moral rules againſt the abuſe of his bleſſings—

" Three cups of wine a prudent man may take;
" The firſt of theſe for conſtitution's ſake;
" The ſecond to the girl he loves the beſt;
" The third and laſt to lull him to his reſt,
" Then home to bed"—but if a fourth he pours,
" That is the cup of folly and not ours;
" Loud noiſy talking on the fifth attends;
" The ſixth breeds feuds and falling-out of friends;
" Seven beget blows and faces ſtain'd with gore;
" Eight, and the watch-patrole breaks ope the door;
" Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
" And the twill'd ſot drops ſenſeleſs to the ground."

When ſuch maxims of moderation proceed from the mouth of Bacchus, it argues great impiety in his votaries not to obey them.

The moſt elegant epigrammatiſt might be proud to father the following ingenious turn upon the emblem of Love addreſſed to a painter—

" Why,

"Why, foolish painter, give those wings to Love?
"Love is not light, as my sad heart can prove:
"Love hath no wings, or none that I can see;
"If he can fly—oh! bid him fly from me!"

EUPHRON.

Euphron is another poet of our Middle list, and one whose fame has outlived the works on which it was founded. Six of his comedies only have bequeathed their names to us, and a very scanty portion of their contents. One of these was intitled *Adelphi*, another claimant perhaps upon Terence. Athenæus and Stobæus, (thanks to their passion for quotations and fragments!) have favoured us with a few small reliques. — There is something in the following distich of a melancholy and touching simplicity—

"Tell me, all-judging Jove, if this be fair
"To make so short a life so full of care?"

What next ensues I recommend to the gentlemen, who amuse themselves with cutting out work for Doctors-Commons:

"Hence, vile adulterer, I scorn to gain
"Pleasures extorted from another's pain!"

The antients had a notion, that a man, who took no care of his own affairs, was not the

fitteſt perſon in the world to be entruſted with thoſe of others; writers for the ſtage muſt make the moſt of vulgar errors, whilſt they are in faſhion, and this may have betrayed our poet into a ſentiment, which modern wits will not give him much credit for—

" Let not his fingers touch the public cheſt,
" Who by his own profuſion is diſtreſt;
" For long long years of care it needs muſt take
" To heal thoſe wounds, which one ſhort hour will
" make."

I think the reader will acknowledge a very ſpirited and ſtriking turn of thought in this ſhort apoſtrophe.

" Wretch! find new gods to witneſs to new lies,
" Thy perjuries have made the old too wiſe!"

HENIOCHUS.

Heniochus, the author of a numerous collection of comedies, was born at Athens, a writer of a grave ſententious caſt, and one, who ſcrupled not to give a perſonal name to one of his comedies, written profeſſedly againſt the character of *Thorucion*, a certain military prefect in thoſe times, and a notorious traitor to his country. The titles of fifteen comedies are upon the liſt of this poet's works: from one of theſe

theſe a curious fragment has been ſaved, and though it ſeems rather of a political than a dramatic complexion, I think it's good ſenſe is ſufficient to recommend it to a place in this collection.

" I will enumerate to you ſeveral cities, which " in the courſe of time have fallen into egregious " folly and declenſion: You may demand why " I inſtance them at this time and in this place— " I anſwer that we are now preſent in the city of " Olympia, and you may figure to yourſelf a " kind of Pythian ſolemnity in the ſcene before " us—Granted! you'll ſay, and what then? — " Why then I may conceive theſe ſeveral cities " here aſſembled by their repreſentatives for the " purpoſe of celebrating their redemption from " ſlavery by ſolemn ſacrifices to the Genius of " Liberty: This performed, they deliver them- " ſelves over to be governed at the diſcretion of " two certain female perſonages, whom I ſhall " name to you—the one Democracy, Ariſtocracy " the other—From this fatal moment univerſal " anarchy and miſrule inevitably fall upon thoſe " cities, and they are loſt."

MNESIMACHUS.

This poet is recorded by Ælian and Athenæus, and by the ſamples we have of his co-

medy, few as they are, we may ſee that he was a minute deſcriber of the familiar manners and characters of the age he lived in: I take him to have been a writer of a peculiar caſt, a dealer in low and loquacious dialogue, a ſtrong coarſe colouriſt, and one, who, if time had ſpared his works, would probably have imparted to us more of the *Coſtuma*, as it is called, than any of his contemporaries: I perſuade myſelf that the ſamples I am about to produce will juſtify theſe ſurmiſes with reſpect to Machinachus.

Jonſon could not deſcribe, nor Mortimer delineate, a company of banditti or bravos at their meal in bolder caricature, than what the following ſketch diſplays.

" Doſt know whom thou'rt to ſup with, friend?—I'll
" tell thee;
" With gladiators, not with peaceful gueſts;
" Inſtead of knives we're arm'd with naked ſwords,
" And ſwallow firebrands in the place of food:
" Daggers of Crete are ſerv'd us for confections,
" And for a plate of peaſe a fricaſſee
" Of ſhatter'd ſpears: the cuſhions we repoſe on
" Are ſhields and breaſt-plates, at our feet a pile
" Of ſlings and arrows, and our foreheads wreath'd
" With military enſigns, not with myrtle."

There remains a very curious fragment of a dialogue between a maſter and his ſlave, which lays

lays open to the reader the whole catalogue of an Athenian fiſh-market, and after all the pains it has occaſioned me in the decyphering, leaves me under the neceſſity of ſetting down a few of the articles in their original names, not being able to find any lexicon or grammarian in the humour to help me out of my difficulty.

" *Maſter.* Harkye, fellow! make the beſt " of your way to Phidon's riding-ſchool (your " road lies through the cypreſs-grove burying- " place to the forum by the public baths, where " our tribunes hold their meetings) and tell " thoſe pretty gentlemen, who are there at their " exerciſes of vaulting on their horſes and off " their horſes (you know well enough whom I " mean) tell 'em I ſay that their ſupper is grown " cold, their liquor hot, their paſtry dry, their " bread ſtale, their roaſt done to powder, their " ſalt-meat ſtript from the very bones, their " tripes, chitterlings, ſauſages and ſtuft-pud- " dings mangled and devoured by gueſts, who " are before-hand with 'em: The glaſs has gone " round, and the wine is nearly out; the com- " pany are at their frolicks, and the houſe thrown " out of windows—Now mark and remember " every ſyllable I have ſaid to you—Doſt yawn, " raſcal?—Let me hear if you can repeat the " meſſage I have given you.

" *Servant.* From the firſt word to the laſt,
" as you ſhall witneſs.—I am to bid thoſe ſparks
" come home and not loiter till the cook makes
" plunder of the broken victuals; I am to ſay
" the boil'd and the roaſt are ready; I am to
" reckon up their bill of fare, their onions, olives,
" garlick, coleworts, gourds, beans, lettuce,
" knot-graſs; their ſalted tunny-fiſh, their ſhad,
" ſturgeon, ſoals, conger, purple-fiſh and black-
" fiſh (both whole ones) their anchovy, mack-
" arel, freſh tunny, gudgeons, rock-fiſh, dog-fiſh
" tails, cramp-fiſh, frog-fiſh, perch, baccalao,
" ſardin, ſeaweed-fiſh, ſea-urchin, ſurmullet,
" cuckow-fiſh, paſtinaca, lamprey, barbel, grey-
" mullet, *Lebias*, *Sparus*, char, Ælian-fiſh,
" Thracian-fiſh, ſwallow-fiſh, prawns, calamary,
" flounder, ſhrimps, polypody, cuttle-fiſh, *Or-*
" *phus*, lobſter, crab, bleak, needle-fiſh, ſprats,
" ſea-ſcorpion and grigg—I am to put them in
" mind of their roaſts without number, of their
" gooſe, pork, beef, lamb, mutton, goat, kid,
" pullet, duck, ſwan, partridge, bergander, and a
" thouſand more—I am to warn them that their
" meſſmates are already faſt by the teeth, chew-
" ing, gnawing, cutting, carving, boiling, roaſt-
" ing, laughing, playing, dancing, junketting,
" drinking, mobbing, ſcuffling, boxing, battling,
" —that the pipers are at their ſport; every body
" ſingin g,

" ſinging, choruſſing, clamouring, whilſt the
" houſe ſmoaks with the odours of cinnamon,
" frankincenſe, myrrh, ſweet-cane, ſtorax, aloes,
" ambergriſe, muſk, camphire, caſſia and a flood
" of all other exquiſite perfumes—"

N° CV.

MOSCHION.

MOSCHION ſtands upon the authority of Clemens Alexandrinus and Stobæus as a writer of the Middle Comedy, and a dramatiſt of a very moral and pathetic turn; his fragments fully verify that character. A perſon in one of his dramas relates the following melancholy circumſtance.

" I met a lamentable example of fortune's
" inſtability—A prince of Argos begging his
" bread—The man, awhile ago ſo celebrated for
" his great talents, high birth, and exalted rank,
" was now reduced to the loweſt ſtate of human
" wretchedneſs, an object of commiſeration to
" every

" every body who beheld him: Such of us as
" reached out the hand to him, or conſoled him
" with the words of pity for his miſerable con-
" dition, could not leave him without abundance
" of tears; ſurely ſuch a diſmal revolution of
" worldly fortune can never be contemplated
" but with ſympathy and condolence."

The tender and religious ſentiments conveyed in the next fragment, which we owe to Clemens, certainly demand a place of honour, (was ſuch honour in my power to beſtow) in this collection.

" Let the earth cover and protect it's dead!
" And let man's breath thither return in peace
" From whence it came; his ſpirit to the ſkies,
" His body to the clay of which 'twas form'd,
" Imparted to him as a loan for life,
" Which he and all muſt render back again
" To earth, the common mother of mankind."

Again, in a ſtrain yet more elevated—

" Would not the ſoul of a departed man!
" 'Tis impious cruelty; let juſtice ſtrike
" The living; but in mercy ſpare the dead.
" And why purſue a ſhadow that is paſt?
" Why ſlander the deaf earth, that cannot hear,
" The dumb that cannot utter? When the ſoul
" No longer takes account of human wrongs,
" Nor joys nor ſorrows touch the mouldering heart,
" As well you may give feeling to the tomb,
" As what it covers—both alike defy you."

NICOS-

NICOSTRATUS comes next under our review, a poet in his claſs of great reputation, as Athenæus, Suidas, Laertius and others teſtify. His comedies were found after his death in a cheſt, where they had been long miſſing and much regretted; we have to the amount of fourteen of their titles, and are further informed that he was ſo excellent an actor, that it became a proverb of honour to pronounce upon any capital performer, that *He played in the ſtile of Nicoſtratus*. It is with regret I diſcover nothing in the few ſmall fragments of this eminent author and actor worth tranſlating; however, that I may not paſs over his remains without the grateful ceremony of beſtowing one ſmall tribute to his memory, I have rendered this ſhort epigrammatic diſtich into our language—

" If this inceſſant chattering be your plan,
" I would ye were a ſwallow, not a man!"

The talents of the greateſt actor at beſt can ſurvive him by tradition only, but when Nature to thoſe rare attributes adds the gift of a poetic genius, it gives a double poignancy to our regret, that time ſhould not have left a relique even of theſe more conſiderable than the above.

Of PHILIPPUS the comic poet I have no anecdotes to record, and nothing but the names of three comedies to refer to.

PHŒNICIDES.

We are beholden to this poet for a very pleaſant narrative made by a lady of eaſy virtue, in which ſhe deſcribes certain of her keepers with a great deal of comic humour, and it is humour of a ſort, that has not evaporated by the intervention of twenty centuries; ſhe was tired of her trade, and therefore, though the theme be a looſe one, the moral of it is good: The lady is in converſation with a man named Pythias, but whether the friend of Damon the Pythagorean, or ſome other, does not appear: The noble profeſſions of arms, phyſic, and philoſophy had taken their turns in her good graces, but for the credit they gained by the account, I think it is pretty equally divided amongſt them—

" So help me, Venus! as I'm fairly ſick,
" Sick to the ſoul, my Pythias, of this trade:—
" No more on't! I'll be no man's miſtreſs, I;
" Don't talk to me of Deſtiny; I've done with't;
" I'll hear no prophecies—for mark me well—
" No ſooner did I buckle to this buſineſs,
" Than ſtrait behold a Man of War aſſail'd me—
" He told me of his battles o'er and o'er,
" Shew'd me good ſtock of ſcars, but none of caſh,
" No, not a doit—but ſtill he vapour'd much
" Of what a certain Prince would do, and talk'd
" Of this and that commiſſion—in the clouds,
" By which he gull'd me of a twelvemonth's hope,
" Liv'd at free coſt, and fed me upon love.

" Art

" At length I ſent my man of valour packing,
" And a grave ſon of Phyſic fill'd his place:
" My houſe now ſeem'd an hoſpital of Lazars,
" And the vile beggar mangled without mercy,
" A very hangman bath'd in human gore.
" My Soldier was a prince compar'd to this,
" For his were merry fibs; this ſon of Death
" Turn'd every thing he touch'd into a corpſe.
" When Fortune, who had yet good ſtore of ſpite,
" Now coupled me to a moſt learn'd Philoſopher;
" Plenty of beard he had, a cloak withal,
" Enough to ſpare of each, and moral maxims
" More than I could digeſt, but money—none;
" His ſect abhorr'd it; 'twas a thing proſcrib'd
" By his philoſophy, an evil root,
" And when I aſk'd him for a taſte, 'twas poiſon;
" Still I demanded it, and for the reaſon
" That he ſo ſlightly priz'd it—all in vain—
" I could not wring a drachma from his clutches—
" Defend me, Heaven! from all philoſophers!"

SOTADES.

Sotades was a native Athenian, an elegant writer and in great favour with the theatre. I ſhall preſent the reader with one of his fragments, which will be a ſtrong contraſt to the foregoing one, and which ſeems to prove, amongſt many other inſtances, how much the grave and ſentimental comedy now began to be in faſhion with the Athenians.

" Is there a man, juſt, honeſt, nobly born?—
" Malice ſhall hunt him down. Does wealth attend
" him?

" Trouble

" Trouble is hard behind—Conſcience direct?—
" Beggary is at his heels: Is he an Artiſt?—
" Farewell, repoſe! An equal upright Judge?—
" Report ſhall blaſt his virtues: Is he ſtrong?—
" Sickneſs ſhall ſap his ſtrength; account that day,
" Which brings no new miſchance, a day of reſt;
" For what is man? what matter is he made of?
" How born? what is he and what ſhall he be?
" What an unnatural parent is this world,
" To foſter none but villains, and deſtroy
" All, who are benefactors to mankind!
" What was the fate of Socrates?—A priſon,
" A doſe of poiſon; tried, condemn'd and kill'd:
" How died Diogenes?—As a dog dies,
" With a raw morſel in his hungry throat:
" Alas for Æſchylus! muſing he walk'd,
" The ſoaring eagle dropt a tortoiſe down,
" And cruſh'd that brain, where Tragedy had birth:
" A paltry grape-ſtone choak'd the *Athenian Bee*:
" Maſtiffs of Thrace devour'd Euripides,
" And god-like Homer, woe the while! was ſtarv'd—
" Thus life, blind life teems with perpetual woes."

There is a melancholy grandeur in theſe ſentiments with a ſimplicity of expreſſion, which prove to us that theſe authors occaſionally digreſſed from the gay ſpirit of comedy into paſſages not only of the moſt ſerious, but ſubliméſt caſt; and I am perſuaded this ſpecimen of the poet Sotades, notwithſtanding the diſadvantages of tranſlation, will ſtrike the reader as an inſtance in point. Where but one fragment is to be found of a writer's works, and that one of

ſo

ſo elevated a character, muſt it not impreſs the mind with deep regret to think how many noble ſtrains of poetry, how many elegant and brilliant turns of wit theſe compoſitions would have furniſhed, had they come down to us entire? and may I not flatter myſelf, that as many as feel this regret, will look with candour upon theſe attempts?

STRATON.

This poet ſupplies us with the names of two comedies and the ſmall bequeſt of one fragment; it is however an acceptable one, being intereſting as recounting part of a dialogue, which to a certain degree gives ſome diſplay of character, and alſo as being of a facetious, comic caſt in the character of familiar life. The ſpeaker is ſome maſter of a family, who is complaining to his companion in the ſcene of the whimſical, conceited humour of his cook—

" I've harbour'd a He-Sphinx and not a Cook,
" For by the Gods he talk'd to me in riddles
" And coin'd new words that poſe me to interpret.
" No ſooner had he enter'd on his office,
" Than, eyeing me from head to foot, he cries—
" *How many mortals hoſt thou bid to ſupper?*
" Mortals! quoth I, what tell you me of mortals?
" Let Jove decide on their mortality;
" You're crazy ſure; none by that name are bidden.

" *No*

" *No Table-Uſher? no one to officiate*
" *As Maſter of the Courſes?*—No ſuch perſon;
" Moſchion and Niceratus and Philinus,
" Theſe are my gueſts and friends, and amongſt theſe
" You'll find no table-decker as I take it.
" *Gods! is it poſſible?* cried he: Moſt certain
" I patiently replied; He ſwell'd and huff'd,
" As if forſooth I had done him heinous wrong,
" And robb'd him of his proper dignity;
" Ridiculous conceit!—*What offering mak'ſt thou*
" *To Erechtheus?* he demanded: None—
" *Shall not the wide-horn'd ox be fell'd?* cries he;
" I ſacrifice no ox—*Nor yet a wether?*
" Not I, by Jove; a ſimple ſheep perhaps:
" *And what's a wether but a ſheep?* cries he.
" I'm a plain man, my friend, and therefore ſpeak
" Plain language:—*What! I ſpeak as Homer does;*
" *And ſure a cook may uſe like privilege*
" *And more than a blind poet*—Not with me;
" I'll have no kitchen-Homers in my houſe;
" So pray diſcharge yourſelf!—This ſaid, we parted."

N° CVI.

N° CVI.

PHILEMON.

THE fragments of this poet supply me with a passage upon the fertile subject of love, which is of very lively cast, and in a miscellaneous collection like this certainly deserves to be received as one of the beauties of the Greek stage—

"If love be folly, as the schools wou'd prove,
"The man must lose his wits who falls in love;
"Deny him love, you doom the wretch to death,
"And then it follows he must lose his breath.
"Good sooth! there is a young and dainty maid
"I dearly love, a minstrel she by trade;
"What then? must I defere to pedant rule,
"And own that love transforms me to a fool?
"Not I, so help me! By the Gods I swear,
"The nymph I love is fairest of the fair;
"Wise, witty, dearer to her poet's sight,
"Than piles of money on an author's night;
"Must I not love her then? Let the dull sot,
"Who made the law, obey it! I will not."

We have the names of seven comedies ascribed to this author.

TIMOCLES.

Of this name we have two comic poets upon record, one of whom was an Athenian born, and to him Suidas aſcribes ſix comedies; of the other's birth-place we have no account, but of his plays we have eleven titles, and the fragments of both are quoted indiſcriminately: Amongſt theſe I have ſelected one, which is ſo far matter of curioſity as it gives ſome deſcription of the illuſtrious orator Demoſthenes—

" Bid me ſay any thing rather than this;
" But on this theme Demoſthenes himſelf
" Shall ſooner check the torrent of his ſpeech
" Than I—Demoſthenes! that angry orator,
" That bold Briareus, whoſe tremendous throat,
" Charg'd to the teeth with battering-rams and ſpears,
" Beats down oppoſers; brief in ſpeech was he,
" But, croſt in argument, his threat'ning eyes
" Flaſh'd fire, whilſt thunder vollied from his lips."

To one of the poets of the name of Timocles, but to which I know not, we are alſo indebted for a complimentary alluſion to the powers of Tragedy; it is the only inſtance of the ſort, which the Greek Comedy now furniſhes, and I am gratified by the diſcovery, not only for the intrinſic merit of the paſſage, but for the handſome

me tribute which it pays to the moral uſes of
e tragic drama.

" Nay, my good friend, but hear me! I confeſs
" Man is the child of ſorrow, and this world,
" In which we breathe, hath cares enough to plague us,
" But it hath means withal to ſooth theſe cares,
" And he, who meditates on other's woes,
" Shall in that meditation loſe his own:
" Call then the tragic poet to your aid,
" Hear him, and take inſtruction from the ſtage:
" Let Telephus appear; behold a prince,
" A ſpectacle of poverty and pain,
" Wretched in both.—And what if you are poor?
" Are you a demi-god? are you the ſon
" Of Hercules? begone! complain no more.
" Doth your mind ſtruggle with diſtracting thoughts?
" Do your wits wander? are you mad? Alas!
" So was Alcmæon, whilſt the world ador'd
" His father as their God. Your eyes are dim;
" What then? the eyes of Oedipus were dark,
" Totally dark. You mourn a ſon; he's dead;
" Turn to the tale of Niobe for comfort,
" And match your loſs with her's. You're lame
" of foot;
" Compare it with the foot of Philoctetes,
" And make no more complaint. But you are old,
" Old and unfortunate; conſult Oëneus;
" Hear what a king endur'd, and learn content.
" Sum up your miſeries, number up your ſighs,
" The tragic ſtage ſhall give you tear for tear,
" And waſh out all afflictions but it's own."

With the poet XENARCHUS, author of eight dramas, I conclude my catalogue of the writers of the Middle Comedy; one ſhort but ſpirited apoſtrophe I collect from this poet, and I offer it in it's naturalized ſtate as a ſmall remembrance of my zeal to catch at every relique of his ſhipwrecked muſe.

" Ah faithleſs women! when you ſwear
" I ſuppliant your oaths in air."

I have now produced a liſt of comic poets, thirty-two in number, who were celebrated writers for the Athenian ſtage within the period we have been reviewing, and in theſe tranſlations the reader has before him every thing that time has ſpared of their productions except a few ſhort and inſignificant ſentences, which had nothing to recommend them. The imperfect anecdotes here given of the ſeveral authors may be thought to contain very little intereſting matter, but it has been no ſlight taſk to collect even theſe, and I am perſuaded that my ſearch has left nothing behind, which can give any further elucidation to the ſubject; if I were as ſecure of not having treſpaſſed upon the public patience through too much diligence and minuteneſs, I ſhould diſmiſs my anxiety.

The

The period of the Middle Comedy was of short duration, and thirty-two comic authors are no inconſiderable number to have flouriſhed within that æra; yet we may well ſuppoſe others, and probably many others, did exiſt within the time, of whom no memorial whatever now ſurvives: Moſt of theſe names, which I have now for the firſt time brought together, will I dare ſay be new even to my learned readers, for not many men of a ſtudious turn, and fewer ſtill of claſſical taſte, will dedicate their time to thoſe dry and deterring books, in which theſe ſcattered reliques were depoſited, and on which they have hitherto depended for their almoſt deſperate chance of being reſcued from extinction. I mention this not oſtentatiouſly as taking credit on the ſcore of induſtry and diſcovery, but hoping that the labour of the taſk will be ſome apology on my behalf to ſuch of my readers (if any ſuch to my ſorrow ſhall be found) who, having purchaſed theſe volumes with an eye to amuſement only, may have been tired by the peruſal of theſe papers, or, not caring to peruſe them, have been caſhiered of the juſt proportions of a volume.

To the candour of all thoſe monthly publications, which are concerned in the review of new books, I profeſs myſelf to be very highly

indebted; that they have admitted and commended the ſincere and moral motives of my undertaking, is above meaſure gratifying to me; in this particular I know I have a juſt claim to their good report, becauſe they cannot credit me for more real love to mankind and more cordial zeal for their ſocial intereſts, than I truly have at heart, but for my ſucceſs as an author, (which has ſo much exceeded my expectations) I cannot deceive myſelf ſo far as to aſcribe it wholly to my own merits, when I muſt know how great a ſhare of it was the natural reſult of their recommending me to the world.

As I have not found any hints in theſe Reviews, nor in the reports which have come home to me, that have tended to diſcourage me in the proſecution of theſe reſearches into the characters and remains of the Greek dramatiſts, I have gone on with ardour, and ſhall go on, if life is granted me, to the end; the writers therefore of *The New Comedy* will come next under my review, and as we deſcend in time, we ſhall encreaſe in matter; the celebrated names of Menander, Philemon, Diphilus, Apollodorus and ſome few beſides, are not wholly left without record, every fragment that bears their ſtamp has been accounted ſo venerable, that ſome of the greateſt ſcholars of modern

times

times have thought it an office of honour to be employed in the collection of them; none of theſe however have found their way into our language, and as I flatter myſelf theſe of the *Middle Comedy* have riſen upon their predeceſſors, I hope what is next to follow will not baulk the climax; my beſt care and fidelity ſhall be applied to the tranſlations of ſuch as I ſhall ſelect for the purpoſe, and as I have generally found the ſimplicity of their ſtile and ſentiment accord beſt to the eaſy metre of our old Engliſh dramatiſts, I ſhall moſtly endeavour to cloathe them in the dreſs of thoſe days, when Jonſon, Fletcher and Maſſinger ſupported the ſtage. To theſe I ſhall probably add ſome ſelections from Ariſtophanes, which I would not inſert in their place, being aware that extracts upon a large ſcale would comparatively have extinguiſhed their contemporaries, when ſet beſide them upon a very contracted one.

Upon the whole it will be my ambition to give to the world what has never yet been attempted, a compleat collection of the beauties of the Greek ſtage in our own language from the remains of more than fifty comic poets.

N° CVII.

Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium
Verſatur urna ſerius ocius
Sors exitura—— HORAT. CARM.

All to the ſame laſt home are bound;
Time's never-weary wheel runs round;
And life at longeſt or at ſhorteſt date
Snaps like a thread betwixt the ſhears of Fate.

I REMEMBER to have been told of a certain humouriſt, who ſet up a very ſingular doctrine upon the ſubject of death, aſſerting that he had diſcovered it to be not a neceſſary and inevitable event, but an act of choice and volition; he maintained that he had certain powers and reſources within himſelf ſufficient to ſupport him in his reſolution of holding out againſt the ſummons of death, till he became weary of life; and he pledged himſelf to his friends, that he would in his own perſon give experimental proof of his hypotheſis.

What particular addreſs death made uſe of, when this ingenious gentleman was prevailed upon to ſtep out of the world, I cannot take upon

upon myſelf to ſay; but certain it is, that in ſome weak moment he was over-perſuaded to lay his head calmly on the pillow and ſurrender up his breath.

Though an event, ſo contrary to the promiſe he had given, muſt have been a ſtaggering circumſtance to many, who were intereſted in the ſucceſs of his experiment, yet I ſee good reaſon to ſuſpect that his hypotheſis is not totally diſcredited, and that he has yet ſome ſurviving diſciples, who are acting ſuch a part in this world as nobody would act but upon a ſtrong preſumption, that they ſhall not be compelled to go out of it and enter upon another.

Mortality, it muſt be owned, hath means of providing for the event of death, though none have yet been diſcovered of preventing it: Religion and virtue are the great phyſicians of the ſoul; patience and reſignation are the nurſing-mothers of the human heart in ſickneſs and in ſorrow; conſcience can ſmooth the pillow under an aching head, and Chriſtian hope adminiſters a cordial even in our laſt moments, that lulls the agonies of death: But where is the need of theſe had this diſcovery been eſtabliſhed? why call in phyſicians and reſort to cordials, if we can hold danger at a diſtance without their help? I am to preſume therefore, that every human

being, who makes his own will his maſter, and goes all lengths in gratifying his guilty paſſions without reſtraint, muſt rely upon his own will for keeping him out of all danger of future trouble, or he would never commit himſelf ſo confidentially and entirely to a maſter, which can give him no ſecurity in return for his blind obedience and devotion: All perſons of this deſcription I accordingly ſet down in the lump as converts to the doctrine of the learned gentleman, who advanced the intereſting diſcovery above-mentioned, but who unluckily miſſed ſome ſtep in the proof, that was to have eſtabliſhed it.

To what lengths of credulity they may really go is hard to ſay, but ſome ſuch hopes as theſe muſt buoy them up, becauſe I cannot think that any man would be wilfully wicked, fraudulent, perfidious, avaricious, cruel, or whatever elſe is deteſtable in the eye of God, if he ſaw death, his meſſenger, at the door; and I am even unwilling to believe, that he would be wantonly guilty, was he only convinced, that when death ſhall come to the door, he muſt be obliged to admit him; for if this be ſo, and if admiſſion may not be denied, then hath death a kind of viſitatorial power over us, which makes him not a gueſt to be invited at our pleaſure, but a lord

and

and maſter of the houſe, to enter in at his own, and (which is worſt of all) without giving notice to us to provide for his entertainment. What man is ſuch a fool in common life, as to take up his abode in a tenement, of which he is ſure to be diſpoſſeſſed, and yet neglect to prepare himſelf againſt a ſurpriſe, which he is ſubject to every moment of the day and night? We are not apt to overlook our own intereſts and ſafety in worldly concerns, and therefore when the ſoul is given up to ſin, I muſt ſuſpect ſome error in the brain.

What ſhall I ſay to perſuade the inconſiderate that they exiſt upon the precarious ſufferance of every moment, that paſſes over them in ſucceſſion? how ſhall I warn a giddy fool not to play his antick tricks and caper on the very utmoſt edge of a precipice? Who will guide the reeling drunkard in his path, and teach him to avoid the grave-ſtones of his fellow-ſots, ſet up by death as marks and ſignals to appriſe him of his danger? If the voice of nature, depoſing to the evidence of life's deceitful tenure from the beginning of things to the moment preſent, will neither gain audience nor belief, what can the moraliſt expect?

Which of all thoſe headlong voluptuaries, who ſeem in ſuch haſte to get to the end of life,

is poſſeſſed of the art of prolonging it at pleaſure? to whom has the ſecret been imparted? Either they are deceived by a vain hope of evading death, or there is ſomething in a life of diſſipation not worth preſerving. I am aſtoniſhed at the ſtupidity of any man, who can deny himſelf the gratification of conſcious integrity: The proud man muſt be a conſummate blockhead to take ſuch wearifome pains for a little extorted flattery of the moſt ſervile ſort, and overlook the ready means of gaining general reſpect upon the nobleſt terms: Is it not an abuſe of language and an inſult to common ſenſe for a filly fellow to announce himſelf to the world as a man of pleaſure, when there is not an action in his life, but leaves a ſting behind it to belye the character he profeſſes? Can one fellow-creature find amuſement in tormenting another? Is it poſſible there can be a recreation in malice, when it ſlanders the innocent; in fraud, when it cheats the unſuſpecting; in perfidy, when it betrays a benefactor? If any being, who does me wrong, will juſtify himſelf againſt the wrong by confeſſing, that he takes delight in injury, I will own to one inſtance of human depravity, which till that ſhall happen I will perſiſt to hope is not in exiſtence: The fact is that all men have that reſpect for juſtice, that they attempt to ſhelter

their

their very worſt actions under it's defence; and even thoſe contemptible pilferers of reputation, who would be as much unknown by their names as they are by the concealment of them, qualify (I am perſuaded) the dirty deed they are about by ſome convenient phantom of offence in the character they aſſault; even their hands cannot be raiſed to ſtrike without prefacing the blow by ſaying to themſelves—*This man deſerves to die.*—Fooliſh wretches, what computation muſt they make of life, who devote ſo great a portion of it to miſeries and reproaches of their own creating!

Let a rational creature for once talk common ſenſe to himſelf, and if no better words than the following occur to his thoughts, let him make uſe of them; he is heartily welcome to the loan.

"I know there is a period in approach, when "I muſt encounter an enemy to my life, whoſe "power is irreſiſtible: This is a very ſerious "thing for me to reflect upon, and knowing it "to be a truth infallible, I am out of hope, that "I can ſo far forget the terms of my exiſtence, "as totally to expel it from my thoughts: If I "could foreſee the preciſe hour, when this "enemy will come, I would provide againſt it "as well as I am able, and fortify my mind to

"receive

" receive him with ſuch complacency as I could
" muſter: But of this hour I have alas! no
" foreſight; it may be this moment, or the next,
" or years may intervene before it comes to
" paſs: It behoves me then to be upon my
" guard: He may approach in terrors, that
" agoniſe me to think of; he may ſeize my ſoul
" in the commiſſion of ſome dreadful act and
" tranſport it to a place, whoſe horrors have no
" termination: I will not then commit that
" dreadful act, becauſe I will not expoſe myſelf
" to that dreadful puniſhment: It is in my own
" choice to refrain from it, and I am not ſuch a
" deſperate fool to make choice of miſery: If I
" act with this precaution, will he ſtill appear
" in this ſhape of terror? Certainly he will
" not, nor can he in juſtice tranſport me to a
" place of puniſhment, when I have committed
" nothing to deſerve it: Whither then will he
" convey me? To the manſions of everlaſting
" happineſs: Where are my fears? What is
" now become of his terrors? He is my paſſ-
" port, my conductor, my friend: I will wel-
" come him with embraces; I will ſmile upon
" him with gratitude, and accompany him with
" exultation."

N° CVIII.

N° CVIII.

HOWEVER diſpoſed we may be to execrate the bloody act of the regicides, yet we muſt admit the errors and miſconduct of Charles's unhappy reign to be ſuch as cannot be palliated; in our pity for his fate we muſt not forget the hiſtory of his failings, nor, whilſt we are ſympathiſing in the pathos of the tragedy, overlook it's moral.

Four ſucceſſive parliaments, improvidently diſſolved, were ſufficient warnings for the fifth to fall upon expedients for ſecuring to themſelves a more permanent duration by laying ſome reſtraints upon a prerogative ſo wantonly exerted.

Let us call to mind the inauſpicious commencement of this monarch's reign; before the ceremony of his coronation had taken place, he eſpouſed a ſiſter of France and ſet a catholic princeſs on the throne of a proteſtant kingdom, ſcarce cool from the ferment of religious jealouſies, recently emancipated from the yoke of Rome and of courſe intolerant through terror, if not by principle: The moſt obnoxious man in the

the kingdom was Montagu, author of the proſcribed tract, intitled *Apello Cæſarem*, and him Charles enrolled in his liſt of royal chaplains: By throwing himſelf incontinently into the hands of Buckingham he ſhewed his people they were to expect a reign of favoritiſm, and the choice of the miniſter marked the character of the monarch: He levied muſters for the Palatinate of twelve thouſand men, exacted contributions for coat and conduct-money, declared martial law in the kingdom and furniſhed his brother of France with a ſquadron of ſhips for the unpopular reduction of Rochelle, and the mariners refuſed the ſervice: Theſe meaſures ſtirred the parliament then ſitting to move for a redreſs of grievances, before they provided for his debts, and their remonſtrances provoked him upon the inſtant to diſſolve them.

Every one of theſe proceedings took place before his coronation, and form the melancholy prelude to his miſguided government.

A ſecond parliament was called together, and to intimidate them from reſuming their redreſs of grievances and divert their attempts from the perſon of his favorite, he haughtily informs them, *that he cannot ſuffer an enquiry even on the meaneſt of his ſervants.* What was to be expected from ſuch a menacing declaration? They, diſdaining

illam

illam oſculari, quâ ſunt oppreſſi, manum, proceed to impeach Buckingham; the king commits the managers of that proceſs to the Tower, and reſorting to his prerogative, diſſolves his ſecond parliament as ſuddenly, and more angrily, than his firſt.

A third parliament meets, and in the interim new grievances of a more awakening ſort had ſupplied them with an ample field for complaint and remonſtrance; in the intermiſſion of their ſittings, he had exacted a loan, which they interpreted a tax without parliament, and of courſe a flagrant violation of the conſtitution; this he enforced with ſo high a hand, that ſeveral gentlemen of name in their counties had been committed to cloſe impriſonment for refuſing payment; ſhip-money alſo at this time began to be queſtioned as an intolerable grievance, and being one of the reſources for enabling the crown to govern without a parliament, it was conſidered by many as a violation of their rights, an inequitable and oppreſſive tax, which ought to be reſiſted, and accordingly it was reſiſted: This parliament therefore after a ſhort and inefficient ſitting ſhared the ſudden fate of it's predeceſſors.

The ſame precipitancy, greater blindneſs, a more confirmed habit of obſtinacy and a heightened degree of aggravation marked this period

of intermiſſion from parliaments, for now the leading members of the late houſe were ſent to cloſe impriſonment in the Tower, and informations were lodged againſt them in the Star-Chamber.

The troubles in Scotland made it neceſſary for the king once more to have reſort to a parliament; they met for the fourth time on the thirteenth of April 1640, and the fifth day of the following month ſent them back to their conſtituents to tell thoſe grievances in the ears of the people, which their ſovereign diſdained to liſten to. Ill-counſelled ſovereign! but will that word apologize for conduct ſo intemperate? It cannot: A mind, ſo flexible towards evil counſel, can poſſeſs no requiſites for government: What hope now remained for moderate meaſures, when the people's repreſentatives ſhould again aſſemble? In this fatal moment the fuel was prepared and the match lighted, to give life to the flames of civil war; already Scotland had ſet thoſe ſparks into a blaze; the king unable to extinguiſh the conflagration by his own power and reſources, for the fifth and laſt time convenes his parliament; but it was now too late for any confidence or mutual harmony to ſubſiſt between the crown and commons; on the third of November following their laſt diſſolution

the

the new-elected members take poſſeſſion of their ſeats and the houſe ſoon reſounds with reſolutions for the impeachment of the miniſter Strafford and the primate Laud: The humbled monarch confirms the fatal bill of attainder and ſends Stafford to the ſcaffold; he ratifies the act for ſecuring parliament againſt future diſſolution, and ſubſcribes to his own death-warrant with the ſame pen.

The proceedings of this famous parliament are of a mixed nature; in many we diſcern the true ſpirit of patriotiſm, and not a few ſeem dictated by revenge and violence: The Courts of High Commiſſion and Star-Chamber are aboliſhed, and poſterity applauds their deliverers; the city-croſſes are pulled down, the biſhops ſent to the Tower and their whole order menaced with expulſion from parliament, and here we diſcover the firſt dawnings of fanatic phrenſy: An incurable breach is made in the conſtitution; it's branches are diſſevered, and the axe of rebellion is laid to the root of the tree: The royal ſtandard is ſet up; the father of his people becomes the general of a party, and the land is floated with the blood of it's late peaceable inhabitants: Great characters ſtart forth in the concuſſion; great virtues and great vices: Equal courage and ſuperior conduct at length prevail

for the leaders of the people; a fanatic champion carries all before him; the ſovereign ſurrenders himſelf weakly, capitulates feebly, negotiates deceitfully and dies heroically.

And this is the reign, this the exit of a king! Let kings ponder it, for it is a leſſon, humbling perhaps to their pride of ſtation, but pointedly addreſſed to their inſtruction.

If there is a truſt in life, which calls upon the conſcience of the man who undertakes it more ſtrongly than any other, it is that of the education of an heir-apparent to a crown: The training ſuch a pupil is a taſk indeed; how to open his mind to a proper knowledge of mankind without letting in that knowledge, which inclines to evil; how to hold off flattery and yet admit familiarity; how to give the lights of information and ſhut out the falſe colours of ſeduction, demands a judgment for diſtinguiſhing, and an authority for controuling, which few governors in that delicate ſituation ever poſſeſs, or can long retain: To educate a prince, born to reign over an enlightened people, upon the narrow ſcale of ſecret and ſequeſtered tuition, would be an abuſe of common ſenſe; to let him looſe upon the world is no leſs hazardous in the other extreme, and each would probably devote him to an inglorious deſtiny: That he ſhould

know

know the leading characters in the country he is to govern, be familiar with it's hiſtory, it's conſtitution, manners, laws and liberties, and correctly comprehend the duties and diſtinctions of his own hereditary office, are points that no one will diſpute: That he ſhould travel through his kingdom I can hardly doubt, but whether thoſe excurſions ſhould reach into other ſtates, politically connected with, or oppoſed to, his own, is more than I will preſume to lay down as a general rule, being aware that it muſt depend upon perſonal circumſtances: Splendor he may be indulged in, but exceſs in that, as in every thing elſe, muſt be avoided, for the miſchiefs cannot be numbered, which it will entail upon him; exceſs in expence will ſubject him to obligations of a degrading ſort; exceſs in courteſy will lay him open to the forward and aſſuming, raiſe mountains of expectation about him, and all of them undermined by diſappointment, ready charged for exploſion, when the hand of preſumption ſhall ſet fire to the train: Exceſs in pleaſure will lower him in character, deſtroy health, reſpect, and that becoming dignity of mind, that conſcious rectitude, which is to direct and ſupport him, when he becomes the diſpenſer of juſtice to his ſubjects, the protector and defender of their religion, the model for their imi-

tation and the ſovereign arbiter of life and death in the execution of every legal condemnation; To court popularity is both derogatory and dangerous, nor ſhould he, who is deſtined to rule over the whole, condeſcend to put himſelf in the league of a party: To be a protector of learning and a patron of the arts, is worthy of a prince, but let him beware how he ſinks himſelf into a pedant or a virtuoſo: It is a mean talent, which excels in trifles; the fine arts are more likely to flouriſh under a prince, whoſe ignorance of them is qualified by general and impartial good-will towards their profeſſors, than by one, who is himſelf a dabbler; for ſuch will always have their favorites, and favoritiſm never fails to irritate the minds of men of genius concerned in the ſame ſtudies, and turns the ſpirit of emulation into the gall of acrimony.

Above all things let it be his inviolable maxim to diſtinguiſh ſtrongly and pointedly in his attentions between men of virtuous morals and men of vicious: There is nothing ſo glorious and at the ſame time nothing ſo eaſy; if his countenance is turned to men of principle and character, if he beſtows his ſmile upon the worthy only, he need be at little pains to frown upon the profligate, all ſuch vermin will crawl out of his path and ſhrink away from his pre-

ſence: Glittering talents will be no paſſport for diſſolute morals, and ambition will then be retained in no other cauſe, but that of virtue; men will not chuſe crooked paſſages and bye-alleys to preferment, when the broad highway of honeſty is laid open and ſtrait before them. A prince, though he gives a good example in his own perſon, what does he profit the world, if he draws it back again by the bad examples of thoſe, whom he employs and favors? Better might it be for a nation, to ſee a libertine on it's throne ſurrounded by virtuous counſellors, than to contemplate a virtuous ſovereign, delegating his authority to unprincipled and licentious ſervants.

The king, who declares his reſolution of countenancing the virtuous only amongſt his ſubjects, ſpeaks the language of an honeſt man; if he makes good his declaration, he performs the functions of one, and earns the bleſſings of a righteous king; a life of glory in this world, and an immortality of happineſs in the world to come.

N° CIX.

I WAS ſurpriſed the other day to find our learned poet Ben Jonſon had been poaching in an obſcure collection of love-letters, written by the ſophiſt Philoſtratus in a very rhapſodical ſtile merely for the purpoſe of ſtringing together a parcel of unnatural, far-fetched conceits, more calculated to diſguſt a man of Jonſon's claſſic taſte, than to put him upon the humble taſk of copying them, and then fathering the tranſlation. The little poem he has taken from this deſpicable ſophiſt is now become a very popular ſong, and is the ninth in his collection intitled *The Foreſt.*

I will take the liberty of inſerting Jonſon's tranſlation, and compare it with the original, ſtanza by ſtanza—

I.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiſs but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

" PHI-

" PHILOSTRATUS, Letter XXIV.

" Ἐμοὶ δὲ μόνοις πρόπινε τοῖς ὄμμασιν—*Drink to me*
" *with thine eyes only.* Ει δὲ βέλει, τοῖς χείλεσι προς-
" φέρουσα, πλήρες φιλημάτων τὸ ἔκπωμα, καὶ ἔ τως δίδε.
" *Or if thou wilt, putting the cup to thy lips, fill*
" *it with kiſſes and ſo beſtow it upon me.*"

II.

The thirſt, that from the ſoul doth riſe,
Demands a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar ſip,
I wou'd not change for thine.

" PHIL. Letter XXV.

" Ἐγω, ἐπειδὰν ἴδω σε, διψῶ, καὶ τὸ ἔκπωμα κατέχων,
" καὶ τὸ μὲν ἀ προσάγω τοῖς χείλεσι σῦ δὲ ἴδα πίνων.
" *I, as ſoon as I behold thee, thirſt, and taking*
" *hold of the cup, do not indeed apply that to my*
" *lips for drink, but thee.*"

III.

I ſent thee late a roſy wreath,
Not ſo much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It might not withered be.

" PHIL. Letter XXX.

" Πέπομφὰ σοι στέφανον ῥόδων, ἀ σὲ τιμῶν, (καὶ τῦτο
" μὲνγὰρ) ἀλλ' αὐτοῖς τι χαριζόμενος τοῖς ῥόδοις, ἵνα μὴ
" μαραυδῆ.

" μαραυδῆ. *I ſend thee a roſy wreath, not ſo much*
" *honoring thee (though this alſo is in my thoughts)*
" *as beſtowing favor upon the roſes, that ſo they*
" *might not be withered.*"

IV.

But thou thereon didſt only breathe,
And ſent'ſt it back to me,
Since when it grows and ſmells I ſwear
Not of itſelf, but thee.

" PHIL. Letter XXXI.

" Εἰ δὲ βούλει τί φίλῳ χαρίζεσθαι, τὰ λείψανα αὐτῶν
" ἀντίπεμψον, μηκέτι πνέοντα ῥόδον μόνον ἀλλὰ καὶ σῦ.
" *If thou would'ſt do a kindneſs to thy lover, ſend*
" *back the reliques of the roſes* [*I gave thee*], *for*
" *they will ſmell no longer of themſelves only, but*
" *of thee.*"

When the learned poet publiſhed his love-ſong without any acknowledgment to Philoſtratus, I hope the reaſon of his omitting it was becauſe he did not chuſe to call the public curioſity to a peruſal of ſuch unſeemly and unnatural rhapſodies, as he had condeſcended to copy from.

Now I am upon the ſubject of Ben Jonſon I ſhall take notice of two paſſages in *The Induction on the Stage*, prefixed to his play of *Bartholomew Fair*,

Fair, in which he gives a ſly glance at Shakeſpear—*And then a ſubſtantial watch to have ſtolen in upon them, and taken them away with miſtaking words, as the faſhion is in the ſtage practice.*—It is plain he has *Dogberry* and *Verges* in his eye, and no leſs ſo in the following, that he points his ridicule againſt *Caliban* and the romance of *The Tempeſt*—*If there be never a* ſervant-monſter *in the fair who can help it*, he ſays, *nor a neſt of antics? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like thoſe that beget tales*, Tempeſts *and ſuch like drolleries, to mix his head with other mens heels.*—If any of our commentators upon Shakeſpear have anticipated my remark upon theſe inſtances of Jonſon's propenſities to carp at their favorite poet, I have overlooked the annotation, but when I find him recommending to his audience ſuch a *farago* of vulgar ribaldry as *Bartholomew Fair*, by pretending to exalt it above ſuch exquiſite productions as *The Tempeſt* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, it is an act of warrantable retaliation to expoſe his vanity.

It is not always however that he betakes himſelf to theſe maſked attacks upon that ſublime genius, which he profeſſed to admire almoſt to idolatry, it muſt be owned he ſometimes meets him upon equal ground, and nobly contends with laudable emulation for the chaplet of victory:

tory: What I now particularly have in my eye is his *Maſque of the Queens*.

Many ingenious obſervations have been given to the public upon Shakeſpear's *Imaginary Beings*; his Caliban, Ariel and all his family of witches, ghoſts and fairies have been referred to as examples of his creative fancy, and with reaſon has his ſuperiority been aſſerted in the fabrication of theſe præternatural machines, and as to the art, with which he has woven them into the fables of his dramas, and the incidents he has produced by their agency, he is in theſe particulars ſtill more indiſputably unrivalled; the language he has given to Caliban, and no leſs characteriſtically to his Ariel, is ſo original, ſo inimitable, that it is more like magic than invention, and his fairy poetry is as happy as it can be: It were a jeſt to compare Æſchylus's ghoſt of Darius, or any ghoſt that ever walked with the *perturbed ſpirit* of Hamlet: Great and merited encomiums have alſo been paſſed upon the *weird ſiſters* in that wonderful drama, and a decided preference given them over the famous *Erichtho* of Lucan: Preferable they doubtleſs are, if we contemplate them in their dramatic characters, and take into our account the grand and awful commiſſion, which they bear in that ſcene of tragic terror; but of their poetical ſuperiority,

periority, ſimply conſidered, I have ſome doubts; let me add to this, that when the learned commentator was inſtancing Lucan's Erichtho, it is matter of ſome wonder with me, how he came to overlook Jonſon's witches in the *Maſque of the Queens*.

As he has not however prevented me of the honour of bringing theſe two poetic champions together into the liſts, I will avail myſelf of the occaſion, and leave it with the ſpectators to decide upon the conteſt. I will only, as their herald, give notice that the combatants are enchanters, and he that has no taſte for necromancy, nor any ſcience in the terms of the art, has no right to give his voice upon the trial of ſkill.

SHAKESPEAR.

" *1ſt Witch.* Where has thou been, ſiſter?
" *2d* —— Killing ſwine.
" *3d* —— A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap,
" And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht—Give
" me, quoth I!
" Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.
" Her huſband's to Aleppo gone, maſter o' th' Tyger;
" But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
" And like a cat without a tail,
" I'll do—I'll do—I'll do.
" *2d Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
" *3d* —— Thou art kind.
" *1ſt* —— And I another.

" *3d Witch.*

" *3d Witch.* I myſelf have all the other,
" And the very points they blow,
" All the quarters that they know
" I' th' ſhipman's card.
" I will drain him dry as hay,
" Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
" Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
" He ſhall live a man forbid;
" Weary ſev'n-nights nine times nine
" Shall he dwindle, peak and pine;
" Tho' his bark cannot be loſt,
" Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
" Look, what I have.
" *2d Witch.* Shew me, ſhew me.
" *3d* —— Here I have a pilot's thumb,
" Wreckt as homeward he did come.
" *1ſt Witch.* A drum, a drum!
" Macbeth doth come.
" *All.* The weird ſiſters hand in hand,
" Poſters of the ſea and land,
" Thus do go about, about,
" Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,
" And thrice again to make up nine.
" Peace! the charm's wound up."

JONSON.

" *Dame.* Well done, my hags! ——
" But firſt relate me what you have fought,
" Where you have been and what you have brought.
" *1ſt Hag.* I have been all day looking after
" A raven feeding upon a quarter;
" And ſoon as ſhe turn'd her beak to the ſouth,
" I ſnatcht this morſel out of her mouth.

" *2d Hag.*

" *2d Hag.* I laſt night lay all alone
" O' th' ground to hear the mandrake grone,
" And pluckt him up, tho' he gew full low,
" And as I had done the cock did crow.
" *6th Hag.* I had a dagger; what did I with that?
" Kill'd an infant, to have his fat;
" A piper it got at a church-ale,
" I bade him again blow wind in it's tail.
" *7th Hag.* A murderer yonder was hung in
" chains,
" The ſun and the wind had ſhrunk his veins;
" I bit off a ſinew, I clipt his hair,
" I brought off his rags that danc'd in the air.
" *8th Hag.* The ſcrich owl's eggs and the feathers
" black,
" The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,
" I have been getting, and made of his ſkin
" A purſet to keep *Sir Cranion* in.
" *9th Hag.* And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
" Hemlock, henbane, adder's tongue,
" Night-ſhade, moon-wort, libbard's-bane,
" And twice by the dogs was like to be ta'en.
" *11th Hag.* I went to the toad, breads under the
" wall,
" I charm'd him out, and he came at my call,
" I ſcratcht out the eyes of the owl before,
" I tore the bat's wing—What wou'd you have more?"
Dame. Yes, I have brought (to help our vows)
Horned poppy, cypreſs boughs,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The baſiliſk's blood, and the viper's ſkin—
And now our orgies let 's begin!

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEAR's *Charm.*

" *1ſt Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
" *2d* —— Twice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
" *3d* —— Harper cries, 'tis time, 'tis time!
" *1ſt* —— Round about the cauldron go,
" In the poiſon'd entrails throw.
" ——Toad, that under the cold ſtone
" Days and nights has thirty-one
" Swelter'd venom ſleeping got,
" Boil thou firſt i' th' charmed pot.
" *All.* Double, double, toil and trouble,
" Fire burn and cauldron bubble!
" *2d Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake
" In the cauldron boil and bake;
" Eye of newt and toe of frog,
" Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
" Adder's fork and blind-worm's ſting,
" Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
" For a charm of powerful trouble,
" Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble!
" *All.* Double, double, toil and trouble,
" Fire burn and cauldron bubble!
" *3d Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
" Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
" Of the ravening ſalt-ſea ſhark,
" Root of hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark;
" Liver of blaſpheming Jew,
" Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew
" Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe,
" Noſe of Turk and Tartar's lips,
" Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
" Ditch-deliver'd of a drab,
" Make the gruel thick and ſlab;

" Add

" Add thereto a tyger's chawdron
" For th' ingredients of our cauldron.
" *All.* Double, double, toil and trouble,
" Fire burn and cauldron bubble!
" *1ſt Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood—
" Then the charm is firm and good."

JONSON's *Charm.*

" The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad,
" And ſo is the cat-a-mountain,
" The ant and the mole ſit both in a hole,
" And frog peeps out of the fountain.
" The dogs they do bay and the timbrels play,
" The ſpindle is now a-turning,
" The moon it is red and the ſtars are fled,
" And all the ~~ſky~~ is a burning.

2d Charm.

" Deep, oh deep, we lay thee to ſleep,
" We leave thee drink by, if thou chance to be dry,
" Both milk and blood, the dew and the flood.
" We breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the head;
" We cover thee warm, that thou take no harm,
" And when thou doſt wake, dame earth ſhall
" quake, &c.

3d Charm.

" A cloud of pitch, a ſpur and a ſwitch,
" To haſte him away, and a whirlwind play
" Before and after, with thunder for laughter,
" And ſtorms of joy, of the roaring boy,
" His head of a drake, his tail of a ſnake.

4th Charm.

" About, about and about!
" Till the miſts ariſe and the lights fly out;
" The images neither be ſeen nor felt,
" The woollen burn and the waxen melt;
" Sprinkle your liquors upon the ground,
" And into the air: Around, around!
" Around, around!
" Around, around!
" Till a muſic ſound,
" And the pace be found
" To which we may dance
" And our charms advance."

I ſhould obſerve that theſe quotations from Jonſon are ſelected partially and not given in continuation, as they are to be found in the Maſque, which is much too long to be given entire: They are accompanied with a commentary by the author full of dæmonological learning, which was a very courtly ſtudy in the time of James the firſt, who was an author in that branch of ſuperſtitious pedantry.

I am aware there is little to gratify the reader's curioſity in theſe extracts, and ſtill leſs to diſtract his judgment in deciding between them: They are ſo far curious however as they ſhew

ſhew how ſtrongly the characters of the poets are diſtinguiſhed even in theſe fantaſtic ſpecimens; Jonſon dwells upon authorities without fancy, Shakeſpear employs fancy and creates authorities.

N° CX.

Uſus vetuſto genere, ſed rebus novis.
PROLOG. PHÆD. FAB. lib. v.

BEN JONSON in his prologue to the comedy of *The Fox* ſays that he wrote it in the ſhort ſpace of five weeks, his words are——

To theſe there needs no lie but this his creature,
Which was two months ſince no feature;
And tho' he dares give them five lives to mend it,
'Tis known five weeks fully penn'd it.

This he delivers in his uſual vaunting ſtile, ſpurning at the critics and detractors of his day, who thought to convict him of dulneſs by teſtifying in fact to his diligence. The magic

movements of Shakeſpear's muſe had been ſo noted and applauded for their ſurpriſing rapidity, that the public had contracted a very ridiculous reſpect for haſty productions in general, and thought there could be no better teſt of a poet's genius than the diſpatch and facility with which he wrote; Jonſon therefore affects to mark his contempt of the public judgment for applauding haſty writers in the couplet preceding thoſe above quoted—

And when his plays come out, think they can flout 'em
With ſaying, He was a year about them.

But at the ſame time that he ſhews this contempt very juſtly, he certainly betrays a degree of weakneſs in boaſting of his poetical diſpatch, and ſeems to forget that he had noted Shakeſpear with ſomething leſs than friendly cenſure for the very quality, he is vaunting himſelf upon.

Several comic poets ſince his age have ſeemed to pride themſelves on the little time they expended on their productions; ſome have had the artifice to hook it in as an excuſe for their errors, but it is no leſs evident what ſhare vanity has in all ſuch apologies: Wycherley is an inſtance amongſt theſe, and Congreve tells of his expedition in writing the *Old Bachelor*, yet the ſame man afterwards in his letter to Mr. Dryden pompouſly

pompouſly pronounces that to write one perfect comedy ſhould be the labour of one entire life produced from a concentration of talents, which hardly ever met in any human perſon.

After all it will be confeſſed that the production of ſuch a drama as *The Fox* in the ſpace of five weeks is a very wonderful performance; for it muſt on all hands be conſidered as the maſter-piece of a very capital artiſt, a work, that bears the ſtamp of elaborate deſign, a ſtrong and frequently a ſublime vein of poetry, much ſterling wit, comic humour, happy character, moral ſatire and unrivalled erudition; a work—

Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
Poſſit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum ſeries et fuga temporum.

In this drama the learned reader will find himſelf for ever treading upon claſſic ground; the foot of the poet is ſo fitted and familiarized to the Grecian ſock, that he wears it not with the awkwardneſs of an imitator, but with all the eaſy confidence and authoritative air of a privileged Athenian: Excluſive of Ariſtophanes, in whoſe volume he is perfect, it is plain that even the gleanings and broken fragments of the Greek ſtage had not eſcaped him; in the very firſt ſpeech of Volpone's, which opens the co-

medy, and in which he rapturouſly addreſſes himſelf to his treaſure, he is to be traced moſt decidedly in the fragments of Menander, Sophocles and Euripides, in Theognis and in Heſiod, not to mention Horace. To follow him through every one would be tedious, and therefore I will give a ſample of one paſſage only; Volpone is ſpeaking to his gold—

Thou being the beſt of things and far tranſcending
All ſtile of joy in children, parents, friends—
Thy looks when they to Venus did aſcribe,
They ſhould have given her twenty thouſand Cupids,
Such are thy beauties and our loves—

Let the curious reader compare this with the following fragment of Euripides's Bellerophon and he will find it almoſt a tranſlation.

Ὦ χρυσὸ δεξίωμα κάλλιστον βροτοῖς,
Ὡς ὑδὺ μῆτερ ἡδονὰς τόιας ἔχει,
Οὐ παῖδες ἀνθρώποισιν, οὐ φίλος πατήρ.
Εἰ δ'ἡ Κύπρις τοιοῦτον ὀφθαλμοῖς ὁρᾶ,
Οὐ θαῦμ' ἔρωτας μυρίους αὐτὴν τρέφειν.

Cicero made a ſelection of paſſages from the Greek dramatic authors, which he turned into Latin verſe for the purpoſe of applying them, as occaſion ſhould offer, either in his writings or pleadings, and our learned countryman ſeems on his part to have made the whole circle of Greek and

and Roman poets his own and naturalized them to our ſtage. If any learned man would employ his leiſure in following his alluſions through this comedy only, I ſhould think it would be no unentertaining taſk,

The Fox is indubitably the beſt production of it's author, and in ſome points of ſubſtantial merit yields to nothing, which the Engliſh ſtage can oppoſe to it; there is a bold and happy ſpirit in the fable, it is of moral tendency, female chaſtity and honour are beautifully diſplayed and puniſhment is inflicted on the delinquents of the drama with ſtrict and exemplary juſtice; The characters of the *Hæredipetæ*, depicted under the titles of birds of prey, *Voltore*, *Corbaccio* and *Corvino*, are warmly coloured, happily contraſted and faithfully ſupported from the outſet to the end: *Volpone*, who gives his name to the piece, with a fox-like craftineſs deludes and gulls their hopes by the agency of his inimitable Paraſite, or (as the Greek and Roman authors expreſſed it) by his *Fly*, his *Moſca*; and in this finiſhed portrait Jonſon may throw the gauntlet to the greateſt maſters of antiquity; the character is of claſſic origin; it is found with the contemporaries of Ariſtophanes, though not in any comedy of his now exiſting; the Middle Dramatiſts ſeem to have handled it very fre-

quently, and in the New Comedy it rarely failed to find a place; Plautus has it again and again, but the aggregate merit of all his Paraſites will not weigh in the ſcale againſt this ſingle *Fly* of our poet: The incident of his concealing *Bonario* in the gallery, from whence he breaks in upon the ſcene to the reſcue of Celia and the detection of *Volpone*, is one of the happieſt contrivances, which could poſſibly be deviſed, becauſe at the ſame time that it produces the cataſtrophe, it does not ſacrifice *Moſca's* character in the manner moſt villains are ſacrificed in comedy by making them commit blunders, which do not correſpond with the addreſs their firſt repreſentation exhibits and which the audience has a right to expect from them throughout, of which the *Double Dealer* is amongſt others a notable inſtance. But this incident of *Bonario's* interference does not only not impeach the adroitneſs of the Paraſite, but it furniſhes a very brilliant occaſion for ſetting off his ready invention and preſence of mind in a new and ſuperior light, and ſerves to introduce the whole machinery of the trial and condemnation of the innocent perſons before the court of *Advocates:* In this part of the fable the contrivance is inimitable, and here the poet's art is a ſtudy, which every votariſt of the dramatic muſes ought to pay attention

tention and reſpect to; had the ſame addreſs been exerted throughout, the conſtruction would have been a matchleſs piece of art, but here we are to lament the haſte of which he boaſts in his prologue, and that rapidity of compoſition, which he appeals to as a mark of genius, is to be lamented as the probable cauſe of incorrectneſs, or at leaſt the beſt and moſt candid plea in excuſe of it: For who can deny that nature is violated by the abſurdity of *Volpone*'s unſeaſonable inſults to the very perſons, who had witneſſed falſely in his defence, and even to the very *Advocate*, who had ſo ſucceſsfully defended him? Is it in character for a man of his deep cunning and long reach of thought to provoke thoſe, on whom his all depended, to retaliate upon him, and this for the poor triumph of a ſilly jeſt? Certainly this is a glaring defect, which every body muſt lament, and which can eſcape nobody. The poet himſelf knew the weak part of his plot and vainly ſtrives to bolſter it up by making *Volpone* exclaim againſt his own folly—

I am caught in my own nooſe—

And again—

To make a ſnare for mine own neck, and run
My head into it wilfully with laughter!
When I had newly 'ſcap'd, was free and clear,

Out

Out of mere wantonneſs! Oh, the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine, when I devis'd it,
And Moſca gave it ſecond——
——Theſe are my fine conceits!
I muſt be merry, with a miſchief to me!
What a vile wretch was I, that cou'd not bear
My fortune ſoberly! I muſt have my crotchets,
And my conundrums!——

It is with regret I feel myſelf compelled to proteſt againſt ſo pleaſant an epiſode, as that which is carried on by *Sir Politic Wou'd-be* and *Peregrine*, which in fact produces a kind of double plot and cataſtrophe; this is an imperfection in the fable, which criticiſm cannot overlook, but *Sir Politic* is altogether ſo delightful a fellow, that it is impoſſible to give a vote for his excluſion; the moſt that can be done againſt him is to lament that he has not more relation to the main buſineſs of the fable.

The judgment pronounced upon the criminals in the concluſion of the play is ſo juſt and ſolemn, that I muſt think the poet has made a wanton breach of character and gained but a ſorry jeſt by the bargain, when he violates the dignity of his court of judges by making one of them ſo abject in his flattery to the Paraſite upon the idea of matching him with his daughter, when he hears that Volpone has made him his heir; but this is an objection, that lies

within the compaſs of two ſhort lines, ſpoken aſide from the bench, and may eaſily be remedied by their omiſſion in repreſentation; it is one only, and that a very ſlight one, amongſt thoſe venial blemiſhes—

——quas incuria fudit.

It does not occur to me that any other remark is left for me to make upon this celebrated drama, that could convey the ſlighteſt cenſure; but very many might be made in the higheſt ſtrain of commendation, if there was need of any more than general teſtimony to ſuch acknowledged merit. *The Fox* is a drama of ſo peculiar a ſpecies, that it cannot be dragged into a compariſon with the production of any other modern poet whatſoever; it's conſtruction is ſo diſſimilar from any thing of Shakeſpear's writing, that it would be going greatly out of our way, and a very groſs abuſe of criticiſm to attempt to ſettle the relative degrees of merit, where the characters of the writers are ſo widely oppoſite: In one we may reſpect the profundity of learning, in the other we muſt admire the ſublimity of genius; to one we pay the tribute of underſtanding, to the other we ſurrender up the poſſeſſion of our hearts; Shakeſpear with ten thouſand ſpots about him dazzles us with ſo bright a luſtre,

luſtre, that we either cannot or will not ſee his faults; he gleams and flaſhes like a meteor, which ſhoots out of our ſight before the eye can meaſure it's proportions, or analyſe it's properties—but Jonſon ſtands ſtill to be ſurveyed, and preſents ſo bold a front, and levels it ſo fully to our view, as ſeems to challenge the compaſs and the rule of the critic, and defy him to find out an error in the ſcale and compoſition of his ſtructure.

Putting aſide therefore any further mention of Shakeſpear, who was a poet out of all rule, and beyond all compaſs of criticiſm, one whoſe excellencies are above compariſon, and his errors beyond number, I will venture an opinion that this drama of *The Fox* is, critically ſpeaking, the neareſt to perfection of any one drama, comic or tragic, which the Engliſh ſtage is at this day in poſſeſſion of.

N° CXI.

IN my foregoing paper when I remarked that Jonſon in his comedy of *The Fox* was a cloſe copier of the antients, it occurred to me to ſay ſomething upon the celebrated drama of *The Sampſon Agoniſtes*, which, though leſs beholden to the Greek poets in it's dialogue than the comedy above-mentioned, is in all other particulars as compleat an imitation of the Antient Tragedy, as the diſtance of times and the difference of languages will admit of.

It is profeſſedly *built according to antient rule and example*; and the author by taking Ariſtotle's definition of tragedy for his motto, fairly challenges the critic to examine and compare it by that teſt. His cloſe adherence to the model of the Greek tragedy is in nothing more conſpicuous than in the ſimplicity of his diction; in this particular he has curbed his fancy with ſo tight a hand, that, knowing as we do the fertile vein of his genius, we cannot but lament the fidelity of his imitation; for there is a harſhneſs in the metre of his Chorus, which to a certain degree

degree ſeems to border upon pedantry and affectation; he premiſes that *the meaſure is indeed of all ſorts*, but I muſt take leave to obſerve that in ſome places it is no meaſure at all, or ſuch at leaſt as the ear will not patiently endure, nor which any recitation can make harmonious. By caſting out of his compoſition the ſtrophe and antiſtrophe, thoſe ſtanzas which the Greeks appropriated to ſinging, or in one word by making his Chorus monoſtrophic, he has robbed it of that lyric beauty, which he was capable of beſtowing in the higheſt perfection; and why he ſhould ſtop ſhort in this particular, when he had otherwiſe gone ſo far in imitation, is not eaſy to gueſs; for ſurely it would have been quite as natural to ſuppoſe thoſe ſtanzas, had he written any, might be ſung, as that all the other parts, as the drama now ſtands with a Chorus of ſuch irregular meaſure, might be recited or given in repreſentation.

Now it is well known to every man converſant in the Greek theatre, how the Chorus, which in fact is the parent of the drama, came in proceſs of improvement to be woven into the fable, and from being at firſt the whole grew in time to be only a part: The fable being ſimple, and the characters few, the ſtriking part of the ſpectacle reſted upon the ſinging and dancing of the

the interlude, if I may ſo call it, and to theſe the people were too long accuſtomed and too warmly attached, to allow of any reform for their excluſion; the tragic poet therefore never got rid of his Chorus, though the writers of the Middle Comedy contrived to diſmiſs their's, and probably their fable being of a more lively character, their ſcenes were better able to ſtand without the ſupport of muſic and ſpectacle, than the mournful fable and more languid recitation of the tragedians. That the tragic authors laboured againſt the Chorus will appear from their efforts to expel Bacchus and his Satyrs from the ſtage, in which they were long time oppoſed by the audience, and at laſt by certain ingenious expedients, which were a kind of compromiſe with the public, effected their point: This in part was brought about by the introduction of a fuller ſcene and a more active fable, but the Chorus with it's accompaniments kept it's place, and the poet, who ſeldom ventured upon introducing more than three ſpeakers on the ſcene at the ſame time, qualified the ſterility of his buſineſs by giving to the Chorus a ſhare of the dialogue, who at the ſame time that they furniſhed the ſtage with numbers, were not counted amongſt the ſpeaking characters according to the rigour of the uſage above-mentioned. A

man

man muſt be an enthuſiaſt for antiquity, who can find charms in the dialogue-part of a Greek Chorus, and reconcile himſelf to their unnatural and chilling interruptions of the action and pathos of the ſcene: I am fully perſuaded they came there upon motives of expediency only, and kept their poſt upon the plea of long poſſeſſion, and the attractions of ſpectacle and muſic: In ſhort nature was ſacrificed to the diſplay of art, and the heart gave up it's feelings that the ear and eye might be gratified.

When Milton therefore takes the Chorus into his dialogue, excluding from his drama the lyric ſtrophe and antiſtrophe, he rejects what I conceive to be it's only recommendation, and which an elegant contemporary in his imitations of the Greek tragedy is more properly attentive to; at the ſame time it cannot be denied that Milton's Chorus ſubſcribes more to the dialogues, and harmonizes better with the buſineſs of the ſcene, than that of any Greek tragedy we can now refer to.

I would now proceed to a review of the performance itſelf, if it were not a diſcuſſion, which the author of *The Rambler* has very ably prevented me in; reſpect however to an authority ſo high in criticiſm muſt not prevent me from obſerving, that, when he ſays—*This is the tragedy*,

gedy, which ignorance has admired and bigotry applauded, he makes it meritorious in any future critic to attempt at following him over the ground he has trode, for the purpoſe of diſcovering what thoſe blemiſhes are, which he has found out by ſuperior ſagacity, and which others have ſo palpably overlooked, as to merit the diſgraceful character of *ignorance and bigotry*.

The principal, and in effect the only, objection, which he ſtates, is that *the poem wants a middle, ſince nothing paſſes between the firſt act and the laſt, that either haſtens or delays the death of Sampſon*. This demands examination: The death of Sampſon I need not deſcribe; it is a ſudden, momentary event; what can haſten or delay it, but the will of the perſon, who by an exertion of miraculous ſtrength was to bury himſelf under the ruins of a ſtructure, in which his enemies were aſſembled? To determine that will depends upon the impulſe of his own ſpirit, or it may be upon the inſpiration of Heaven: If there are any incidents in the body of the drama, which lead to this determination, and indicate an impulſe, either natural or præternatural, ſuch muſt be called leading incidents, and thoſe leading incidents will conſtitute a middle, or in more diffuſive terms the middle buſineſs of the drama. Manoah in his inter-

view with Sampſon, which the author of the Rambler denominates the ſecond act of the tragedy, tells him

This day the Philiſtines a popular feaſt
Here celebrate in Gaza, and proclaim
Great pomp and ſacrifice and praiſes loud
To Dagon, as their God—

Here is information of a meeting of his enemies to celebrate their idolatrous triumphs; an incident of juſt provocation to the ſervant of the living God, an opportunity perhaps for vengeance, either human or divine; if it paſſes without notice from Sampſon, it is not to be ſtiled an incident, if on the contrary he remarks upon it, it muſt be one—but Sampſon replies

Dagon muſt ſtoop, and ſhall ere long receive
Such a diſcomfit, as ſhall quite deſpoil him
Of all theſe boaſted trophies won on me,
And with confuſion blank his worſhippers.

Who will ſay the expectation is not here prepared for ſome cataſtrophe, we know not what, but awful it muſt be, for it is Sampſon which denounces the downfal of the idol, it is God who inſpires the denunciation; the criſis is important, for it is that which ſhall decide whether God or Dagon is to triumph, it is in the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of the expreſſion—*dignus vindice nodus*—

nodus—and therefore we may boldly pronounce *Deus interſit!*

That this interpretation meets the ſenſe of the author is clear from the remark of Manoah, who is made to ſay that *he receives theſe words as a prophecy*. Prophetic they are, and were meant to be by the poet, who in this uſe of his ſacred prophecy imitates the heathen oracles, on which ſeveral of their dramatic plots are conſtructed, as might be ſhewn by obvious examples. The interview with Manoah then is conducive to the cataſtrophe, and the drama is not in this ſcene devoid of incident.

Dalilah next appears, and if whatever tends to raiſe our intereſt in the leading character of the tragedy, cannot rightly be called epiſodical, the introduction of this perſon ought not to be accounted ſuch, for who but this perſon is the cauſe and origin of all the pathos and diſtreſs of the ſtory? The dialogue of this ſcene is moral, affecting and ſublime; it is alſo ſtrictly characteriſtic.

The next ſcene exhibits the tremendous giant Harapha, and the contraſt thereby produced is amongſt the beauties of the poem, and may of itſelf be termed an important incident: That it leads to the cataſtrophe I think will not be diſ-

puted, and if it is aſked in what manner, the Chorus will ſupply us with an anſwer—

He will directly to the Lords I fear,
And with malicious counſel ſtir them up
Some way or other further to afflict thee.

Here is another prediction connected with the plot and verified by it's cataſtrophe, for Sampſon is commanded to come to the feſtival and entertain the revellers with ſome feats of ſtrength: Theſe commands he reſiſts, but obeys an impulſe of his mind by going afterwards and thereby fulfils the prophetic declaration he had made to his father in the ſecond act. What incident can ſhew more management and addreſs in the poet, than this of Sampſon's refuſing the ſummons of the idolaters and obeying the viſitation of God's ſpirit.

And now I may confidently appeal to the judicious reader, whether the *Sampſon Agoniſtes* is ſo void of incident between the opening and concluſion as fairly to be pronounced *to want a middle.* Simple it is from firſt to laſt, ſimple perhaps to a degree of coldneſs in ſome of it's parts, but to ſay that nothing paſſes between the firſt act and the laſt, *which haſtens or delays the death of Sampſon*, is not correct, becauſe the very

incidents are to be found, which conduce to the cataſtrophe, and but for which it could not have come to paſs.

The author of the Rambler profeſſes to examine *The Sampſon Agoniſtes* according to the rule laid down by Ariſtotle for the diſpoſition and perfection of a tragedy, and this rule he informs us is that it ſhould have *a beginning, a middle, and an end.* And is this the mighty purpoſe for which the authority of Ariſtotle is appealed to? If it be thus the author of the Rambler has read *The Poetics*, and this be the beſt rule he can collect from that treatiſe, I am afraid he will find it too ſhort a meaſure for the poet he is examining, or the critic he is quoting. Ariſtotle had ſaid *that every whole hath not amplitude enough for the conſtruction of a tragic fable; now by a whole*, (adds he in the way of illuſtration) *I mean that, which hath beginning, middle and end.* This and no more is what he ſays upon beginning, middle and end; and this, which the author of the Rambler conceives to be a rule for tragedy, turns out to be merely an explanation of the word *whole*, which is only one term amongſt many employed by the critic in his profeſſed and compleat definition of tragedy. I ſhould add that Ariſtotle gives a further explanation of the terms, beginning, middle and

end, which the author of the Rambler hath turned into Engliſh, but in ſo doing he hath inexcuſably turned them out of their original ſenſe as well as language; as any curious critic may be convinced of, who compares them with Ariſtotle's words in the eighth chapter of the *Poetics*.

Of the poetic diction of *The Sampſon Agoniſtes* I have already ſpoken in general; to particularize paſſages of ſtriking beauty would draw me into too great length; at the ſame time, not to paſs over ſo pleaſing a part of my undertaking in abſolute ſilence, I will give the following reply of Sampſon to the Chorus—

Wherever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure
With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirſt, and refreſh'd; nor envy'd them the grape,
Whoſe heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Of the character I may ſay in few words, that Sampſon poſſeſſes all the terrific majeſty of *Prometheus chained*, the myſterious diſtreſs of *Oedipus* and the pitiable wretchedneſs of *Philoctetes*. His properties, like thoſe of the firſt, are ſomething above human; his misfortunes, like thoſe of the ſecond, are derivable from the diſpleaſure of heaven and involved in oracles; his condition, like

like that of the laſt, is the moſt abject, which human nature can be reduced to from a ſtate of dignity and ſplendor.

Of the cataſtrophe there remains only to remark, that it is of unparalleled majeſty and terror.

N° CXII.

To the OBSERVER.

Etiam mortuus loquitur.

SIR,

IF I am rightly adviſed, the laws of England have provided no remedy for an injury, which I have received from a certain gentleman, who ſets me at defiance, and whom I am not conſcious of having offended in the ſmalleſt article in life. My caſe is as follows: Some time ago I went into the South of France for the recovery of my health, which (thank God) I have ſo far effected, that I ſhould think I was

at this very moment enjoying as good a ſtock of ſpirits and ſtrength, as I have enjoyed for many years of my life paſt, if I was not outfaced by the gentleman in queſtion, who ſwears I am dead, and has proceeded ſo far as to publiſh me dead to all the world with a whole volume of memoirs, which I have no remembrance of, and of ſayings, which I never ſaid.

I think this is very hard upon me, and if there is no redreſs for ſuch proceedings, but that a man muſt be printed dead, whenever any fanciful fellow chuſes to write a book of memoirs, I muſt take the freedom to ſay this is no country to live in; and let my ingenious biographer take it how he will, I ſhall ſtill maintain to his face that I am alive, and I do not ſee why my word in ſuch a caſe ſhould not go as far as his.

There is yet another thing I will venture to ſay, that I did never in the whole courſe of my life utter one half or even one tenth part of the ſmart repartees and bon-mots he is pleaſed to impute to me: I don't know what he means by laying ſuch things at my door; I defy any one of my acquaintance to ſay I was a wit, which I always conſidered as another name for an ill-tempered fellow. I do acknowledge that I have lived upon terms of acquaintance with my biographer, and have paſſed ſome ſocial hours

in

in his company, but I never ſuſpected he was minuting down every fooliſh thing, that eſcaped my lips in the unguarded moments of convivial gaiety; if I had, I would have avoided him like the peſtilence. It is hard upon a man, let me tell you, Sir, very hard indeed to find his follies upon record, and I could almoſt wiſh his words were true, and that I were dead in earneſt, rather than alive to read ſuch nonſenſe, and find myſelf made the father of it.

Judge of my ſurpriſe, when paſſing along Vigo-lane upon a friendly call, as I intended it, to this very gentleman, of whom I complain, I took up a volume from a ſtall in a whitey-brown paper binding, and opening it at the title-page met my own face, ſtaring me out of countenance full in the front: I ſtarted back with horror; nature never gave me any reaſon to be fond of my own features; I never ſurvey my face but when I ſhave myſelf, and then I am aſhamed of it; I truſt it is no true type of my heart, for it is a ſorry ſample of nature's handy-work, to ſay no worſe of it. What the devil tempted him to ſtick it there I cannot gueſs, any more than I can at his publiſhing a bundle of nonſenſical ſayings and doings, which I deteſt and diſavow. As for his printing my laſt will and teſtament, and diſpoſing of my poor perſonals

ſonals at pleaſure, I care little about it; if he had taken only my money and ſpared my life, I would not have complained.

And now what is my redreſs? I apply myſelf to you in my diſtreſs as an author, whoſe book is in pretty general circulation, and one, as I perceive, who aſſaults no man's living fame and character; I deſire therefore you will take mine into your protection, and if you can think of any thing to deter the world in future from ſuch flippancies, you are welcome to make what uſe you pleaſe of this letter; for as I have always ſtrove to do what little ſervice I could to the living, when I was allowed to be one of their number, ſo now I am voted out of their company, I would gladly be of ſome uſe to the dead.

Your's, whilſt I lived,

H. POSTHUMOUS.

P. S. I am ſorry I did not leave you ſomething in my will, as I believe you deſerve it as well, and want it more than ſome that are in it. If I live to die a ſecond time, I will be ſure to remember you.

As I am not verſed in the law of libels, I know not what advice to give in Poſthumous's caſe, whom I would by no means wiſh to ſee entangled

entangled in further difficulties; though I think he might fairly ſay to his biographer with a courtly poet of this century,

Oh! libel me with all things but thy praiſe!

The practice, which ſome of our public news-writers are in, of treating their readers with a farrago of puerile anecdotes and ſcraps of characters, has probably led the way to a very fooliſh faſhion, which is gaining ground amongſt us: No ſooner does a great man die, than the ſmall wits creep into his coffin, like the ſwarm of bees in the carcaſe of Sampſon's lion, to make honey from his corpſe. It is high time that the good ſenſe of the nation ſhould correct this impertinence.

I have availed myſelf of Poſthumous's permiſſion to publiſh his letter, and I ſhall without ſcruple ſubjoin to it one of a very different ſort, which I have received from a correſpondent, whoſe name I do not mean to expoſe; it is with ſome reluctance I introduce it into this work, becauſe it brings a certain perſon on the ſtage, whom I have no deſire to exhibit oftener than I can help; but as I think it will be a conſolation to Poſthumous to ſhew him others in the ſame hazard with himſelf, I hope my readers will let it paſs with this apology.

To

To the OBSERVER.

SIR,

I am a man, who ſay a great many good things myſelf, and hear many good things ſaid by others; for I frequent clubs and coffee-rooms in all parts of the town, attend the pleadings in Weſtminſter Hall, am remarkably fond of the company of men of genius and never miſs a dinner at the Manſion Houſe upon my Lord Mayor's day.

I am in the habit of committing to paper every thing of this ſort, whether it is of my own ſaying, or any other perſon's, when I am convinced I myſelf ſhould have ſaid it, if he had not: Theſe I call my conſcientious wittieiſms, and give them a leaf in my common-place book to themſelves.

I have the pleaſure to tell you that my collection is now become not only conſiderable in bulk, but, (that I may ſpeak humbly of it's merit) I will alſo ſay, that it is to the full as good, and far more creditable to any gentleman's character, than the books, which have been publiſhed about a certain great wit lately deceaſed, whoſe memory has been ſo completely diſſected by the operators in Stationer's Hall.

Though

Though I have as much reſpect for poſterity as any man can entertain for perſons he is not acquainted with, ſtill I cannot underſtand how a poſt-obit of this ſort can profit me in my life, unleſs I could make it over to ſome purchaſer upon beneficial conditions. Now, as there are people in the world, who have done many famous actions without having once uttered a real good thing, as it is called, I ſhould think my collection might be an acceptable purchaſe to a gentleman of this deſcription, and ſuch an one ſhould have it a bargain, as I would be very glad to give a finiſhing to his character, which I can beſt compare to a coat of Adams's plaiſter on a well-built houſe.

For my own part, being neither more nor leſs than a haberdaſher of ſmall wares, and having ſcarcely rambled beyond the boundaries of the bills of mortality, ſince I was out of my apprenticeſhip, I have not the preſumption to think the anecdotes of my own life important enough for poſthumous publication; neither do I ſuppoſe my writings, (though pretty numerous, as my books will teſtify, and many great names ſtanding amongſt them, which it is probable I ſhall never croſs out,) will be thought ſo intereſting to the public, as to come into competition with the lively memoirs of a *Bellamy* and a *Baddeley*,

Baddeley, who furniſh ſo many agreeable records of many noble families, and are the ſolace of more than half the toilets in town and country.

But to come more cloſely to the chief purport of this letter—It was about a fortnight ago, that I croſſed upon you in the Poultry near the ſhop-door of your worthy bookſeller: I could not help giving a glance at your looks, and methought there was a morbid ſallowneſs in your complexion and a ſickly languor in your eye, that indicated ſpeedy diſſolution: I watched you for ſome time, and as you turned into the ſhop remarked the total want of energy in your ſtep. I know whom I am ſaying this to, and therefore am not afraid of ſtartling you by my obſervations, but if you actually perceive thoſe threatening ſymptoms, which I took notice of, it may probably be your wiſh to lay in ſome ſtore for a journey you are ſoon to take. You have always been a friend and cuſtomer to me, and there is nobody I ſhall more readily ſerve than yourſelf: I have long noticed with regret the very little favor you receive from your contemporaries, and ſhall gladly contribute to your kinder reception from poſterity; now I flatter myſelf, if you adopt my collection, you will at leaſt be celebrated for your ſayings, whatever may become of your writings.

As

As for your private hiſtory, if I may gueſs from certain events, which have been reported to me, you may with a little allowable embelliſhment make up a decent life of it. It was with great pleaſure I heard t'other day, that you was ſtabbed by a monk in Portugal, broke your limbs in Spain and was poiſoned with a ſallad at Paris; theſe with your adventures at ſea, your ſufferings at Bayonne and the treatment you received from your employers on your return, will be amuſing anecdotes, and as it is generally ſuppoſed you have not amaſſed any very great fortune by the plunder of the public, your narrative will be read without raiſing any envy in the reader, which will be ſo much in your favor. Still your chief dependance muſt reſt upon the collection I ſhall ſupply you with, and when the world comes to underſtand how many excellent things you ſaid, and how much more wit you had than any of your contemporaries gave you credit for, they will begin to think you had not fair play whilſt you was alive, and who knows but they may take it in mind to raiſe a monument to you by ſubſcription amongſt other merry fellows of your day?

I am your's,

H. B.

I deſire

I deſire my correſpondent will accept this ſhort but ſerious anſwer: If I am ſo near the end of life, as he ſuppoſes, it will behove me to wind it up in another manner from what he ſuggeſts: I therefore ſhall not treat with my friend the haberdaſher for his ſmall wares.

N° CXIII.

DARK and erroneous as the minds of men in general were before the appearance of Chriſt, no friend to Revelation ever meant to ſay, that all the groſs and glaring abſurdities of the heathen ſyſtem, as vulgarly profeſſed, were univerſally adopted, and that no thinking man amongſt them entertained better conceptions of God's nature and attributes, juſter notions of his ſuperintendance and providence, purer maxims of morality and more elevated expectations of a future ſtate, than are to be found in the extravagant accounts of their eſtabliſhed theology. No thinking man could ſeriouſly ſubſcribe his belief

to

to ſuch fabulous and chimerical legends, and indeed it appears that opinions were permitted to paſs without cenſure, very irreconcileable to the popular faith, and great latitude given to ſpeculation in their reaſonings upon natural religion; and what can be more gratifying to philanthropy, than to trace theſe efforts of right reaſon, which redound to the honour of man's nature, and exhibit to our view the human underſtanding, unaſſiſted by the lights of revelation and ſupported only by it's natural powers, emerging from the darkneſs of idolatry, and breaking forth into the following deſcription of the Supreme Being, which is faithfully tranſlated from the fragment of an antient Greek tragic poet?—

" Let not mortal corruption mix with your " idea of God, nor think of him as of a corporeal " being, ſuch as thyſelf; he is inſcrutable to " man, now appearing like fire, implacable in " his anger; now in thick darkneſs, now in the " flood of waters; now he puts on the terrors of " a ravening beaſt, of the thunder, the winds, " the lightning, of conflagrations, of clouds: " Him the ſeas obey, the ſavage rocks, the " ſprings of freſh water, and the rivers that flow " along their winding channels; the earth her- " ſelf ſtands in awe of him; the high tops of the " mountains, the wide expanſe of the cærulean

" ocean tremble at the frown of their Lord and " Ruler."

This is a ſtrain in the ſublime ſtile of the Pſalmiſt, and ſimilar ideas of the Supreme Being may be collected from the remains of various heathen writers.

Antiphanes, the Socratic philoſopher, ſays, " That God is the reſemblance of nothing upon " earth, ſo that no conception can be derived " from any effigy or likeneſs of the Author of " the univerſe."

Xenophon obſerves, " That a Being, who con- " trouls and governs all things, muſt needs be " great and powerful, but being by his nature " inviſible, no man can diſcern what form or " ſhape he is of."

Thales, being aſked to define the Deity, replied that " He was without beginning and with- " out end." Being further interrogated, " If " the actions of men could eſcape the intelli- " gence of God?" he anſwered, " No, nor even " their thoughts."

Philemon, the comic poet, introduces the following queſtion and anſwer in a dialogue: " Tell me, I beſeech you, what is your con- " ception of God?—As of a Being, who, ſeeing " all things, is himſelf unſeen."

Menander ſays, that " God, the lord and fa- " ther

"ther of all things, is alone worthy of our "humble adoration, being at once the maker "and the giver of all bleſſings."

Melanippidas, a writer alſo of comedy, introduces this ſolemn invocation to the Supreme Being, "Hear me, O Father, whom the whole "world regards with wonder and adores! to "whom the immortal ſoul of man is precious."

Euripides in a ſtrain of great ſublimity exclaims, "Thee I invoke, the ſelf-created Being, "who framed all nature in thy ethereal mould, "whom light and darkneſs and the whole mul-"titude of the ſtarry train encircle in eternal "chorus."

Sophocles alſo in a fragment of one of his tragedies aſſerts the unity of the Supreme Being; "Of a truth there is one, and only one God, "the maker of heaven and earth, the ſea and all "which it contains."

Theſe ſelections, to which however many others might be added, will ſerve to ſhew what enlightened ideas were entertained by ſome of the nature of God. I will next adduce a few paſſages to ſhew what juſt conceptions ſome had formed of God's providence and juſtice, of the diſtribution of good and evil in this life, and of the expectation of a future retribution in the life to come.

Ariſton, the dramatic poet, hath bequeathed us the following part of a dialogue—

" Take heart; be patient! God will not fail " to help the good, and eſpecially thoſe, who are " as excellent as yourſelf; where would be the " encouragement to perſiſt in righteouſneſs, un- " leſs thoſe, who do well, are eminently to be " rewarded for their well-doing?

" I would it were as you ſay! but I too often " ſee men, who ſquare their actions to the rules " of rectitude, oppreſſed with misfortunes; whilſt " they, who have nothing at heart but their own " ſelfiſh intereſt and advantage, enjoy proſperity " unknown to us.

" For the preſent moment it may be ſo, but " we muſt look beyond the preſent moment and " await the iſſue, when this earth ſhall be diſ- " ſolved: For to think that chance governs the " affairs of this life, is a notion as falſe as it is " evil, and is the plea, which vicious men ſet up " for vicious morals: But be thou ſure that the " good works of the righteous ſhall meet a re- " ward, and the iniquities of the unrighteous a " puniſhment; for nothing can come to paſs in " this world, but by the will and permiſſion of " God."

Epicharmus, the oldeſt of the comic poets, ſays in one of the few fragments, which remain

of his writings, "If your life hath been holy, "you need have no dread of death, for the ſpirit "of the bleſt ſhall exiſt for ever in heaven."

Euripides has the following paſſage, "If any "mortal flatters himſelf that the ſin, which he "commits, can eſcape the notice of an avenging "Deity, he indulges a vain hope, deceiving "himſelf in a falſe preſumption of impunity, be- "cauſe the divine juſtice ſuſpends for a time the "puniſhment of his evil actions; but hearken to "me, ye who ſay there is no God, and by that "wicked infidelity enhance your crimes, There "is, there is a God! Let the evil doer then ac- "count the preſent hour only as gain, for he is "doomed to everlaſting puniſhment in the life "to come."

The Sibylline verſes hold the ſame language, but theſe I have taken notice of in a former volume.

I reſerve myſelf for one more extract, which I ſhall recommend to the reader as the fineſt, which can be inſtanced from any heathen writer, exhibiting the moſt elevated conceptions of the being and ſuperintendance of one, ſupreme, all-ſeeing, ineffable God, and of the exiſtence of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, by the juſt diſtribution of which to the good and evil all the ſeeming irregularities of moral juſtice in this

life ſhall hereafter be ſet ſtrait; and this, if I miſtake not, is the ſummary of all that natural religion can attain to. The following is a cloſe tranſlation of this famous fragment—

"Thinkeſt thou, O Niceratus, that thoſe de-
"parted ſpirits, who are ſatiated with the luxu-
"ries of life, ſhall eſcape as if from an oblivious
"God? The eye of juſtice is wakeful and all-
"ſeeing; and we may truly pronounce that
"there are two ſeveral roads conducting us to
"the grave; one proper to the juſt, the other
"to the unjuſt; for if juſt and unjuſt fare alike,
"and the grave ſhall cover both to all eternity—
"Hence! get thee hence at once! deſtroy, lay
"waſte, defraud, confound at pleaſure! But de-
"ceive not thyſelf; there is a judgment after
"death, which God, the lord of all things, will
"exact, whoſe tremendous name is not to be
"uttered by my lips, and He it is, who limits
"the appointed date of the tranſgreſſor."

It is curious to diſcover ſentiments of this venerable ſort in the fragment of a Greek comedy, yet certain it is that it has either *Philemon* or *Diphilus* for it's author, both writers of the New Comedy and contemporaries. Juſtin, Clemens and Euſebius have all quoted it, the former from *Philemon*, both the latter from *Diphilus:* Grotius and Le Clerc follow the authority of Juſtin,

and

and inſert it in their collection of *Philemon*'s fragments; Hertelius upon the joint authorities of Clemens and Euſebius gives it to *Diphilus*, and publiſhes it as ſuch in his valuable and rare remains of the Greek comic writers. I conceive there are now no *data*, upon which criticiſm can decide for either of theſe two claimants, and the honour muſt accordingly remain ſuſpended between them.

Sentences of this ſort are certainly very precious reliques, and their preſervation is owing to a happy cuſtom, which the Greeks had of marking the margins of their books oppoſite to any paſſage, which particularly ſtruck them, and this mark was generally the letter χ, the initial of χρηστὸν, [uſeful] and the collection afterwards made of theſe diſtinguiſhed paſſages they called χρηστομάθειαν.

It would be a curious and amuſing collation of moral and religious ſentences, extracted from heathen writers, with correſponding texts, ſelected from the holy ſcriptures: Grotius hath done ſomething towards it in his preface to the *Collectanea* of Stobæus; but the quotations already given will ſuffice to ſhew in a general point of view what had been the advances of human reaſon before God enlightened the world by his ſpecial Revelation.

N° CXIV.

IF the deiſt, who contends for the all-ſufficiency of natural religion, ſhall think that in theſe paſſages, which I have quoted in the preceding number, he has diſcovered freſh reſources on the part of human reaſon as oppoſed to divine revelation, he will find himſelf involved in a very falſe concluſion. Though it were in my power to have collected every moral and religious ſentence, which has fallen from the pens of the heathen writers antecedent to Chriſtianity, and although it ſhould thereby appear that the morality of the goſpel had been the morality of right reaſon in all ages of the world, he would ſtill remain as much unfurniſhed as ever for eſtabliſhing his favorite poſition, that the ſcriptures reveal nothing more than man's underſtanding had diſcovered without their aid. We may therefore conſole ourſelves without ſcruple in diſcovering that the heathen world was not immerſed in total darkneſs, and the candid mind, however intereſted for Chriſtianity, may be gratified with the reflection that the human underſtanding was not ſo wholly enſlaved, but

but that in certain inſtances it could ſurmount the prejudices of ſyſtem, and, caſting off the ſhackles of idolatry, argue up to that ſupreme of all things, which the hiſtorian Tacitus emphatically defines, *ſummum illud et æternum neque mutabile neque interiturum.*

Now when the mind is ſettled in the proof of One Supreme Being, there are two ſeveral modes of reaſoning, by which natural religion may deduce the probability of a future ſtate; one of theſe reſults from an examination of the human ſoul, the other from reflecting on the unequal diſtribution of happineſs in the preſent life.

Every man, who is capable of examining his own faculties, muſt diſcern a certain power within him, which is neither coæval with, nor dependant upon his body and it's members; I mean that power of reflection, which we univerſally agree to ſeat in the ſoul: It is not coæval with the body, becauſe we were not in the uſe and exerciſe of it, when we were infants; it is not dependant on it, becauſe it is not ſubject to the changes, which the body undergoes in it's paſſage from the womb to the grave; for inſtance, it is not deſtroyed, or even impaired, by amputation of the limbs or members, it does not evaporate by the continual flux and exhalation

halation of the corporeal humours, is not diſturbed by motion of the limbs, nor deprived of it's powers by their inaction; it is not neceſſarily involved in the ſickneſs and infirmity of the body, for whilſt that is decaying and diſſolving away by an incurable diſeaſe, the intellectual faculties ſhall in many caſes remain perfect and unimpaired: Why then ſhould it be ſuppoſed the ſoul of a man is to die with his body, and accompany it into the oblivious grave, when it did not make it's entrance with it into life, nor partook of it's decay, it's fluctuations, changes and caſualties?

If theſe obvious reflections upon the nature and properties of the ſoul lead to the perſuaſion of a future ſtate, the ſame train of reaſoning will naturally diſcover that the condition of the ſoul in that future ſtate muſt be determined by the merits or demerits of it's antecedent life. It has never been the notion of heathen or of deiſt, that both the good and the evil ſhall enter upon equal and undiſtinguiſhed felicity or puniſhment; no reaſoning man could ever conceive that the ſoul of Nero and the ſoul of Antoninus in a future ſtate partook of the ſame common lot; and thus it follows upon the evidence of reaſon, that the ſoul of man ſhall be rewarded or puniſhed hereafter according to his good or evil conduct

conduct here; and this conſequence is the more obvious, becauſe it does not appear in the moral government of the world, that any ſuch juſt and regular diſtribution of rewards and puniſhments obtains on this ſide the grave; a circumſtance no otherwiſe to be reconciled to our ſuitable conceptions of divine juſtice, than by referring things to the final deciſion of a judgment to come.

Though all theſe diſcoveries are open to reaſon, let no man conclude that what the reaſon of a few diſcovered were either communicated to, or acknowledged by all: No; the world was dark and groſsly ignorant; ſome indeed have argued well and clearly; others confuſedly, and the bulk of mankind not at all; the being of a God, and the unity of that Supreme Being ſtruck conviction to the hearts of thoſe, who employed their reaſon coolly and diſpaſſionately in ſuch ſublime enquiries; but where was the multitude meanwhile? Bewildered with a mob of deities, whom their own fables had endowed with human attributes, paſſions and infirmities; whom their own ſuperſtition had deified and enrolled amongſt the immortals, till the ſacred hiſtory of Olympus became no leſs impure than the journals of a brothel: Many there were no doubt, who ſaw the monſtrous abſurdity of ſuch a ſyſtem, yet not every

every one, who diſcerned error, could diſcover truth; the immortality of the ſoul, a doctrine ſo harmonious to man's nature, was decried by ſyſtem and oppoſed by ſubtilty; the queſtion of a future ſtate was hung up in doubt, or bandied between conflicting diſputants through all the quirks and evaſions of ſophiſtry and logic: Philoſophy, ſo called, was ſplit into a variety of ſects, and the hypotheſis of each enthuſiaſtic founder became the ſtanding creed of his ſchool, from which it was an inviolable point of honour never to deſert: In this confuſion of ſyſtems men choſe for themſelves not according to conviction, but by the impulſe of paſſion, or from motives of convenience; the voluptuary was intereſted to diſmiſs the gods to their repoſe, that his might not be interrupted by them; and all, who wiſhed to have their range of ſenſuality in this world without fear or controul, readily enliſted under the banners of Epicurus, till his followers outnumbered all the reſt; this was the court-creed under the worſt of the Roman emperors, and the whole body of the nation, with few exceptions, adopted it; for what could be more natural, than for the deſperate to bury conſcience in the grave of atheiſm, or ruſh into annihilation by the point of the poniard, when they were weary of exiſtence and diſcarded by fortune?

fortune? With ſome it was the ſtandard principle of their ſect to doubt, with others to argue every thing; and when we recollect that Cicero himſelf was of the *New Academy*, we have a clue to unravel all the ſeeming contradictions of his moral and metaphyſical ſentiments, amidſt the confuſion of which we are never to expect his real opinion, but within the pale of his own particular ſchool, and that ſchool profeſſed controverſy upon every point. I will inſtance one paſſage, which would have done honour to his ſentiments, had he ſpoke his own language as well as that of the Platoniſts, whom he is here perſonating—*Nec vero Deus, qui intelligitur a nobis, alio modo intelligi poteſt, quam mens ſoluta quædam et libera, ſegregata ab omni concretione mortali, omnia ſentiens et movens.* Whilſt the pureſt truths were thrown out only as themes for ſophiſtry to cavil at, the maſs of mankind reſembled a chaos, in which if ſome few ſparks of light glimmered, they only ſerved to caſt the general horror into darker ſhades.

It muſt not however be forgotten, that there was a peculiar people then upon earth, who profeſſed to worſhip that one Supreme Being, of whoſe nature and attributes certain individuals only amongſt the Gentile nations entertained ſuitable conceptions.

Whilſt

Whilſt all the known world were idolaters by eſtabliſhment, the Jews alone were Unitarians upon ſyſtem. Their hiſtory was moſt wonderful, for it underook to give a relation of things, whereof no human records could poſſibly be taken, and all, who received it for truth, muſt receive it as the relation of God himſelf, for how elſe ſhould men obtain a knowledge of the Creator's thoughts and operations in the firſt formation of all things? Accordingly we find their inſpired hiſtorian, after he has brought down his narration to the journal of his own time, holding conferences with God himſelf, and receiving through his immediate communication certain laws and commandments, which he was to deliver to the people, and according to which they were to live and be governed. In this manner Moſes appears as the commiſſioned legiſlator of a Theocracy, impowered to work miracles in confirmation of his vicegerent authority, and to denounce the moſt tremendous puniſhments upon the nation, ſo highly favoured, if in any future time they ſhould diſobey and fall off from theſe ſacred ſtatutes and ordinances.

A people under ſuch a government, ſet apart and diſtinguiſhed from all other nations by means ſo ſupernatural, form a very intereſting object

object for our contemplation, and their hiſtory abounds in events no leſs extraordinary and miraculous than the revelation itſelf of thoſe laws, upon which their conſtitution was firſt eſtabliſhed: Their tedious captivities, their wonderful deliverances, the adminiſtration of their prieſts and prophets, their triumphs and ſucceſſes, whilſt adhering to God's worſhip, and their deplorable condition, when they corrupted his ſervice with the impurities of the idolatrous nations, whom they drove from their poſſeſſions, form a moſt ſurprizing chain of incidents, to which the annals of no other people upon earth can be ſaid to bear reſemblance.

Had it ſuited the all-wiſe purpoſes of God, when he revealed himſelf to this peculiar people, to have made them the inſtruments for diſſeminating the knowledge of his true religion and worſhip over the Gentile world, their office and adminiſtration had been glorious indeed; but this part was either not allotted to them, or juſtly forfeited by their degenerate and abandoned conduct; diſobedient and rebellious againſt God's ordinances, they were ſo far from propagating theſe imparted lights to the neighbouring nations, that they themſelves ſunk into their darkneſs, and whilſt all the land was overrun with

with idols, few were the knees, which bowed to the living, true and only God.

Moſes, their inſpired lawgiver, judge and prophet, is generally ſaid to have delivered to them no doctrine of a future ſtate: I am aware there is a learned author now living, one of their nation, *David Levi* by name, who controverts this aſſertion; it is fit therefore I ſhould leave it in reference to his future proofs, when he ſhall ſee proper to produce them; in the mean time I may fairly ſtate it upon this alternative, that if Moſes did not impart the doctrine above-mentioned, it was wholly reſerved for future ſpecial revelation; if he did impart it, there muſt have been an obſtinate want of faith in great part of the Jewiſh nation, who knowingly profeſſed a contrary doctrine, or elſe there muſt have been ſome obſcurity in Moſes's account, if they innocently miſunderſtood it: The Sadducees were a great portion of the Jewiſh community, and if they were inſtructed by their lawgiver to believe and expect a future ſtate, it is high matter of offence in them to have diſobeyed their teacher; on the other hand, if they were not inſtructed to this effect by Moſes, yet having been taught the knowledge of one all-righteous God, it becomes juſt matter of ſurprize, how they came to overlook a conſequence ſo evident.

N° CXV.

N° CXV.

FROM the review we have taken of the ſtate of mankind in reſpect to their religious opinions at the Chriſtian æra it appears, that the Gentile world was ſyſtematically devoted to idolatry, whilſt the remnant of the Jewiſh tribes profeſſed the worſhip of the true God; but at the ſame time there did not exiſt on earth any other temple dedicated to God's ſervice, ſave that at Jeruſalem. The nation ſo highly favoured by him, and ſo enlightened by his immediate revelations, was in the loweſt ſtate of political and religious declenſion; ten out of their twelve tribes had been carried away into captivity, from which there has to this hour been no redemption, and the remaining two were brought under the Roman yoke, and divided into ſects, one of which oppoſed the opinion of the other, and maintained that there was to be no reſurrection of the dead: The controverſy was momentous, for the eternal welfare of mankind was the object of diſcuſſion, and who was to decide upon it? The worſhippers of the true God had one place only upon earth,

wherein to call upon his name; the groves and altars of the idols occupied all the reſt; who was to reſtore his worſhip? Who was to redeem mankind from almoſt total ignorance and corruption? Where was *the light*, that was *to lighten the Gentiles?* Reaſon could do no more; it could only argue for the probability of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, but demonſtration was required; an evidence, that might remove all doubts, and this was not in the power of man to furniſh: Some Being therefore muſt appear of more than human talents to inſtruct mankind, of more than human authority to reform them: The world was loſt, unleſs it ſhould pleaſe God to interpoſe, for the work was above human hands, and nothing but the power, which created the world, could ſave the world.

Let any man caſt his ideas back to this period, and aſk his reaſon, if it was not natural to ſuppoſe, that the Almighty Being, to whom this general ruin and diſorder muſt be viſible, would in mercy to his creatures ſend ſome help amongſt them; unleſs it had been his purpoſe to abandon them to deſtruction, we may preſume to ſay he ſurely would: Is it then with man to preſcribe in what particular mode and form that redemption ſhould come? Certainly it is not with man, but with God only; he, who grants the

the vouchſafement, will direct the means: Be theſe what they may, they muſt be præternatural and miraculous, becauſe we have agreed that it is beyond the reach of man by any natural powers of his own to accompliſh: A ſpecial inſpiration then is requiſite; ſome revelation it ſhould ſeem, we know not what, we know not how, nor where, nor whence, except that it muſt come from God himſelf: What if he ſends a Being upon earth to tell us his immediate will, to teach us how to pleaſe him and to convince us of the reality of a future ſtate? That Being then muſt come down from him, he muſt have powers miraculous, he muſt have qualities divine and perfect, he muſt return on earth from the grave, and perſonally ſhew us that he has ſurvived it, and is corporeally living after death: Will this be evidence demonſtrative? Who can withſtand it? He muſt be of all men moſt obſtinately bent upon his own deſtruction, who ſhould attempt to hold out againſt it; he muſt prefer darkneſs to light, falſehood to truth, miſery to happineſs, hell to heaven, who would not thankfully embrace ſo great ſalvation.

Let us now apply what has been ſaid to the appearance of that perſon, whom the Chriſtian church believes to have been the true Meſſias of God, and let us examine the evidences, upon

which we aſſert the divinity of his miſſion and the completion of it's purpoſes.

In what form and after what manner was he ſent amongſt us? was it by natural or præternatural means? if his firſt appearance is uſhered in by a miracle, will it not be an evidence in favour of God's ſpecial revelation? If he is preſented to the world in ſome mode ſuperior to and differing from the ordinary courſe of nature, ſuch an introduction muſt attract to his perſon and character a more than ordinary attention: If a miraculous and myſterious Being appears upon earth, ſo compounded of divine and human nature as to ſurpaſs our comprehenſion of his immediate eſſence, and at the ſame time ſo levelled to our earthly ideas, as to be viſibly born of a human mother, not impregnated after the manner of the fleſh, but by the immediate Spirit of God, in other words the ſon of a pure virgin, ſhall we make the myſterious incarnation of ſuch a præternatural being a reaſon for our diſbelief in that revelation, which without a miracle we had not given credit to? We are told that the birth of Chriſt was in this wiſe; the fact reſts upon the authority of the evangeliſts who deſcribe it: The Unitarians, who profeſs Chriſtianity with this exception, may diſpute the teſtimony of the ſacred writers in this particular

ticular, and the Jews may deny their account *in toto*, but ſtill if Chriſt himſelf performed miracles, which the Jews do not deny, and if he roſe from the dead after his crucifixion, which the Unitarians admit, I do not ſee how either ſhould be ſtaggered by the miracle of his birth: for of the Jews I may demand, whether it were not a thing as credible for God to have wrought a miracle at the birth of Moſes for inſtance, as that he ſhould afterwards empower that prophet to perform, not one only, but many miracles? To the Unitarians I would candidly ſubmit, if it be not as eaſy to believe the incarnation of Chriſt as his reſurrection, the authorities for each being the ſame? Let the authorities therefore be the teſt!

I am well aware that the ſilence of two of the evangeliſts is ſtated by the Unitarians amongſt other objections againſt the account, and the non-accordance of the genealogies given by Saint Matthew and Saint Luke is urged againſt the Chriſtian church by the author of *Lingua Sacra*, in a pamphlet lately publiſhed, in the following words—*The Evangeliſt Saint Matthew in the firſt chapter of his goſpel gives us the genealogy of Chriſt, and Luke in the third chapter of his goſpel does the ſame; but with ſuch difference, that an unprejudiced perſon would hardly think*

they belonged to one and the ſame perſon; for the latter not only differs from the former in almoſt the whole genealogy from Joſeph to David, but has alſo added a few more generations, and likewiſe made Jeſus to deſcend from Nathan the ſon of David inſtead of Solomon.—(Levi's Letter to Dr. Prieſtley, p. 81.)

The learned Jew is founded in his obſervation upon the non-accordance of theſe pedigrees, but not in applying that to Chriſt, which relates only to Joſeph. Saint Matthew gives the genealogy of Joſeph, whom he denominates *the huſband of Mary, of whom was born Jeſus, who is called Chriſt.* C. 1. v. 16. Saint Luke with equal preciſion ſays, that *Jeſus himſelf began to be about thirty years of age, being, as was ſuppoſed, the ſon of Joſeph.* Now when it is thus clear that both theſe genealogies apply to Joſeph, and both theſe evangeliſts expreſsly aſſert that Jeſus was born of an immaculate virgin, I do not think it a fair ſtatement to call it the genealogy of Chriſt for the purpoſe of diſcrediting the veracity of theſe evangeliſts in points of faith or doctrine, merely becauſe they differ in a family catalogue of the generations of Joſeph, one of which is carried up to Adam, and the other brought down from Abraham. The goſpel hiſtorians, as I underſtand them, profeſs ſeverally to

to render a true account of Chriſt's miſſion, compriſing only a ſhort period of his life; within the compaſs of this period they are to record the doctrines he preached, the miracles he performed, and the circumſtances of his death, paſſion, and reſurrection; to this undertaking they are fairly committed; this they are to execute as faithful reporters, and if their reports ſhall be found in any eſſential matter contradictory to each other or themſelves, let the learned author late mentioned, or any other opponent to Chriſtianity point it out, and candour muſt admit the charge; but in the matter of a pedigree, which appertains to Joſeph, which our church univerſally omits in it's ſervice, which compriſes no article of doctrine, and which, being purely matter of family record, was copied probably from one roll by Matthew, and from another by Luke, I cannot in truth and ſincerity ſee how the ſacred hiſtorians are impeached by the non-agreement of their accounts. We call them the *inſpired* writers, and when any ſuch trivial contradiction as the above can be fixed upon them by the enemies of our faith, the word is retorted upon us with triumph; but what has inſpiration to do with the genealogy of Joſeph, *the ſuppoſed*, not the real, father of Jeſus? And indeed what more is required for the ſimple narration of

any facts than a faithful memory, and ſincere adherence to truth?

Let this ſuffice for what relates to the birth of Chriſt and the different ways, in which men argue upon that myſterious event: If his coming was foretold, and if his perſon and character fully anſwer to thoſe predictions, no man will deny the force of ſuch an evidence: If we are ſimply told that a *virgin did conceive and bear a ſon*, it is a circumſtance ſo much out of the ordinary courſe of nature to happen, that it requires great faith in the veracity of the relater to believe it; but if we are poſſeſſed of an authentic record of high antecedent antiquity, wherein we find it expreſsly predicted, that ſuch a circumſtance ſhall happen, and that *a virgin ſhall conceive and bear a ſon*, it is ſuch a confirmation of the fact, that, wonderful as it is, we can no longer doubt the truth of the hiſtorians who atteſt it. Now it is not one, but many prophets, who concur in foretelling the coming of the Meſſias; his perſon, his office, his humility and ſufferings, his ignominious death and the glorious benefits reſulting from his atonement are not merely glanced at with ænigmatic obſcurity, but pointedly and preciſely announced. Had ſuch evidences met for the verification of any hiſtorical event unconnected with religion, I

ſuppoſe there is no man, who could compare the one with the other, but would admit it's full concordance and completion; and is it not a ſtrange perverſeneſs of mind, if we are obſtinate in doubting it, only becauſe we are ſo deeply intereſted to believe it?

I have ſaid there was but one temple upon earth, where the only true and living God was worſhipped, the temple at Jeruſalem: The Jews had derived and continued this worſhip from the time of Abraham, and to him the promiſes were made, that *in his ſeed all the nations of the world ſhould be bleſſed.* Where then are we naturally to look for the Meſſias but from the ſtock of Abraham, from the deſcendants of that family, in which alone were preſerved the knowledge and worſhip of the only true God? If therefore the religion, which Chriſt founded, does in fact hold forth that bleſſing to all the nations of the world, then was that promiſe fulfilled in the perſon of Chriſt, *who took upon him the ſeed of Abraham,*

N° CXVI.

WE are next to enquire if the character and commiſſion of the Meſſias were marked by ſuch performances, as might well be expected from a perſon, whoſe introduction into the world was of ſo extraordinary a nature.

We are told by one of the ſacred hiſtorians, that *the Jews came round about him and ſaid unto him, How long doſt thou make us to doubt? If thou be the Chriſt, tell us plainly: Jeſus anſwered them, I told you, and ye believed not; the works that I do in my father's name, they bear witneſs of me.*

In this paſſage Chriſt himſelf appeals to his works done in the name of God to witneſs againſt all cavils for his being the true Meſſias. The ſame queſtion was put to him by the diſciples of the Baptiſt, *Art thou he that ſhould come, or do we look for another?* The ſame appeal is made to his works in the reply he gives to theſe enquirers.

It follows next in order that we ſhould aſk what theſe works were, and it ſo happens, that the perſon who performed them, has himſelf enumerated

enumerated them in the following words; *The blind receive their ſight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleanſed and the deaf hear, the dead are raiſed up and the poor have the goſpel preached unto them.* Theſe are works it muſt be acknowledged of a moſt benevolent ſort; they are not indeed ſo ſplendid as the miraculous act of dividing the Red Sea for the people of Iſrael to march through it, and again commanding it to cloſe upon their purſuers in the rear and ſwallow up the army of Pharaoh; they are not of ſo tremendous a character as thoſe afflicting plagues with which Moſes puniſhed the Egyptians; but would theſe, or ſuch as theſe, have been characteriſtic of a mediator? Chriſt came to ſave and not to deſtroy the world, and the works above deſcribed are no leſs merciful in their nature, than miraculous.

When the Jews therefore tauntingly aſſert the ſuperior magnificence of the miracles wrought by Moſes, which we admit to have been in all reſpects ſuitable to the commiſſion which Moſes was encharged with, they ſhould with equal candor admit, that the leſs ſplendid, but more ſalutary, miracles of Chriſt, were no leſs ſuited to the merciful commiſſion, which he came amongſt us to perform. There is indeed more horrible grandeur in the ſpectacle of a vaſt army

ſwallowed

ſwallowed up by the ſea, miraculouſly divided into a wall on each ſide of thoſe who paſſed through it; but who will ſay that God's power is not as wonderfully and conſpicuouſly diſplayed in reſtoring dead Lazarus to life, as in drowning Pharaoh and his hoſt? Surely it is as great a miracle to give life to the dead, as it is to put the living to death.

The miracles of Chriſt were performed without oſtentation and diſplay, yet they were of ſuch general notoriety, that the Jews themſelves did not, and do not even now, deny their being wrought by him, but aſcribed them to the aid and agency of the Devil: A miſerable ſubterfuge indeed! But this is not all: A contemporary writer of that nation, *David Levi*, in his letter to Dr. Prieſtley aſſerts, that there was not only *no ſuch neceſſity* for the miracles of Jeſus as for thoſe of Moſes, but *that they were ſcarcely juſt or rational, and conſequently cannot be offered as proofs of his divine miſſion in compariſon with that of Moſes.* *p.* 67. 68.

In ſupport of this aſſertion the learned controverſialiſt obſerves, *that as to the miracles of Moſes, there was the greateſt neceſſity for them; for inſtance, the plagues he brought upon the Egyptians were neceſſary for the redemption of the Jewiſh*

Jewiſh nation; as was the dividing of the Red Sea, and the drowning the Egyptians for their further deliverance from them; the manna from heaven and the water from the rock were neceſſary for their ſubſiſtence in the wilderneſs; the ſame of all the reſt.

This we may admit in it's full force; but as the miracles, which Chriſt wrought were altogether as *neceſſary* for the proof of his divine miſſion, as theſe of Moſes for the proof of his; a man muſt be very partial to his own nation, who will aſſert, that the deliverance of the Jews from their captivity in Egypt was a more important object than the redemption of loſt mankind. We will not doubt but it was *neceſſary* the Egyptian hoſt ſhould be drowned, becauſe it ſeemed good to God ſo to puniſh their obduracy, and extricate the Jewiſh tribes; but it is no leſs *neceſſary*, that mankind ſhould believe in Chriſt, if they are to be ſaved through his means, and for the confirmation of that *neceſſary* faith, theſe miracles were performed: The author of the objection, who himſelf aſſerts that Moſes delivered the important doctrine of a future ſtate, will not deny that the belief of a future ſtate is a *neceſſary* belief; and if it be ſo, it muſt follow that Chriſt's reſurrection and appearance upon earth after his crucifixion, (a miracle I preſume

as

as great and ſtriking as any wrought by the hand of Moſes) was as pertinent to that general end, as the wonders in the land of Egypt and at the Red Sea were to the particular purpoſe of reſcuing the Jews out of their captivity.

If we grant that Moſes, as this objector intimates, did impart the doctrine of a future ſtate, Chriſt did more by exemplifying it in his own perſon, and againſt ſuch evidence we might preſume even a Sadducee would not hold out. Now as ſo large a portion of the Jewiſh nation were ſtill in the avowed diſbelief of that doctrine, which our opponent believes was taught them by their great prophet and lawgiver himſelf, ſurely he muſt of force allow, that the reſurrection of Chriſt was to them at leaſt, and to all who like them did not credit the doctrine of a life to come, a *neceſſary* miracle.

Where ſuch a teacher as Moſes had failed to perſuade, what leſs than a miracle could conquer their infidelity? Unleſs indeed, our author ſhall join iſſue with Abraham in his reply to Dives, as recorded in the words of Chriſt, and maintain with him, that as they would not believe the word of Moſes, *neither would they be perſuaded, though one actually roſe from the dead.*

And now I will more cloſely animadvert upon the bold aſſertion of *David Levi*, the Jew,

(whoſe hoſtile opinions we tolerate) that the miracles of Chriſt, the Savior of the world (whoſe religion we profeſs) were *ſcarcely juſt or rational.*

Our faith is at iſſue; our eſtabliſhed church falls to the ground, our very ſovereign becomes no longer the *defender of our faith*, but rather the defender of our folly, if this contemner of Chriſt, this alien, who aſſaults our religion, whilſt he is living under the protection of our laws, ſhall, with one ſtroke of an audacious pen, undermine the ſtrong foundation of our belief.

Let us hear how this modern caviller confutes thoſe miracles, which his forefathers ſaw and did not dare to deny.

He takes two out of the number, and if there is any merit in the ſelection, he is beholden to his correſpondent for it: Theſe are, firſt, *the driving the devils out of the man poſſeſſed, and ſending them into the herd of ſwine*; *Mat. viii.* 28. Secondly, *the curſe pronounced upon the barren fig-tree*; *Mark xi.* 13.

Upon the firſt of theſe he has the following ſtricture—*This I think was not ſtrictly juſt, for as according to your* [Dr. Prieſtley's] *opinion, he was but a man and a prophet, I would willingly be informed what right he had to deſtroy another man's property in the manner he did by ſending the devils into*

into them, and ſo cauſing them to run violently into the ſea and periſh?

This miracle is recorded alſo by Saint Mark, v. 1. and again by Saint Luke, viii. 26. What Saint Matthew calls the country of the Gergeſenes, the other two evangeliſts call the country of the Gadarenes, and St. Luke adds that it is over againſt Galilee; this country, as I conceive, was within the boundaries of the half tribe of Manaſſeh, on the other ſide of Jordan, and is by Strabo called *Gadarida*, lib. 16. Now Moſes both in Leviticus xi. and Deuteronomy xiv. prohibits ſwine, as one of the unclean beaſts: *Of their fleſh ſhall ye not eat, and their carcaſe ſhall ye not touch; they are unclean to you.* Iſaiah alſo ſtates it as a particular ſin and abomination in the Jews, whom he calleth *a rebellious people, a people that provoketh me to anger continually to my face; which remain among the graves and lodge in the monuments, which eat ſwine's fleſh. lxv.* 2, 3, 4. And again, *They that ſanctify themſelves and purify themſelves in the gardens, behind one tree in the midſt, eating ſwine's fleſh, &c. ſhall be conſumed together, ſaith the Lord. lxvi.* 17. Eleazar the ſcribe, *when conſtrained to open his mouth and eat ſwine's fleſh, choſe rather to die glorioufly, than to live ſtained with ſuch an abomination.* 2 *Macc. vi.* 18. 19. The ſeven brethren alſo, who were compelled to

the

the like abomination, declared, *They were ready to die rather than to tranſgreſs the laws of their fathers.* This being the law of Moſes with reſpect to this proſcribed animal, and ſuch being the corruptions of the people in violating that law, I am at a loſs to diſcover the *injuſtice* of the miracle; ſeeing what abominations theſe creatures had occaſioned amongſt the Jews, ſo as to draw down the denunciations of the prophet Iſaiah, repeatedly urged in the paſſages above quoted; and it is with particular ſurprize I meet the charge from one, who is himſelf a Jew, and who, I muſt preſume, would die the death of Eleazar rather than be defiled with ſuch abominable food. It would be hard indeed if Chriſt, whom he arraigns for aboliſhing the Moſaical diſpenſation in one part of his argument, ſhould in another be accuſed of wrong and injury for conforming to it: But any wretched ſhift ſhall be reſorted to for matter of railing againſt Chriſt, and rather than not feed his ſpleen at all, he will feed it upon ſwine's fleſh: Let the learned Jew firſt prove to me that a hog was not an abomination to his countrymen, and it will then be time enough to debate upon the *injuſtice* of deſtroying them; meanwhile I ſhall not be diſpoſed to allow of any damages for the ſwine in queſtion at the ſuit and proſecution of a Jew.

His ſecond attack is pointed againſt the miracle of the fig-tree, which was blaſted at the word of Chriſt.

Though Saint Matthew as well as Saint Mark, records this miracle, yet, for reaſons ſufficiently obvious, he refers to the latter, who ſays, *that when Chriſt came to it he found nothing but leaves; for the time of figs was not yet.* His argument upon this paſſage is as follows: *Hence it is manifeſt, that he required the tree to produce fruit out of ſeaſon, and which would have been contrary to the intent of it's creator; and therefore he, as a dutiful ſon, curſes the innocent and guiltleſs tree for doing that, which his father had commanded it to do, viz. to bear fruit in it's proper ſeaſon:* In this paragraph our Jew has quickened his argument with ſome facetious irony, and he follows it with an air of exultation as well as inſult: *If, after this, Chriſtians ſhould ſtill perſiſt in the miracle, according to the letter of the ſtory, much good may it do them; but I am ſure it will never be the means of converting the unbelieving Jews to the Chriſtian faith.*

I cloſe with him in opinion that this miracle will not be the means of converting his unbelieving brethren to Chriſtianity; for how can I hope, that what their fathers ſaw and yet believed not, ſhould at this diſtant period gain belief from their poſterity? I alſo join with him in ſaying

ſaying (and I ſuſpect I ſay it with ſomewhat more ſincerity) *much good may it do* to all thoſe Chriſtians, who perſiſt in their belief of it! A deſcendant of thoſe who murdered Chriſt, may act in character, when he inſults his miracles and ridicules his perſon, but a believer in Chriſt will be an imitator of his patience.

It is now time to diſmiſs the irony and apply to the argument. This ſimply turns upon Saint Mark's interjectional obſervation, not noticed by Saint Matthew in his account, viz. *that the time of figs was not yet:* He ſays, that Jeſus being hungry ſaw a fig-tree afar off, having leaves, and came if haply he might find any thing thereon: By this it appears that the tree was in leaf, and Jeſus approached it with the expectation of finding ſomething thereon; but when he found nothing but leaves, he ſaid unto it, *No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever!* And his diſciples heard it; Theſe came again the next morning, and paſſing by the fig-tree ſaw it dried up from the roots; which when Peter remarked as a completion of the miracle, Jeſus ſaid to them all, HAVE FAITH IN GOD!

In theſe important words we have the moral of the act. The tree, which this reviler takes upon himſelf to ſay, was *commanded* by God *to bear fruit in it's proper ſeaſon*, was on the contrary commanded by God to bear fruit no more, but

ſerve a nobler purpoſe by witneſſing to the miraculous power of Chriſt; and now if *an innocent and guiltleſs tree* was blaſted out of ſeaſon by the word of Chriſt for the purpoſe of inſpiring the beholders with *Faith in God*, the benefit conferred upon human nature may well atone for the injury done to vegetable nature; though I am free to acknowledge to it's pathetic advocate, that, as a Jew, he has undertaken a more cleanly cauſe, than when he before ſtood forth in defence of the hogs: As well may he bewail *the innocent and guiltleſs trees* and grain of Egypt, which were ſmitten by the hail, when Moſes called it down upon the land, if ſuch be his tender feelings toward the productions of the earth, as this ſingle fig-tree: Till he can convince us that the deliverance of the Jews from their Egyptian bondage was a more important object than the redemption of the world, he will find it hard to make a reaſoning man allow, that this ſingle fig-tree, even though it had no right to bear fruit, hath a ſtronger appeal to juſtice againſt the miracle of Chriſt, than *every herb of the field that was ſmitten*, *every* guiltleſs and innocent *tree of the field that was broken* by the ſtretching forth of the rod of Moſes.

Thus then ſtands the account between Chriſt and his accuſer; the Jewiſh nation loſt a tree, and mankind gained—a Savior!

N° CXVII.

N° CXVII.

IF it were neceſſary to enter into a more literal defence of the miracle of the blaſted fig-tree, I ſee no abſolute reaſon to conclude with the caviller, that Chriſt required the tree to produce fruit out of ſeaſon and act againſt it's nature; for if *the time of figs* be the gathering or harveſt of figs, it was more reaſonable to expect fruit from this tree before the time of plucking, than after it; and as this fruit was no ſmall article in the produce and traffick of Judæa, we may well conclude *the time of figs*, mentioned by Saint Mark, was like the vintage in the wine countries; and I apprehend it would not be an unreaſonable expectation to find a cluſter of grapes on a vine, before the time of vintage was come. This conſtruction of the words will ſeem the more reaſonable, when we remark that Saint Matthew, who records the miracle, takes no account of this circumſtance, and that Saint Mark, who ſtates it, ſtates alſo that Chriſt in his hunger applied to the tree, *if haply he might find any thing thereon*, which implies expectation.

But our Jew hath ſuggeſted a better method

of performing the miracle by commanding fruit from a withered tree inſtead of blaſting a living one; which, ſays he, *if Jeſus had done, it would have been ſuch an inſtance of his power, as to have rendered the proof of the miracle indiſputable.*

Here let him ſtand to his confeſſion, and I take him at his word: I agree with him in owning that the miracle, as he ſtates it, would have been indiſputable, had Chriſt given life and fruit to a withered tree; and I demand of him to agree with me, that the miracle was indiſputable, when the ſame Chriſt gave breath and life to dead Lazarus.

But alas! I can hardly expect that the raiſing a dead tree to life would have been thus ſucceſsful, though even infidelity aſſerts it, when the miracle of reſtoring a dead man to life hath not ſilenced his cavils, but left him to quibble about hogs and figs, and even in the face of his own confeſſion to arraign the Savior of the world as *unjuſt and irrational* through the channel of a Chriſtian preſs: Neither am I bound to admit, that his correction of the miracle would in any reſpect have amended it; for, as an inſtance of Chriſt's miraculous power, I can ſee no greater energy in the act of enlivening a dead tree, than in deſtroying a living one by the ſingle word of his command.

I muſt

I muſt yet aſk patience of the reader, whilſt I attend upon this objector to another cavil ſtarted againſt this miracle of the fig-tree, in the account of which he ſays there is a contradiction of dates between Saint Matthew and Saint Mark, for that in the former it appears *Chriſt firſt caſt the buyers and ſellers out of the temple, and on the morrow curſed the fig-tree*; *whereas according to Saint Mark it was tranſacted before the driving them out of the temple, and ſuch a manifeſt contradiction muſt greatly affect the credibility of the hiſtory.*

Whether or not a day's diſagreement in the dates would ſo *greatly affect the credibility of the hiſtory* we are not called upon to argue, becauſe it will be found that no ſuch contradiction exiſts.

Saint Mark agrees with Saint Matthew in ſaying that *Jeſus entered into Jeruſalem and into the temple*, and on the morrow curſed the fig-tree; he then adds that he returned to Jeruſalem and drove the buyers and ſellers out of the temple. Again, the next morning he and his diſciples paſſed by the fig-tree and ſaw it dried up from the roots: This is told in detail.

Saint Matthew agrees with Saint Mark in ſaying Jeſus went into the temple the day before he deſtroyed the fig-tree, but he does not break

the narrative into detail, as Saint Mark does; for as he relates the whole miracle of the fig-tree at once, comprising the events of two days in one account, ſo doth he give the whole of what paſſed in the temple at once alſo.

Both Evangeliſts agree in making Chriſt's entrance into the temple antecedent to his miracle; but Saint Matthew with more brevity puts the whole of each incident into one account, Saint Mark more circumſtantially details every particular: And this is the mighty contradiction, which David Levi hath diſcovered in the ſacred hiſtorians, upon which he exultingly pronounces, that *he is confident there are a number of others as glaring as this; but which he has not at preſent either time or inclination to point out.*

Theſe menaces I ſhall expect he will make good, for when his time ſerves to point them out, I dare believe his inclination will not ſtand in the way.

In the meantime let it be remembered that David Levi ſtands pledged as the author of an unſupported charge againſt the veracity of the Evangeliſts, and let every faithful Chriſtian, to whom thoſe holy records are dear, but moſt of all the proper guardians of our church, be prepared to meet their opponent and his charge.

But

But our caviller hath not yet done with the Evangeliſts, for he aſſerts that *they are not only contradictory to each other, but are inconſiſtent with themſelves; for what can be more ſo than Matthew* i. 18. *with Matthew* xiii. 55.?

Now mark the contradiction! *The birth of Jeſus was on this wiſe; When as his mother Mary was eſpouſed to Joſeph, before they came together, ſhe was found with child of the Holy Ghoſt. Chap.* i. 18. The other text is found in *Chap.* xiii. 55: *Is not this the carpenter's ſon? is not his mother Mary? and his brethren James and Joſes and Simon and Judas?*

Need any child be told, that in the firſt text Saint Matthew ſpeaks, and in the ſecond the cavilling Jews? who then can wonder if they diſagree? as well we might expect agreement between truth and falſehood, between the Evangeliſt and *David Levi*, as between two paſſages of ſuch oppoſite characters. Is this the man, who is to confute the holy ſcriptures? Weak champion of an unworthy cauſe!

What he means by an inconſiſtency between *Luke* i. 34, 35. and *Luke* xiv. 22. I cannot underſtand, and conclude there muſt be an error of the preſs, of which I think no author can have leſs reaſon to complain, than *David Levi*.

Theſe two unproſperous attacks being the whole

whole of what he attempts upon the inconſiſtency of the ſacred hiſtorians with themſelves, I ſhall no longer detain my readers, than whilſt I notice one more cavil, which this author points againſt the divine miſſion of Chriſt, as compared with that of Moſes, viz. *That God ſpeaking with Moſes face to face in the preſence of ſix hundred thouſand men, beſides women and children, as mentioned in Exod.* xix. 9, *was ſuch an eſſential proof of the divine miſſion of Moſes, as is wanting on the part of Jeſus*; and therefore he concludes, that taking the miracles of Moſes and this colloquy with the Supreme Being together, the evidences for him are much ſtronger than for Chriſt.

A man, who does not inſtantly diſcern the futility of this argument, muſt forget all the ſeveral incidents in the hiſtory of Chriſt, where the voice of God audibly teſtifies to his divine miſſion; for inſtance *Matth.* iii. 16, 17. *And Jeſus, when he was baptized, went up ſtraitway out of the water, and lo! the heavens were opened unto him, and he ſaw the Spirit of God deſcending like a dove, and lighting upon him; and lo! a voice from heaven, ſaying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleaſed.* The ſame is repeated by *Mark*, i. 10, 11.; again by *Luke*, iii. 21, 22.; again by *John*, i. 32, 33, 34.

If theſe ſupernatural ſigns and declarations do

not

not evince the ſuperiority of Chriſt's miſſion above that of Moſes, if Chriſt, to whom angels miniſtered, when the devil in deſpair departed from him, Chriſt, who was transfigured before his diſciples, *and his face did ſhine as the ſun, and his raiment was white as the light, and behold! there appeared unto them Moſes and Elias talking with him*; Chriſt, at whoſe death *the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened, and many bodies of ſaints, which ſlept, aroſe, and came out of the graves after his reſurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many*; in concluſion, if Chriſt, whoſe reſurrection was declared by angels, ſeen and acknowledged by many witneſſes, and whoſe aſcenſion into heaven crowned and completed the irrefragable evidences of his divine miſſion; if Chriſt, whoſe prophecies of his own death and reſurrection, of the deſtruction of Jeruſalem and of the ſubſequent diſperſion of the Jews, have been and now are ſo fully verified, cannot, as our caviller aſſerts, meet the compariſon with Moſes, then is the Redeemer of loſt mankind a leſs ſublime and important character than the legiſlator of the Jews.

I have now attempted in the firſt place to diſcover

diſcover how far the world was illuminated by right reaſon before the revelation of Chriſt took place; for had men's belief been ſuch, and their practice alſo ſuch as Chriſtianity teaches, the world had not ſtood in need of a Redeemer.

The reſult of this enquiry was, that certain perſons have expreſſed themſelves well and juſtly upon the ſubject of God and religion in times antecedent to the Chriſtian æra, and in countries where idolatry was the eſtabliſhed worſhip:

That the nation of the Jews was a peculiar nation, and preſerved the worſhip of the true and only God, revealed in very early time to their fathers, but that this worſhip from various circumſtances and events, in which they themſelves were highly criminal, had not been propagated beyond the limits of a ſmall tract, and that the temple of Jeruſalem was the only church in the world, where God was worſhipped, when Chriſt came upon earth:

That from the almoſt univerſal diffuſion of idolatry, from the unworthy ideas men had of God and religion, and the few faint notions entertained amongſt them of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, the world was in ſuch deplorable error, and in ſuch univerſal need of

an

an inſtructor and redeemer, that the coming of Chriſt was moſt ſeaſonable and neceſſary to ſalvation:

That there were a number of concurrent prophecies of an authentic character in actual exiſtence, which promiſed this ſalvation to the world, and depicted the perſon of the Meſſias, who was to perform this mediatorial office in ſo ſtriking a manner, that it cannot be doubted but that all thoſe characteriſtics meet and are fulfilled in the perſon of Chriſt:

That his birth, doctrines, miracles, prophecies, death and paſſion with other evidences are ſo ſatisfactory for the confirmation of our belief in his divine miſſion, that our faith as Chriſtians is grounded upon irrefragable proofs:

Laſtly, That the vague opinions of our own diſſenting brethren, and the futile cavils of a recent publication by a diſtinguiſhed writer of the Jewiſh nation, are ſuch weak and impotent aſſaults upon our religion, as only ſerve to confirm us in it the more.

If I have effected this to the ſatisfaction of the ſerious reader I ſhall be moſt happy, and as for thoſe, who ſeek nothing better than amuſement in theſe volumes, I will apply myſelf without delay to the eaſier taſk of furniſhing them with matter more ſuited to their taſte, and if the following

lowing pages ſhall introduce another Jew to their acquaintance, I can promiſe them he ſhall be one, of whom no honeſt man need be aſhamed.

N° CXVIII.

Ἀπραγμόνως ζῆν, ἡδύ.

APOLLODORUS ADELPHIS.

" *A life from cares and buſineſs free,*
" *Is of all lives the life for me.*"

NED DROWSY came into poſſeſſion of a good eſtate at a time of life, when the humours and habits contracted by education, or more properly by the want of it, become too much a part of the conſtitution to be conquered but by ſome extraordinary effort or event. Ned's father had too tender a concern for his health and morals to admit him of a public ſchool, and the ſame objections held againſt an univerſity: Not that Ned was without his pretenſions to ſcholarſhip, for it is well known that

he

he has been ſometimes found aſleep upon his couch with a book open in his hand, which warrants a preſumption that he could read, though I have not met any body yet, who has detected him in the act itſelf. The literature of the nurſery he held in general contempt, and had no more paſſion for the feats of *Jack the Giant-killer*, when he was a child, than he had for the labours of Hercules in his more adult years: I can witneſs to the deteſtation, in which he held the popular allegory of *the Pilgrim's Progreſs*, and when he has been told of the many editions that book has run through, he has never failed to reply, that there is no accounting for the bad taſte of the vulgar: At the ſame time, I ſpeak it to his honour, I have frequently known him expreſs a tender fellow-feeling for *the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*, and betray more partiality, than he was apt to be guilty of, to the edifying ſtory of *the Seven Dreamers*, whom I verily believe he held in more reſpect than the Seven Wonders of the World.

Rural ſports were too boiſterous for Ned's ſpirits; neither hares nor partridges could lay their deaths at his door, ſo that all his country neighbours gave him their good word, and poached his manors without mercy: There was

a canal

a canal in front of his houſe, where he would ſometimes take up with the placid amuſement of angling from an alcove by the ſide of it, with a ſervant in attendance for the purpoſe of baiting his hook, or calling upon him to pull, if by chance he was ſurprized with a bite; happily for his repoſe this very rarely was the caſe, though a tradition runs in the family of his having once ſnapped an officious perch of extraordinary ſize.

There was a learned practitioner in the law, one *Mr. Driver*, who had a houſe in his pariſh, and him Ned appointed manager of his eſtate; this worthy gentleman was ſo conſiderate as ſeldom if ever to give him any trouble about his accounts, well knowing his averſion from items and particulars and the little turn he had to the drudgery of arithmetic and calculations. By the kind offices of Mr. Driver Ned was relieved from an infinite deal of diſagreeable buſineſs, and Mr. Driver himſelf ſuddenly became a man of conſiderable property, and began to take a lead in the county. Ned together with his eſtate had ſucceeded to a Chancery ſuit, which was pending at the death of the late poſſeſſor: This ſuit was for a time carried on ſo proſperouſly by Mr. Driver, that nothing more ſeemed requiſite to bring it to a favorable iſſue, than for Ned to make his appearance in Court for ſome purpoſes

purpoſes I am not able to explain: This was an undertaking ſo inſurmountable, that he could never be prevailed upon to ſet about it and the ſuit was deſerted accordingly. This ſuit and the circumſtance of a copper mine on his eſtate, which his agent never could engage him to work, were the only things that ever diſturbed his tranquillity, and upon theſe topics he was rather ſore, till Mr. Driver found it convenient to give up both points, and Ned heard no more of his Chancery ſuit or his copper mine.

Theſe few traits of my friend's character will ſuffice to make my readers acquainted with him before I relate the particulars of a viſit I paid him about three months ago. It was in compliance with the following letter, which I was favoured with from Mr. Driver.

" Sir,

" Theſe are to inform you that Mr. Drowſy " deſires the favour of your company at Poppy- " Hall, which he has ordered me to notify to " you, not doubting but you will take it in good " part, as you well know how his humour " ſtands towards writing. He bids me ſay that " he has ſomething of conſequence to conſult " you upon, of which more when we meet:

" Wiſhing you health and a ſafe journey I re-
" main in all reaſonable ſervice,

" Your's to command,

" DANIEL DRIVER."

In conſequence of this ſummons I ſet off for Poppy-Hall, and arrived there early in the evening of the ſecond day. I found my friend Drowſy in company with my correſpondent the attorney, the reverend Mr. Beetle curate of the pariſh, and two gentlemen, ſtrangers to me, who, as I underſtood from Mr. Driver, were Mr. Sparkle ſenior, an eminent auctioneer in London, and Billy Sparkle his ſon, a city beau. My friend was in his eaſy chair turned towards the fire; the reſt were ſitting round the table at ſome diſtance, and engaged, as I ſoon diſcovered, in a very intereſting converſation upon beauty, which my entrance for a while put a ſtop to. This intermiſſion however laſted no longer than whilſt Mr. Drowſy paid his compliments to me, which he performed in few words, aſking me however if I came on horſeback, which having anſwered in the affirmative, he ſententiouſly obſerved, that he never rode. And now the elder Mr. Sparkle reſumed the converſation in the following manner—What I was going

going to obſerve to you, when this gentleman came in, upon the article of beauty is peremptorily and preciſely this: Beauty, gentlemen, is in the eye, I aver it to be in the eye of the beholder and not in the object itſelf; my beauty for inſtance is not your beauty, your's is not mine; it depends upon fancy and taſte, fancy and taſte are nothing but caprice: A collection of fine women is like a collection of fine pictures; put them up to auction, and bidders will be found for every lot.—But all bidders, cries the attorney, are not *bonâ fide* buyers; I believe you find many an article in your ſales ſent back upon the owner's hands, and ſo it is with beauty; all, that is bidden for, is not bought in.—Here the curate interpoſed, and turning to his lay-brother of the pulpit, reminded him that beauty was like a flower of the field; here to-day, and gone to-morrow; whereas virtue was a hardy plant and defied the ſcythe of time; virtue was an evergreen and would bloom in the winter of life; virtue would flouriſh, when beauty was no more. —I believe it ſeldom makes any conſiderable ſhoots till that is the caſe, cried Billy Sparkle, and followed up his repartee with a laugh, in which he was himſelf the only performer.—It is high time now, ſays the attorney, directing his diſcourſe to me, to make you acquainted with

the buſineſs we are upon, and how we came to fall upon this topic of beauty. Your friend Mr. Drowſy does not like the trouble of talking, and therefore with his leave I ſhall open the caſe to you, as I know he wiſhes to take your opinion upon it—Here the attorney ſeeming to pauſe for his cue, Drowſy nodded his head and bade him go on. We are in conſultation, rejoined he, upon a matter of no leſs moment than the choice of a wife for the gentleman in that eaſy chair.—And if he is eaſy in it, demanded I, what need he wiſh for more?—Alackaday! he has no heir, and till that event takes place, he is only tenant for life ſubject to empeachment of waſte; he cannot be called maſter of his own eſtate; only think of that, Sir. That was for him to do, I replied; how does Mr. Drowſy himſelf think of it? I don't think much about it, anſwered Ned. And how ſtands your mind towards matrimony?—No anſwer.—There's trouble in it, added I. There is ſo, replied he with a ſigh; but Driver ſays I want an heir. There's trouble in that too, quoth I; have you any particular lady in your eye? That is the very point we are now upon, cried Mr. Sparkle ſenior; there are three lots up for Mr. Drowſy or his friends to chuſe from, and I only wait his ſignal for knocking down the lot, that he likes beſt.

This

This I could not perfectly underſtand in the terms of art, which Mr. Sparkle made uſe of, and therefore deſired he would expreſs himſelf in plain language. My father means to ſay, cries Billy, there are three girls want huſbands, and but one man that wiſhes to be married. Hold your tongue, puppy, ſaid old Sparkle, and proceeded. You ſhall know, Sir, that to accommodate Mr. Drowſy in the article of a wife and ſave him the trouble of looking out for himſelf, we ſome time ago put an advertiſement in the papers; I believe I have a copy of it about me: Aye, here it is!

"WANTED

"A young, healthy, unmarried woman, of a "diſcreet character, as wife to a gentleman of "fortune, who loves his eaſe and does not care "to take upon himſelf the trouble of courtſhip: "ſhe muſt be of a placid domeſtic turn, and "not one that likes to hear herſelf talk. Any "qualified perſon, whom this may ſuit, by ap-"plying to Mr. Sparkle auctioneer, may be in-"formed of particulars. A ſhort trial will be "expected.

"N. B. Maids of Honor need not apply, as "none ſuch will be treated with."

I told Mr. Sparkle I thought his advertiſement a very good one, and properly guarded and I wiſhed to know the reſult of it: He ſaid that very many applicants had preſented themſelves, but for want of full credentials he had diſmiſſed all but three, whom I will again deſcribe, added he, not only for your information, but in hopes Mr. Drowſy will give ſome attention to the catalogue, which I am ſorry to ſay has not yet been the caſe.

He then drew a paper of minutes from his pocket-book and read as follows—

" Katherine Cumming, ſpinſter, aged twen-
" ty-five, lodges at Graveſend in the houſe of
" Mr. Duffer, a reputable ſlop-ſeller of that
" place, can have an undeniable character from
" two gentlemen of credit, now abſent, but ſoon
" expected in the next arrivals from China:
" Her fortune, which ſhe ingenuouſly owns is
" not capital, is for the preſent inveſted in cer-
" tain commodities, which ſhe has put into the
" hands of the gentlemen above-mentioned, and
" for which ſhe expects profitable returns on
" their arrival. This young lady appeared with
" a florid blooming complexion, fine long ring-
" lets of dark hair in the faſhionable diſhevel,
" eyes uncommonly ſparkling, is tall of ſtature,
" ſtrait and in good caſe. She wore a locket of
" plaited

" plaited hair ſlung in a gold chain round her " neck, and was remarkably neat and elegant " about the feet and ancles: Is impatient for a " ſpeedy anſwer, as ſhe has thoughts of going " out in the next ſhips to India."

Let her go! cried Ned, I'll have nothing to ſay to Kitty Cumming.—I'll bet a wager ſhe is one of us, exclaimed the city beau, for which his father gave him a look of rebuke and proceeded to the next.

" Agnes de Crapeau, daughter of a French " proteſtant clergyman in the Iſle of Jerſey, a " comely young woman, but of a penſive air " and downcaſt look; lived as a dependant " upon a certain rich trader's wife, with whom " her ſituation was very unpleaſant; flattered " herſelf ſhe was well practiſed in ſubmiſſion " and obedience, ſhould conform to any hu- " mours which the advertiſer might have, and, " ſhould he do her the honour to accept her as " his wife, ſhe would do *her poſſible* to pleaſe " him with all humble duty, gratitude and de- " votion."

Ned Drowſy now turned himſelf in his chair, and with a ſigh whiſpered me in the ear, Poor thing! I pity her, but ſhe won't do: Go on to the laſt.

The lady I am next to deſcribe, ſaid Sparkle,

is one of whom I can only ſpeak by report, for as yet I have not ſet eyes on her perſon, nor is ſhe acquainted with a ſyllable of theſe proceedings, being repreſented to me as a young woman, whoſe delicacy would not ſubmit to be the candidate of an advertiſement. The account I have had of her is from a friend, who, though a man of a particular way of thinking, is a very honeſt honourable perſon, and one whoſe word will paſs for thouſands: He called at my office one day, when this advertiſement was lying on my deſk, and caſting his eye upon the paper aſked me, if that ſilly jeſt was of my inventing; I aſſured him it was no jeſt, but a ſerious advertiſement; that the party was a man of property and honor, a gentleman by birth and principle, and one every way qualified to make the married ſtate happy. Hath he loſt his underſtanding, ſaid my friend, that he takes this method of convening all the proſtitutes about the town, or doth he conſult his eaſe ſo much, as not trouble himſelf whether his wife be a modeſt woman or not? Humph! cried Ned, what ſignifies what he ſaid? go on with your ſtory. To make ſhort of it then, reſumed Sparkle, my friend grew ſerious upon the matter, and after a conſidering time addreſſed himſelf to me as follows; If I were ſatisfied your principal is a man, as

you deſcribe him, qualified by temper and diſpoſition to make an amiable and virtuous girl happy, I would ſay ſomething to you on the ſubject; but as he chuſes to be concealed, and as I cannot think of blindly ſacrificing my fair charge to any man, whom ſhe does not know and approve, there is an end of the matter. And why ſo? exclaimed Ned with more energy than I had ever obſerved in him; I ſhould be glad to ſee the gentleman and lady both; I ſhould be glad to ſee them.

At this inſtant a ſervant entered the room and announced the arrival of a ſtranger, who wiſhed to ſpeak with the elder Mr. Sparkle.

N° CXIX.

MY friend Ned Drowſy is a man, who hath indeed neglected nature's gifts, but not abuſed them; he is as void of vice, as he is of induſtry, his temper is ſerene, and his manners harmleſs and inoffenſive; he is avaricious of nothing but of his eaſe, and certainly poſſeſſes benevolence, though too indolent to put it into action: He is as ſparing of his teeth as he is of his tongue, and whether it be that he is naturally temperate, or that eating and drinking are too troubleſome, ſo it is that he is very abſtemious in both particulars, and having received the bleſſings of a good conſtitution and a comely perſon from the hand of Providence, he has not ſquandered his talent, though he has not put it out to uſe.

Accordingly when I perceived him intereſted in the manner I have related upon Mr. Sparkle's diſcourſe, and heard him give orders to his ſervant to ſhew the gentleman into the room, which he did in a quicker and more ſpirited tone than is uſual with him, I began to think that nature was about to ſtruggle for her privileges,

vileges, and ſuſpecting that this ſtranger might perhaps have ſome connection with Sparkle's *incognita*, I grew impatient for his appearance.

After a while the ſervant returned and introduced a little ſwarthy old man with ſhort grey hair and whimſically dreſſed; having on a dark brown coat with a tarniſhed gold edging, black figured velvet waiſtcoat and breeches of ſcarlet cloth with long gold knee-bands, dangling down a pair of black ſilk ſtockings, which cloathed two legs not exactly caſt in the mould of the Belvedere Apollo. He made two or three low reverences as he advanced, ſo that before Mr. Sparkle could announce him by name, I had ſet him down for an Iſraelite, all the world to nothing; but as ſoon as I heard the words, *Gentlemen, this is my worthy friend Mr. Abraham Abrahams!* I recognized the perſon of my correſpondent, whoſe humble and ingenuous letter I thought fit to publiſh in N° LXIV. of my third volume, and whom I had once before had a glimpſe of, as he walked paſt my bookſeller's door in Cornhill, and was pointed out to me from the ſhop.

Mr. Abrahams, not being a perſon, to whom nature had affixed her paſſport, ſaying *Let this man have free ingreſs and egreſs upon my authority*, made his firſt approaches with all thoſe civil aſſiduities,

aſſiduities, which ſome people are conſtrained to practiſe, who muſt firſt turn prejudice out of company, before they can ſit down in it. In the preſent caſe I flatter myſelf he fared ſomewhat better for the whiſper I gave my friend Ned in his favor, and ſilence after a ſhort time having taken place in ſuch a manner as ſeemed to indicate an expectation in the company, that he was the perſon who was now to break it, he began not without ſome heſitation to deliver himſelf in theſe words.

Before I take the liberty of addreſſing the gentleman of the houſe, I wiſh to know from my friend Mr. Sparkle, whether he has opened any hint of what has paſſed between him and me relative to a certain advertiſement; and if he has, I ſhould next be glad to know, whether I have permiſſion of the party concerned to go into the buſineſs.

Yes, Sir, cried Ned ſomewhat eagerly, Mr. Sparkle has told me all that paſſed, and you have not only my free leave, but my earneſt deſire to ſay every thing you think fit before theſe friends. Then, Sir, ſaid Abrahams, I ſhall tell you a plain tale without varying a ſingle tittle from the truth.

As I was coming home from my club pretty late in the evening about five months ago, in turning

turning the corner of a narrow alley, a young woman came haſtily out of the door of a houſe, and, ſeizing hold of my hand, eagerly beſought me for the love of God to follow her. I was ſtartled, and knew not what to think of ſuch a greeting; I could diſcern that ſhe was young and beautiful, and I was no adventurer in affairs of gallantry; ſhe ſeemed indeed to be exceedingly agitated and almoſt beſide herſelf, but I knew the profligate of that ſex can ſometimes feign diſtreſs for very wicked purpoſes, and therefore deſired to be excuſed from going into any houſe with her; if ſhe would however advance a few paces I would hear what ſhe had to ſay, and ſo it was nothing but my charity ſhe ſolicited, I was ready to relieve her: We turned the corner of the alley together, and being now in one of the principal ſtreets of the city, I thought I might ſafely ſtop and hear the petition ſhe had to make. As we ſtood together under the eaves of a ſhop, the night being rainy, ſhe told me that the reaſon ſhe beſought me to go into the houſe with her was in hopes the ſpectacle of diſtreſs, which would there preſent itſelf to my ſight, might, if there was any pity in my heart, call it forth, and prevail with me to ſtop a deed of cruelty, which was then in execution, by ſaving a wretched object from being

thruſt

thruſt into the ſtreets in a dying condition for a ſmall debt to her landlord, whom no entreaties could pacify. Bleſſed God! I exclaimed, can there be ſuch human monſters? who is the woman? My mother, replied ſhe, and burſt into an agony of tears; if I would be what I may have appeared to you, but what I never can be even to ſave the life of my parent, I had not been driven to this extremity, for it is reſentment, which actuates the brutal wretch no leſs than cruelty. Though I confeſs myſelf not inſenſible to fear, being as you ſee no athletic, I felt ſuch indignation riſe within me at theſe words, that I did not heſitate for another moment about accompanying this unhappy girl to her houſe, not doubting the truth of what ſhe had been telling me, as well from the manner of her relating it, as from my obſervation of her countenance, which the light of the lamp under which we were ſtanding, diſcovered to be of a moſt affecting, modeſt and even dignified character—

Sir, I honor you for your benevolence, cried Ned; pray proceed with your ſtory.

She led me up two pair of ſtairs into a back apartment, where a woman was in bed, pleading for mercy to a ſurly-looking fellow, who was calling out to her to get up and be gone out

of his houſe. I have found a fellow-creature, ſaid my conductreſs, whoſe pity will redeem us from the clutches of one, who has none; be comforted, my dear mother, for this gentleman has ſome Chriſtian charity in his heart. I don't know what charity may be in his heart, cried the fellow, but he has ſo little of the Chriſtian in his countenance, that I'll bet ten to one he is a Jew. Be that as it may, ſaid I, a Jew may have feeling, and therefore ſay what theſe poor women are indebted to you, and I will pay down the money, if my pocket can reach it; if not, I believe my name, though it be a Jew's name, will be good for the ſum, let it be what it will. May God reward you, cried the mother, our debt is not great, though it is more than we have preſent means to pay; we owe but ſix and twenty ſhillings to our hardened creditor; I believe I am right, Conſtantia, (turning to her daughter) but you know what it is correctly. That is the amount of it, replied the lovely Conſtantia, for ſuch ſhe now appeared to me, as ſhe was in the act of ſupporting her mother on the bolſter with her arm under her neck. Take your money, man, quoth I, receive what is your own, and let theſe helpleſs creatures lodge in peace one night beneath your roof; to-morrow I will remove them, if this infirm woman ſhall be

be able to endure it. I hope my houſe is my own, anſwered the ſavage, and I don't deſire to be troubled with them one night longer, no, nor even one hour.

Is this poſſible? exclaimed Ned; are there ſuch diſtreſſes in the world? what then have I been doing all this while? Having ſo ſaid, he ſprung nimbly out of his eaſy chair, took a haſty ſtride or two acroſs the room, rubbing his forehead as he walked, threw himſelf into an empty chair, which ſtood next to that, in which Mr. Abrahams was ſitting, and begged him once more to proceed with his narrative.

With the help of my apothecary, who lived in the very houſe, at the door of which I had converſed with Conſtantia, I removed the invalid and her daughter that very evening in a hackney coach to my own houſe, which was not far diſtant; and by the ſame medical aſſiſtance and my wife's care, who is an excellent nurſe, I had the ſatisfaction to ſee the poor woman regain her health and ſtrength very ſpeedily, for in fact her weakneſs had been more the effect of miſery and want of diet, than any real diſeaſe: As for Conſtantia, her looks kept pace with her mother's recovery, and I muſt ſay without flattery ſhe is altogether the fineſt creature I ever looked upon.

The

The mother of Conſtantia is ſtill a very comely woman and not above forty years old; ſhe has a father living, who is a man of great opulence, but he has conceived ſuch irreconcileable diſpleaſure at her marrying, that he has never ſince that event taken the leaſt notice either of her or of his grandchild. Then he is an unnatural monſter, cried Ned, and will be ſent to the devil for his barbarity.

Mr. Abrahams proceeded as follows; ſhe is the widow of a Captain Goodiſon, of whoſe unhappy ſtory I have at different times collected only a few particulars, but from theſe I can underſtand that ſhe went with him to America, and took her daughter with her; that he had a company of foot, and little elſe to maintain himſelf and family upon but his pay; that he ſerved there in moſt of the campaigns with the reputation of a gallant officer, but that the ſpirit of gaming having been ſuffered to infect the Engliſh army in their winter quarters at New-York, this wretched man, the father and the huſband of theſe helpleſs women, became a prey to that infernal paſſion, and being driven to ſell his commiſſion to pay his loſſes at play, put an end to his miſerable exiſtence by a bullet.

Here Abrahams pauſed, whilſt Ned gave vent to a groan, in which I can anſwer for his being

ſeconded by one more heart at leaſt then in company, from which the recollection of that fatal period never fails to extort a pang.

The ſeries of ſufferings, which the unhappy widow and her child endured, (continued Abrahams) from this tragical period, were ſuch as I muſt leave you to imagine, for I neither wiſhed to be informed of them, nor could ſhe expatiate upon them. It may however be proper to inform Mr. Drowſy, that I am convinced there is no room for hope, that any future impreſſion can be made upon the unforgiving nature of Conſtantia's grandfather, and it would be unjuſt in me to repreſent her as any other than what ſhe is, deſtitute of fortune even in expectancy. And what is ſhe the worſe for that? cried Ned; amongſt the articles I ſtipulate for in the advertiſement, which Mr. Sparkle has been reading, I believe you will not find that money is put down for one. Upon this Mr. Abrahams made a proper compliment to my friend, and addreſſing himſelf to the company began to apologize for having taken up ſo much of our attention by his long diſcourſe; this naturally produced a return of acknowledgments on our parts, with many and juſt commendations of his benevolence. The honeſt man's features brightened with joy upon receiving this welcome teſtimony,

which he ſo well deſerved, and I remarked with pleaſure that our reverend friend, the curate, now began to regard Abrahams with an eye of complacency, and having ſet himſelf in order, like one who was about to harangue his audience with a prepared oration, he turned a gracious countenance upon the humble adverſary of his faith, and delivered himſelf as follows—

Charity, Mr. Abrahams, is by our church eſteemed the firſt of Chriſtian virtues, and as we are commanded to pray even for our enemies, in obedience to that bleſſed mandate I devoutly pray that in your inſtance it may avail to cover and blot out the multitude of ſins. Your reaching forth the hand of mercy to theſe poor Chriſtians in their pitiable diſtreſs proves you to be a man ſuperior to thoſe ſhameful prejudices, which make a falſe plea of religion for ſhutting up the heart againſt all, but thoſe of it's own faith and perſuaſion. I have liſtened to your narrative with attention, and it is but juſtice to you to confeſs, that your forbearing to retort upon the ſcurrilous fellow in the lodging-houſe, who inſulted you on the ſcore of your national phyſiognomy, is a circumſtance very highly to your credit, and what would have done honor to any one of the profeſſors of that religion, which teaches us, when we are reviled, to revile not

again. I alſo remarked the modeſt manner of your ſpeaking, when you unavoidably reported of your own good deeds; you ſounded no trumpet before you, and thereby convinced me you are not of that phariſaical leaven, which ſeeketh the praiſe of men; and let me tell you, Sir, it is the very teſt of true charity, that it vaunteth not itſelf, is not puffed up. Humility, Mr. Abrahams, in a peculiar degree is expected of you, as of one of the children of wrath, ſcattered over the face of the earth without an abiding place, which you may call your own: Charity alſo is in you a duty of more than ordinary obligation, for you and your's ſubſiſt no otherwiſe than on the charity of the nations, who give you ſhelter: The alms of others may be termed a free gift of love, but your alms are in fact a legal tribute for protection. To conclude—I exhort you to take in good part what I have now been ſaying; you are the firſt of your nation I ever communed with, and if hereafter in the execution of my duty I am led to ſpeak with rigour of your ſtiff-necked generation, I ſhall make a mental exception in your favour, and recommend you in my prayers for all Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics by a ſeparate ejaculation in your behalf.

Whether Abrahams in his heart thanked the honeſt curate for his zeal is hard to ſay, but there

there was nothing to be obſerved in his countenance, which beſpoke any other emotions than thoſe of benevolence and good-nature. My friend Drowſy was not quite ſo placid at certain periods of the diſcourſe, and when he found that the humble Iſraelite made no other return, but by a civil inclination of the head to the ſpeaker at the concluſion of the harangue, he ſaid to Abrahams in a qualifying tone of voice, Mr. Beetle, Sir, means well; to which the other inſtantly replied, that he did not doubt it, and then with a deſign, as it ſhould ſeem, to turn the diſcourſe, informed Ned, that he had taken the liberty of going in perſon to the father of Mrs. Goodiſon, in hopes he would have allowed him to ſpeak of the ſituation, in which he had found his daughter and her child; but alas! added he, I had no ſooner began to open the buſineſs upon which I came, than he inſtantly ſtopt my mouth by demanding, if I came into his houſe to affront him? that he was aſtoniſhed at my aſſurance for daring to name his daughter in his hearing, and in the ſame breath in a very haughty tone cried out, Harkye, Sir! are not you a Jew? to which I had no ſooner replied in the affirmative, than ringing his bell very violently, he called out to his footman, to put that Jew out of his doors.

Here Abrahams pauſed; Ned ſtarted up from

his chair, drank a glaſs of wine, ſhook the Jew by the hand, flounced down upon his ſeat again, whiſtled part of a tune, and turning to me ſaid in a half-whiſper, What a world is this we live in!

N° CXX.

AFTER the converſation related in the preceding chapter, Drowſy and his gueſts paſſed a ſocial evening, and honeſt Abrahams was prevailed upon to take a bed at Poppy Hall. The next morning early, as I was walking in the garden, I was much ſurpriſed to find Ned there before me—I dare ſay you wonder, ſaid he, what could provoke my lazineſs to quit my pillow thus early, but I am reſolved to ſhake off a ſlothful habit, which till our diſcourſe laſt night I never conſidered as criminal. I have been thinking over all that Mr. Abrahams told us about the diſtreſſed widow and her daughter, and I muſt own to you I have a longing deſire to obtain a ſight of this Conſtantia, whom he deſcribes to be ſo charming in mind and perſon. Now

Now I don't know with what face I can invite her hither; beſides I conſider, though I might prevail upon Mr. Abrahams to bring her, yet I ſhould be confoundedly hampered how to get handſomely off, if upon acquaintance it did not ſuit me to propoſe for her.

You judge rightly, ſaid I, your dilemma would be embarraſſing.

Well then, quoth he, there is no alternative but for me to go to her, and though I am aware of the trouble it will give me to take a journey to London, where I have never been and ſhall probably make a very awkward figure, yet if you will encourage me ſo far as to ſay you will take a corner in my coach thither, and Mr. Abrahams does not object to the ſcheme, I will even pluck up a good courage and ſet out to-morrow.

Be it ſo! anſwered I, if Mr. Abrahams approves of it, I have no objection to the party.

On the morrow we ſet off; Abrahams and myſelf with Ned and his old ſervant in his coach for London, and in the evening of the ſecond day our poſt-boys delivered us ſafe at Bloſſom's Inn in Lawrence-Lane. Abrahams procured us lodgings at the houſe of his apothecary in the Poultry, where he firſt ſheltered Mrs. Goodiſon and Conſtantia; and having ſettled this affair

the good man haſtened home to preſent himſelf to his family, and prepare for our ſupping at his houſe that night.

My friend Ned had been in a broad ſtare of amazement ever ſince his entry into London; he ſeemed anxious to know what all the people were about, and why they poſted up and down in ſuch a hurry; he frequently aſked me when they would go home and be quiet; for his own part he doubted if he ſhould get a wink of ſleep till he was fairly out of this noiſy town.

As he was feaſting his curioſity from the window of our lodgings, the Lord Mayor paſſed by in his ſtate coach towards the Manſion Houſe—God bleſs his Majeſty! cried Ned, he is a portly man. He was rather diſappointed when I ſet him right in his miſtake; but nevertheleſs the ſpectacle pleaſed him, and he commented very gravely upon the commodious ſize of the coach and the ſlow pace of the proceſſion, which he ſaid ſhewed the good ſenſe and diſcretion of the city magiſtrate, and obſerving him to be a very corpulent man, added with an air of ſome conſequence, that he would venture to pronounce my Lord Mayor of London was a wiſe man and conſulted his own eaſe.

We now were to ſet ourſelves in order for our viſit to honeſt Abrahams, and Ned began to ſhew

ſhew ſome anxiety about certain articles of his dreſs and appearance, which did not exactly tally with the ſpruce air of the city ſparks, whom he had reconnoitred in the ſtreets: The whole was confeſſedly of the ruſtic order, but I encouraged him to put his truſt in broad-cloth and country bloom, and ſeriouſly exhorted him not to truſt his head to the ſheers of a London hair-dreſſer. I now ordered a coach to be called, which was no ſooner announced than Ned obſerved it was ſpeedily got ready; but they do every thing in a hurry in this place, added he, and I wiſh to my heart the fat gentleman in the fine coach may order all the people to bed before our return, that I may ſtand ſome chance of getting a little reſt and quiet amongſt them.

We now ſtept into our hack, but not without a caution from Ned to the coachman to drive gently over the ſtones, which, to give him his due, he faithfully performed. We were received at the door by our friendly Iſraelite with a ſmiling welcome, and conducted by him up ſtairs to a plain but neat apartment, in which was the miſtreſs of the houſe, an elderly decent matron, who preſented us to Mrs. Goodiſon, the mother of Conſtantia, in whoſe countenance, though pale and overcaſt with melancholy, beauty and modeſt dignity ſtill kept their native poſt.

Honeſt

Honeſt Ned made his firſt approaches with a bow, which Veſtris perhaps could have mended, though it was of nature's workmanſhip; and this he ſtoutly followed up with a kiſs to each lady, after the cuſtom of the country, that loudly ſpoke it's own good report.

Whilſt theſe antient and exploded ceremonies were in operation, the door opened, and preſented to our eyes—a wonder! It was a combination of grace and beauty to have extorted raptures from old age itſelf; it was a form of modeſty to have awed the paſſions of licentious youth; it was in one word, Conſtantia herſelf, and till our reigning beauties ſhall to equal charms add equal humility, and preſent themſelves like her to the beholder's eye without one conſcious glance of exultation at their triumphs, ſhe muſt remain no otherwiſe deſcribed than as that name beſpeaks the unrivalled model of her ſex.

As for my friend Ned, who had acquitted himſelf ſo dexterouſly with the elder ladies, his lips had done their office; neither voice nor motion remained with them, and aſtoniſhment would not even ſuffer them to cloſe—

Obſtupuit, ſteteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæſit.

And what after all were the mighty inſtruments,

ments, by which theſe effects were produced? Hearken, *O Taviſtock-ſtreet*, and believe it if you can! The ſimpleſt dreſs, which modeſty could clothe itſelf with, was all the armour, which this conqueror had put on; a plain white cotton veſt with a cloſe head-dreſs, (ſuch as your very windows would have bluſhed to have exhibited) filleted with a black ſilk ribband, were all the aids, that Nature borrowed to attire her matchleſs piece of work.

Thus ſhe ſtood before us and there ſhe might have ſtood for us till now, if the compaſſionate Iſraelite had not again ſtepped in to her reſcue: He led her to a chair, and, taking his ſeat, ſet the converſation afloat by telling her of his viſit to the worthy gentleman then preſent (as his body indeed might witneſs, but for his ſenſes they were elſewhere) ſpoke handſomely of his kind reception, of the natural beauties of the place and the country about it, and concluded with ſaying he had now the honour to introduce the owner of that hoſpitable manſion to her acquaintance, and he flattered himſelf he could not do a more acceptable office to both parties.

The anſwer, which Conſtantia made to this elaborate harangue, would in vain be ſought for in *the academy of compliments*, for it conſiſted ſimply in the eloquence of two expreſſive eyes, which

which ſhe directed upon the ſpeechleſs trunk of poor Ned, ſomewhere as I ſhould gueſs about the region of his heart, for I am perſuaded her emiſſaries never ſtopped till they made their way to the citadel and had audience there.

Ned now began to ſtammer out a few ſentences, by which, if Conſtantia did not underſtand more than was expreſſed, ſhe could not be much the wiſer for the information he gave her; he was glad and ſorry twice or thrice in a breath, and not always in the right place; he hoped and believed and preſumed to ſay—juſt nothing at all; when in a moment the word Supper! announced through the noſe of a ſnuffling Hebrew ſervant, came, as if it had been conjured up by the wand of an enchanter, to deliver him out of his diſtreſs: The manna in the wilderneſs was hardly more welcome to the famiſhed Jews, than were now the bloodleſs viands, that awaited us on the friendly board of Abrahams, to the ears I ſhould have ſaid rather than to the appetite of Drowſy.

Love I know can do more in the way of metamorphoſis, than Ovid ever heard of; and to ſay the truth, what he had done to Ned was no trifling teſt of his art; for it was in fact no leſs a change, than if he had transformed Morpheus into Mercury; Good fellowſhip however can do

ſomething

ſomething in the ſame way, and the hoſpitable feſtivity of the honeſt Iſraelite now brought Ned's heart to his lips and ſet it to work: Youth ſoon catches the ſocial ſympathy, but even age and ſorrow now threw aſide their gloom, and paid their ſubſcription to the board with a good grace. Ned, whoſe countenance was lighted up with a genuine glow of benevolence, that had entirely diſpelled that air of laſſitude, which had ſo long diſarmed an intereſting ſet of features of their natural vivacity and ſpirit, now exhibited a character of as much manly beauty and even mental expreſſion, as I had ever contemplated—

Quid non poſſit amor?

Madam, ſays he, directing his diſcourſe to Mrs. Goodiſon, it is not for the honour of human nature, that I ſhould wholly credit what our worthy hoſt has told me: I won't believe there are half ſo many hard hearts in the world as we hear of; it is not talking reaſon to a man that will always argue him out of his obſtinacy; it is not ſuch a fellow as myſelf, no, nor even ſo good a pleader as my friend here, (pointing to Abrahams) who can turn a tough heart to pity; but let me once come acroſs a certain father, that ſhall be nameleſs, and let me be properly prepared to encounter

counter him, and I'll wager all I am worth, I will bring him round in a twinkling: Only let me have the proper credentials in my hand, do you ſee, and I'll do it. I know whom you point at, replied Mrs. Goodiſon, but I don't comprehend all your meaning; what credentials do you allude to? To the moſt powerful, ſaid Ned, that nature ever ſet her hand to; the irreſiſtible eyes of this young lady; might I only ſay—This angel is a ſupplicant to you, the heart that would not melt muſt be of marble. Conſtantia bluſhed, every body ſeemed delighted with the unexpected turn of Ned's reply, whilſt Mrs. Goodiſon anſwered, that ſhe feared even that experiment would diſappoint him; upon which he eagerly rejoined, Then I have a reſource againſt the worſt that can befal us: There is a comfortable little manſion ſtands without-ſide of my park; it is furniſhed and in compleat repair; there is a pleaſant garden to it; Mr. Abrahams has ſeen it, and if you will be my tenant, you ſhall not find me ſo hard a landlord, as ſome you have had to deal with. As Ned ſpoke theſe words, Mrs. Goodiſon turned her eyes full upon him with ſo intelligent and ſcrutinizing an expreſſion, as to cauſe a ſhort ſtop in his ſpeech, after which he continued—Ah, Madam, how happy you might make me! the laſt inhabitant

of

of this beloved little place was my excellent mother; ſhe paſſed two years of widowhood in it with no companion but myſelf; I wiſh I had been more worthy of ſuch ſociety and more capable of improving by it; but I was ſadly cramped in my education, being kept at home by my father, who meant all for the beſt (God forbid I ſhould reproach him!) and put me under the care of Parſon Beetle, the curate of our pariſh, an honeſt well-meaning man, but alas! I was a dull lazy blockhead and he did not keep me to my book. However ſuch as I am, I know my own deficiencies, and I hope want of honeſty and ſincerity is not amongſt the number. Nobody can ſuſpect it, cried Abrahams. Pardon me, replied Ned, I am afraid Mrs. Goodiſon is not thoroughly convinced of it; ſurely, Madam, you will not ſuppoſe I could look you in the face and utter an untruth. Nobody can look in your's, Sir, anſwered ſhe, and expect to hear one; it is your unmerited generoſity that ſtops my tongue. After all, reſumed Abrahams, I am as much indebted to your generoſity as any body preſent, for as you have never once mentioned the name of my Conſtantia in this propoſal, I perceive you do not intend to rob me of both my comforts at the ſame time. 'Tis becauſe I have not the preſumption to hope, anſwered

ſwered Ned, that I have any thing to offer, which ſuch excellence would condeſcend to take: I could wiſh to tender her the beſt manſion I poſſeſs, but there is an encumbrance goes with it, which I deſpair of reconciling to ſo elegant a taſte as her's.—O love, ſaid I within myſelf, thou art a notable teacher of rhetoric! I glanced my eye round the table; Ned did the very reverſe of what a modern fine gentleman would have done at the cloſe of ſuch a ſpeech, he never once ventured to lift up his eyes, or direct a look towards the object he had addreſſed; the fine countenance of Conſtantia aſſumed a hue, which I ſuſpect our dealers in Circaſſian bloom have not yet been able to imitate, nor, if they could, to ſhift ſo ſuddenly; for whilſt my eye was paſſing over it, her cheek underwent a change, which courtly cheeks, who purchaſe bluſhes, are not ſubject to: the whole was conducted by thoſe moſt genuine maſters and beſt colouriſts of the human countenance, modeſty and ſenſibility, under the direction of nature, and though I am told the ingenious Preſident of our Royal Academy has attempted ſomething in art, which reſembles it, yet I am hard to believe, that his carnations, however volatile, can quite keep pace with the changes of Conſtantia's cheek. Wiſe and diſcreet young ladies, who are taught

taught to know the world by education and experience, have a better method of concealing their thoughts and a better reaſon for concealing them; in ſhort they manage this matter with more addreſs, and do not, like poor Conſtantia—

——Wear their hearts upon their ſleeve
For daws to peck at.

When a faſhionable lover aſſails his miſtreſs with all that energy of action as well as utterance, which accompanies polite declarations of paſſion, it would be highly indiſcreet in her to ſhew him how ſupremely pleaſed and flattered ſhe is by his impudence; no, ſhe puts a proper portion of ſcorn into her features and with a ſtern countenance tells him, ſhe cannot ſtand his impertinence; if he will not take this fair warning and deſiſt, ſhe may indeed be overpowered through the weakneſs of her ſex, but nobody can ſay it was her baſhfulneſs that betrayed her, or that there was any prudent hypocriſy ſpared in her defence.

Again, when a faſhionable lady throws her fine arms round her huſband's neck, and in the mournful tone of conjugal complaint ſighs out —"And will my deareſt leave his fond unhappy wife to bewail his abſence, whilſt he is following a vile filthy fox over hedge and

" ditch at the peril of his neck?"—would it not be a moſt unbred piece of ſincerity were ſhe to expreſs in her face what ſhe feels in her heart—a cordial wiſh that he may really break his neck, and that ſhe is very much beholden to thoſe odious hounds, as ſhe calls them, for taking him out of her ſight? Certainly ſuch an act of folly could not be put up with in an age and country ſo enlightened as the preſent; and ſurely, when ſo many ladies of diſtinction are turning actreſſes in public to amuſe their friends, it would be hard if they did not ſet apart ſome rehearſals in private to accommodate themſelves.

N° CXXI.

N° CXXI.

I LEFT Conſtantia ſomewhat abruptly in my laſt paper; and to ſay the truth rather in an awkward predicament; but as I do not like to interrupt young ladies in their bluſhes, I took occaſion to call off the reader's attention from her, and beſtowed it upon other ladies, who are not ſubject to the ſame embarraſſments.

Our party ſoon broke up after this event: Ned and I repaired to our apartments in the Poultry, Conſtantia to thoſe ſlumbers, which purity inſpires, temperance endears and devotion bleſſes.

The next morning brought Ned to my levee; he had lain awake all night, but no noiſes were complained of; they were not in the fault of having deprived him of his repoſe.

He took up the morning paper and the play-houſe advertiſements caught his eye: He began to queſtion me about *The Clandeſtine Marriage*, which was up for the night at Drury Lane: Was it a comedy? I told him, yes, and an admirable one: Then it ended happily, he preſumed: Certainly it did; a very amiable young woman was clandeſtinely married to a deſerving

young man, and both parties at the cloſe of the fable were reconciled to their friends and made happy in each other: And is all this repreſented on the ſtage? cried Ned:—All this with many more incidents is acted on the ſtage, and ſo acted, let me aſſure you, as leaves the merit of the performers only to be exceeded by that of the poet:—This is fine indeed! replied he; then as ſure as can be I will be there this very night, if you think they will admit a country clown like me.—There was no fear of that.—Very well then; is not this the play of all plays for Conſtantia? Oh! that I had old ſurly there too; what would I give to have her grandfather at her elbow! He was ſo poſſeſſed with the idea, and built his caſtles in the air ſo nimbly, that I could not find in my heart to daſh the viſion by throwing any bars in it's way, though enough occurred to me, had I been diſpoſed to employ them.

Away poſted Ned—*(quantum mutatus ab illo!)* on the wings of love to Saint Mary Axe; what rhetoric he there made uſe of I cannot pretend to ſay, but certainly he came back with a decree in his favour for Mrs. Abrahams and Conſtantia to accompany him to the comedy, if I would undertake to convoy the party; for honeſt Abrahams, (though a dear lover of the Muſe, and as much

much attached to ſtage plays, as his countryman Shylock was averſe from them) had an unlucky engagement elſewhere, and as for Mrs. Goodiſon, Ned had ſagaciouſly diſcovered that ſhe had ſome objection to the title of the comedy in her own particular, though ſhe ſtated none againſt her daughter's being there.

After an early dinner with Abrahams, we repaired to the theatre, four in number, and whilſt the ſecond muſic was playing poſted ourſelves with all due precaution on the third row of one of the front boxes, where places had been kept for us; Mrs. Abrahams on my left hand againſt the partition of the box, and Conſtantia on the other hand between her admirer and me.

There is ſomething captivating in that burſt of ſplendor, ſcenery, human beauty and feſtivity, which a royal theatre diſplays to every ſpectator on his entrance; what then muſt have been the ſtroke on his optics, who never entered one before? Ned looked about him with ſurpriſe, and had there not been a central point of attraction, to which his eyes were neceſſarily impelled by laws not leſs irreſiſtible than thoſe of gravitation, there might have been no ſpeedy ſtop to the eccentricity of their motions. It was not indeed one of thoſe delightfully crowded houſes, which theatrical advertiſers announce ſo

rapturouſly to draw ſucceeding audiences to the comforts of ſucceeding crowds, there to enjoy the peals of the loudeſt plaudits and moſt roaring burſts of laughter, beſtowed upon the tricks of a harlequin or the gibberiſh of a buffoon; but it was a full aſſembly of rational beings, convened for the enjoyment of a rational entertainment, where the ears were not in danger of being inſulted by ribaldry, nor the underſtanding libelled by the ſpectacle of folly.

Ned was charmed with the comedy, and ſoon became deeply intereſted for *Lovewell* and *Fanny*, on whoſe diſtreſsful ſituation he made many natural remarks to his fair neighbour, and ſhe on her part beſtowed more attention on the ſcene, than was ſtrictly reconcileable to modern high-breeding. The repreſentative of *Lord Ogleby* put him into ſome alarm at firſt, and he whiſpered in my ear, that he hoped the merry old gentleman was not really ſo ill as he ſeemed to be;—for I am ſure, adds he, he would be the beſt actor in the world, was he to recover his health, ſince he can make ſo good a ſtand even at death's door. I put his heart to reſt by aſſuring him that his ſickneſs was all a fiction, and that the ſame old decrepid invalid, when he had waſhed the wrinkles out of his face, was as gay and ſprightly as the beſt, aye, added I, and in his

real

real character one of the beſt into the bargain: I am glad of it, I am glad of it to my heart, anſwered Ned, I hope he will never have one half of the complaints, which he counterfeits; but 'tis ſurpriſing what ſome men can do.

In the interval of the ſecond act an aged gentleman of a grave and ſenatorial appearance, in a full-dreſſed ſuit of purple ratteen and a flowing white wig, entered the box alone, and as he was looking out for a ſeat, it was with pleaſure I obſerved the young idlers at the back pay reſpect to his age and perſon by making way for him, and pointing to a ſpare place on our bench, to which he advanced, and after ſome apologies natural to a well-bred man took his ſeat on our range.

His eyes immediately paid the tribute, which even age could not withhold from the beauty of Conſtantia; he regarded her with more than a common degree of ſenſibility and attention; he watched for opportunities of ſpeaking to her every now and then at the ſhifting of a ſcene or the exit of a performer; he aſked her opinion of the actors, of the comedy, and at the concluſion of the act ſaid to her, I dare believe, young lady, you are no friend to the title of this comedy: I ſhould be no friend to it, replied Conſtantia, if the author had drawn ſo unnatural a

character as an unrelenting father. One ſuch monſter in an age, cried Ned, taking up the diſcourſe, is one too many. When I overheard theſe words and noticed the effect, which they had upon him, combining it alſo with his emotion at certain times, when he examined the features of Conſtantia with a fixed attention, a thought aroſe in my mind of a romantic nature, which I kept to myſelf, that we might poſſibly be then in company with the father of Mrs. Goodiſon and that Ned's prophetic wiſhes were actually verified. When *Fanny* is diſcovered to be a married woman at the cloſe of the comedy, and the father in his fury cries out to her huſband—*Lovewell, you ſhall leave my houſe directly, and you ſhall follow him, Madam*—Ned could not refrain himſelf from exclaiming, Oh, the hardened monſter!—but whilſt the words were on his lips, *Lord Ogleby* immediately replied to the father in the very words, which benevolence would have dictated—*And if they do, I will receive them into mine*, whereupon the whole theatre gave a loud applauſe, and Conſtantia, whilſt the tear of ſenſibility and gratitude ſtarted in her eye, taking advantage of the general noiſe to addreſs herſelf to Ned without being overheard, remarked to him—That this was an effuſion of generoſity ſhe could not ſcruple to applaud,

ſince ſhe had an example in her eye, which convinced her it was in nature.—Pardon me, replied Ned, I find nothing in the ſentiment to call for my applauſe; every man would act as *Lora Ogleby* does, but there is only one father living, who would play the part of that brute *Sterling*, and I wiſh old Goodiſon was here at my elbow to ſee the copy of his own hateful features. It was evident that the ſtranger, who ſat next to Ned, overheard this reply, for he gave a ſudden ſtart, which ſhook his frame, and darting an angry glance ſuddenly exclaimed—Sir!—and then as ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, checked his ſpeech and bit his lips in ſudden ſilence. This had paſſed without being obſerved by Ned, who turning round at the word, which he conceived was addreſſed to him, ſaid in a mild tone —Did you ſpeak to me, Sir? to which the old gentleman making no anſwer, the matter paſſed unnoticed, except by me.

As ſoon as the comedy was over, our box began to empty itſelf into the lobby, when the ſtranger ſeeing the bench unoccupied behind me, left his place and planted himſelf at my back. I was now more than ever poſſeſſed with the idea of his being old Goodiſon, and wiſhed to aſcertain if poſſible the certainty of my gueſs; I therefore made a pretence to the ladies

ladies of giving them more room and ſtept back to the bench on which he was ſitting. After a few words in the way of apology he aſked me, if he might without offence requeſt the name of the young lady I had juſt quitted; with this I readily complied, and when I gave her name methought he ſeemed prepared to expect it: He aſked me if her mother was a widow; I told him ſhe was—Where was ſhe at preſent and in what condition? She was at preſent in the houſe of a moſt benevolent creature, who had reſcued her from the deepeſt diſtreſs—Might he aſk the name of the perſon, who had done that good action? I told him both his name and place of abode, deſcribed in as few words as I could the ſituation he had found her and Conſtantia in, ſpoke briefly, but warmly, of his character, and omitted not to give him as many particulars of my friend Ned as I thought neceſſary; in concluſion I made myſelf alſo known to him, and explained what my ſmall part had been in the tranſaction. He made his acknowledgments for theſe communications in very handſome terms, and then after a ſhort pauſe, in which he ſeemed under difficulty how to proceed, he ſpoke to this effect:

I am aware that I ſhall introduce myſelf to you under ſome diſadvantages, when I tell you I

am

am the father of that young woman's mother; but if you are not a parent yourſelf, you cannot judge of a parent's feelings towards an undutiful child; and if you are one, I hope you have not had, nor ever will have, the experience of what I have felt: Let that paſs therefore without further comment! I have now determined to ſee my daughter, and I hope I may avail myſelf of your good offices in preparing her for the interview; I wiſh it to take place to-morrow, and, if you foreſee no objection, let our meeting be at the houſe of her benefactor Mr. Abrahams; for to that worthy perſon, as you deſcribe him to be, I have many neceſſary apologies to make, and more thanks than I ſhall know how to repay; for the preſent I muſt beg you will ſay nothing about me in this place.

To all theſe points I gave him ſatisfactory aſſurances, and ſettled the hour of twelve next day for the meeting; he then drew a ſhagreen caſe out of his pocket, which he put into my hand, ſaying, that if I would compare that face with Conſtantia's I could not wonder at the agitation, which ſo ſtrong a family-reſemblance had given him; it was a portrait of his deceaſed wife at Conſtantia's age; the firſt glance he had of her features had ſtruck him to the heart; he could not keep his eyes from her; ſhe was indeed

indeed a perfect beauty; he had never beheld any thing to compare with her, but that counterpart of her image then in my hand; he begged to leave it in my care till our meeting next morning; perhaps, added he, the ſight of it will give a pang of ſenſibility to my poor diſcarded child, but I think it will give her joy alſo, if you tender it as a pledge of my reconciliation and returning love.

Here his voice ſhook, his eyes ſwam in tears, and claſping my hand eagerly between his, he conjured me to remember what I had promiſed, and haſtened out of the houſe.

N° CXXII.

WHEN I had parted from the old gentleman, I found Mrs. Abrahams deſirous to return home, being ſomewhat indiſpoſed by the heat of the theatre, ſo that I loſt no time in getting her and Conſtantia into the coach: In our way homewards I reported the converſation I had held with Mr. Goodiſon; the different effects it had upon my hearers were ſuch as might be expected from their ſeveral characters; the gentle ſpirit of Conſtantia found relief in tears; her grateful heart diſcharged itſelf in praiſes and thankſgivings to Providence: Mrs. Abrahams forgot her head-ach, felicitated herſelf in having prevailed upon Mrs. Goodiſon to conſent to her daughter's going to the play, declared ſhe had a preſentiment that ſomething fortunate would come to paſs, thought the title of the comedy was a lucky omen, congratulated Conſtantia over and over, and begged to be indulged in the pleaſure of telling theſe moſt joyful tidings to her good man at home: Ned put in his claim for a ſhare in the prophecy no leſs than Mrs. Abrahams; he had a kind of a ſomething in his thoughts,

thoughts, when Goodiſon ſat at his elbow, that did not quite amount to a diſcovery, and yet it was very like it; he had a ſort of an impulſe to give him a gird or two upon the character of *Sterling*, and he was very ſure that what he threw out upon the occaſion made him ſqueak, and that the diſcovery would never have come about, if it had not been for him; he even advanced ſome learned remarks upon the good effects of ſtage-plays in giving touches to the conſcience, though I do not pretend to ſay he had *Jeremy Collier* in his thoughts at the time; in ſhort, what between the Hebrew and the Chriſtian there was little or nothing left for my ſhare in the work, ſo that I contented myſelf with cautioning Conſtantia how ſhe broke it to her mother, and recommended to Mrs. Abrahams to confine her diſcourſe to her huſband, and leave Conſtantia to undertake for Mrs. Goodiſon.

When we arrived at our journey's end we found the honeſt Jew alone, and ſurpriſed him before he expected us: Mrs. Goodiſon was gone to bed a little indiſpoſed, Conſtantia haſtened up to her without entering the parlour; Mrs. Abrahams let looſe the clapper of joy and rang in the good news with ſo full a peal and ſo many changes, that there was no more to be

done on my part but to correct a few trips in the performance of the nature of pleonasms, which were calculated to improve the tale in every particular but the truth of it. When she had fairly acquitted herself of the history, she began to recollect her head-ach, and then left us very thoroughly disposed to have a fellow-feeling in the same complaint.

After a few natural reflections upon the event, soberly debated and patiently delivered, I believe we were all of one mind in wishing for a new subject, and a silence took place sufficiently preparatory for it's introduction; when Abrahams, putting on a grave and serious look, in a more solemn tone of voice, than I had ever heard him assume, delivered himself as follows:

There is something, Gentlemen, presses on my mind, which seems a duty on my conscience to impart to you: I cannot reconcile myself to play the counterfeit in your company, and therefore if you will have patience to listen to a few particulars of a life, so unimportant as mine, I will not intrude long upon your attention, and at worst it may serve to fill up a few spare minutes before we are called to our meal.

I need not repeat what was said on our parts; we drew our chairs round the fire; Abrahams gave a sigh, hemmed twice or thrice, as if the words

words in riſing to his throat had choaked him, and thus began:

I was born in Spain, the only ſon of a younger brother of an antient and noble houſe, which like many others of the ſame origin and perſuaſion had long been in the indiſpenſable practice of conforming to the eſtabliſhed religion, whilſt ſecretly and under the moſt guarded concealment every member of it without exception hath adhered to thoſe opinions, which have been the faith of our tribe from the earlieſt ages.

This I truſt will account to you for my declining to expoſe my real name, and juſtify the diſcretion of my aſſuming the fictitious one, by which I am now known to you.

Till I had reached my twentieth year I knew myſelf for nothing but a Chriſtian, if that may be called Chriſtianity, which monkiſh ſuperſtition and idolatry have ſo adulterated and diſtorted from the moral purity of it's ſcriptural guides, as to keep no traces even of rationality in it's form and practice.

This period of life is the uſual ſeaſon for the parents of an adult to reveal to him the awful ſecret of their concealed religion: The circumſtances, under which this tremendous diſcovery is confided to the youth, are ſo contrived as to imprint

imprint upon his heart the ſtrongeſt ſeal of ſecrecy, and at the ſame time preſent to his choice the alternative of parricide or conformity: With me there was no heſitation; none could be; for the yoke of Rome had galled my conſcience till it feſtered, and I ſeized emancipation with the avidity of a ranſomed ſlave, who eſcapes out of the hands of infidels.

Upon our great and ſolemn day of the Paſſover I was initiated into Judaiſm; my father conducted me to the interior chamber of a ſuite of apartments, locking every door, through which we paſſed, with great precaution, and not uttering a ſyllable by the way; in this ſecure retreat he purpoſed to celebrate that antient rite, which our nation holds ſo ſacred: He was at that time in an alarming decline; the agitating taſk he had been engaged in overpowered his ſpirits; whilſt he was yet ſpeaking to me, and my eyes were fixed upon his face, the hand of death ſmote him; I ſaw his eye-lids quiver; I heard him draw his laſt expiring ſigh, and falling dead upon my neck as I was kneeling at his feet, he brought me backwards to the floor, where I laid panting under his lifeleſs corpſe, ſcarce more alive than he was.

The noiſe of his fall and the horrid ſhrieks I began to utter, for I had no preſence of mind in

that fatal moment, were unfortunately overheard, far as we were removed from the family: The room we were in had a communication with our private chapel; the monk, who was our family confeſſor, had a maſter-key, which commanded the avenues to that place; he was then before the altar, when my cries reached his ears; he aſcended haſtily by the private ſtair-caſe, and finding the door locked, his terror at my yells adding ſtrength to a coloſſal form, with one vehement kick he burſt open the door, and, beſides the tragic ſpectacle on the ground, too plainly diſcovered the damning proofs of our apoſtacy.

Vile wretch, cried he as he ſeized hold of my father's body, unholy villain, circumciſed infidel! I thank my God for having ſmote thee with a ſudden judgment: Lie there like a dog as thou art, and expect the burial of a dog! This ſaid, with one furious jerk of his arm he hurled the venerable corpſe of the moſt benevolent of God's creatures with the utmoſt violence to the corner of the room: Whilſt I tell it my blood curdles; I heard his head daſh againſt the marble floor; I did not dare to turn my eyes to the ſpot; the ſword, which my father had preſented to my hand and pointed at his own breaſt, when he imparted to me his faith, lay naked on

the floor; I graſped it in my hand; nature tugged at my heart; I felt an impulſe irreſiſtible; I buried it in the bowels of the monk: I thruſt it home with ſo good a will, that the guard entangled in the cord that was tied about his carcaſe; I left my weapon in the body, and the ponderous bigot fell thundering on the pavement.

A ready thought, which ſeemed like inſpiration, ſeized me; I diſpoſed my father's corpſe in decent order; drew the ring from his finger, on which the ſymbol of our tribe was engraved in Hebrew characters; I took away thoſe fatal tokens, which had betrayed us; there were implements for writing on a table; I wrote the following words on a ſcroll of paper—"This "monk fell by my hand; he merited the death "I gave him: Let not my father's memory be "attainted! He is innocent, and died ſuddenly "by the will of Heaven and not by the hand of "man."—This I ſigned with my name, and affixed to the breaſt of the monk; then imprinting a laſt kiſs upon the hand of my dead father, I went ſoftly down the ſecret ſtairs, and paſſing through the chapel eſcaped out of the houſe unnoticed by any of the family.

Our houſe ſtood at one extremity of the an-

tient city of Segovia; I made my way as faſt as my feet would tranſport me to the foreſts of San Ildephonſo, and there ſheltered myſelf till night came on; by ſhort and ſtealthy journeys, through various perils and almoſt incredible hardſhips, I arrived at Barcelona; I made myſelf known to an Engliſh merchant, ſettled there, who had long been a correſpondent of my father's, and was employed by our family in the exportation of their wool, which is the chief produce of eſtates in the great plain of Segovia, ſo famous for it's ſheep: By this gentleman I was ſupplied with money and neceſſaries; he alſo gave me letters of credit upon his correſpondent in London, and took a paſſage for me in a very commodious and capital ſhip bound to that port, but intermediately to Smyrna, whither ſhe was chartered with a valuable cargo. Ever ſince the unhappy event in Segovia it had been my firſt and conſtant wiſh to take refuge in England; nothing therefore could be more acceptable than theſe letters of credit and introduction, and being eager to place myſelf under the protection of a nation, whoſe generoſity all Europe bears teſtimony to, I loſt not a moment in embarking on board the Britiſh Lion, (for ſo the ſhip was named) and in this aſylum I for the

firſt

firſt time found that repoſe of mind and body, which for more than two months I had been a ſtranger to.

Here I fortunately made acquaintance with a very worthy and ingenious gentleman, who was going to ſettle at Smyrna as phyſician to the factory, and to the care and humanity of this excellent perſon, under Providence, I am indebted for my recovery from a very dangerous fever, which ſeized me on the third day after my coming on board: This gentleman reſided many years at Smyrna, and practiſed there with great ſucceſs; he afterwards went through a very curious courſe of travel, and is now happily returned to his native country.

When we arrived at Smyrna I was on my recovery, and yet under the care of my friendly phyſician; I lodged in the ſame houſe with him, and found great benefit from the air and exerciſe on ſhore: He adviſed me to remain there for a ſeaſon, and at the ſame time an offer was made to me by the ſhip's captain of acting for the merchants in place of their agent, who had died on the paſſage. The letters of credit given me at Barcelona, and the ſecurity entered into on my account with the houſe in London, warranted this propoſal on his part, and there were

many motives, which prevailed with me for accepting it.

In this ſtation I had the good fortune to give ſuch ſatisfaction to my principals, that during a reſidence of more than twenty years I negotiated their buſineſs with uninterrupted ſucceſs, and in the courſe of that time ſecured a competency for myſelf, and married a very worthy wife, with whom I have lived happily ever ſince.

Still my wiſhes pointed to this land of freedom and toleration, and here at laſt I hope I am ſet down for life: Such was my prepoſſeſſion for this country, that I may ſay without boaſting during twenty years reſidence in Smyrna no Engliſhman ever left my door without the relief he ſolicited, or appeared to ſtand in need of.

I muſt not omit to tell you that to my infinite comfort it turned out, that my precautions after the death of the monk were effectual for preventing any miſchief to the head of my family, who ſtill preſerves his rank, title and eſtate unſuſpected; and although I was outlawed by name, time hath now wrought ſuch a change in my perſon, and the affair hath ſo died away in men's memories, that I truſt I am in ſecurity from any future machinations in that quarter:

quarter: Still I hold it juſt to my family and prudent towards myſelf to continue my precautions: Upon the little fortune I raiſed in Smyrna, with ſome aids I have occaſionally received from the head of our houſe, who is my nephew, and ſeveral profitable commiſſions for the ſale of Spaniſh wool, I live contentedly, though humbly as you ſee, and I have beſides wherewithal, (bleſſed be God!) to be of ſome uſe and aſſiſtance to my fellow-creatures.

Thus I have related to you my brief hiſtory, not concealing that bloody act, which would ſubject me to death by the ſentence of a human tribunal, but for which I hope my interceſſion and atonement have been accepted by the Supreme Judge of all hearts, with whom there is mercy and forgiveneſs. Reflect I pray you upon my ſituation at that dreadful moment; enter into the feelings of a ſon; picture to yourſelves the ſcene of horror before my eyes; conceive a brutal zealot ſpurning the dead corpſe of my father, and that father his moſt generous benefactor, honoured for his virtues and adored for his charities, the beſt of parents and the friend of mankind; reflect, I ſay, upon theſe my agonies and provocations, make allowance for a diſtracted heart in ſuch a criſis, and judge me with that

charity, which takes the law of God, and not the law of man for it's direction.

Here Abrahams concluded, and here alſo I ſhall adjourn to the ſucceeding volume what remains to be related of the perſons, whoſe adventures have already engroſſed ſo large a portion of this miſcellaneous work.

N° CXXIII.

Natio comœda eſt.

IF the preſent taſte for private plays ſpreads as faſt as moſt faſhions do in this country, we may expect the riſing generation will be, like the Greeks in my motto, one entire nation of actors and actreſſes. A father of a family may ſhortly reckon it amongſt the bleſſings of a numerous progeny, that he is provided with a ſufficient company for his domeſtic ſtage, and may caſt a play to his own liking without going abroad for his theatrical amuſements. Such a ſteady

ſteady troop cannot fail of being under better regulation than a ſet of ſtrollers, or than any ſet whatever, who make acting a vocation: Where a manager has to deal with none but players of his own begetting, every play bids fair to have a ſtrong caſt, and in the phraſe of the ſtage to be well got up. Happy author, who ſhall ſee his characters thus grouped into a family-piece, firm as the Theban band of friends, where all is zeal and concord, no bickerings nor jealouſies about ſtage-precedency, no ladies to fall ſick of the ſpleen, and toſs up their parts in a huff, no heart-burnings about flounced petticoats and ſilver trimmings, where the mother of the whole company ſtands wardrobe-keeper and property-woman, whilſt the father takes poſt at the ſide ſcene in the capacity of prompter with plenipotentiary controul over P S's and O P's.

I will no longer ſpeak of the difficulty of writing a comedy or tragedy, becauſe that is now done by ſo many people without any difficulty at all, that if there ever was any myſtery in it, that myſtery is thoroughly bottomed and laid open; but the art of acting was till very lately thought ſo rare and wonderful an excellence, that people began to look upon a perfect actor as a phenomenon in the world, which they were not to expect above once in a century; but

but now that the trade is laid open, this prodigy is to be met at the turn of every ſtreet; the nobility and gentry to their immortal honour have broken up the monopoly, and new-made players are now as plentiful as new-made peers.

Nec tamen Antiochus, nec erit mirabilis illic
Aut Stratocles aut cum molli Demetrius Hæmo.

Garrick and Powell would be now no wonder,
Nor Barry's ſilver note, nor Quin's heroic thunder.

Though the public profeſſors of the art are ſo compleatly put down by the private practitioners of it, it is but juſtice to obſerve in mitigation of their defeat, that they meet the compariſon under ſome diſadvantages, which their rivals have not to contend with.

One of theſe is diffidence, which volunteers cannot be ſuppoſed to feel in the degree they do, who are preſſed into the ſervice: I never yet ſaw a public actor come upon the ſtage on the firſt night of a new play, who did not ſeem to be nearly, if not quite, in as great a ſhaking fit as his author; but as there can be no luxury in a great fright, I cannot believe that people of faſhion, who act for their amuſement only, would ſubject themſelves to it; they muſt certainly have a proper confidence in their own abilities, or they would never ſtep out of a

drawing

drawing room, where they are ſure to figure upon a ſtage, where they run the riſque of expoſing themſelves; ſome gentlemen perhaps, who have been *mutæ perſonæ* in the ſenate, may ſtart at the firſt ſound of their own voices in a theatre, but graceful action, juſt elocution, perfect knowledge of their author, elegant deportment, and every advantage, that refined manners and courtly addreſs can beſtow, is exclusively their own: In all ſcenes of high life they are at home; noble ſentiments are natural to them; love-parts they can play by inſtinct, and as for all the caſts of rakes, gameſters and fine gentlemen they can fill them to the life. Think only what a violence it muſt be to the nerves of an humble unpretending actor to be obliged to play the gallant gay ſeducer and be the cuckold-maker of the comedy, when he has no other object at heart but to go quietly home, when the play is over, to his wife and children and participate with them in the honeſt earnings of his vocation; can ſuch a man compete with the Lothario of high life?

And now I mention the cares of a family, I ſtrike upon another diſadvantage, which the public performer is ſubject to and the private exempt from: The Andromache of the ſtage may have an infant Hector at home, whom ſhe

more

more tenderly feels for than the Hector of the ſcene; he may be ſick, he may be ſupperleſs; there may be none to nurſe him, when his mother is out of ſight, and the maternal intereſt in the divided heart of the actreſs may preponderate over the heroine's: This is a caſe not within the chances to happen to any lady-actreſs, who of courſe conſigns the taſk of education to other hands, and keeps her own at leiſure for more preſſing duties.

Public performers have their memories loaded and diſtracted with a variety of parts, and oftentimes are compelled to ſuch a repetition of the ſame part, as cannot fail to quench the ſpirit of the repreſentation; they muſt obey the call of duty, be the caſt of the character what it may—

——*Cum Thaida ſuſtinet, aut cum*
Uxorem comœdus agit.

Subject to all the various caſts of life,
Now the looſe harlot, now the virtuous wife.

But, what is worſe than all, the veterans of the public ſtage will ſometimes be appointed to play the old and ugly, as I can inſtance in the perſon of a moſt admirable actreſs, whom I have often ſeen, and never without the tribute of applauſe, in the caſts of *Juliet's Nurſe*, *Aunt Deborah*, and other venerable damſels in the vale

of

of years, when I am confident there is not a lady of independent rank in England of *Mrs. Pitt*'s age, who would not rather ſtruggle for *Miſs Jenny* or *Miſs Hoyden*, than ſtoop to be the repreſentative of ſuch old hags.

Theſe and the ſubjection public performers are under to the caprice of the ſpectators, and to the attacks of conceited and misjudging critics are amongſt the many diſagreeable circumſtances, which the moſt eminent muſt expect and the moſt fortunate cannot eſcape.

It would be hard indeed if performers of diſtinction, who uſe the ſtage only as an elegant and moral reſource, ſhould be ſubject to any of theſe unpleaſant conditions, and yet as a friend to the riſing fame of the domeſtic drama I muſt obſerve, that there are ſome precautions neceſſary, which it's patrons have not yet attended to. There are ſo many conſequences to be guarded againſt, as well as proviſions to be made for an eſtabliſhment of this ſort, that it behoves it's conductors to take their firſt ground with great judgment; and above all things to be very careful that an exhibition ſo ennobled by it's actors, may be caſt into ſuch a ſtile and character, as may keep it clear from any poſſible compariſon with ſpectacles, which it ſhould not condeſcend to imitate, and cannot hope to equal.

This

This I believe has not been attempted, perhaps not even reflected upon, and yet if I may ſpeak from information of ſpecimens, which I have not been preſent at, there are many reforms needful both in it's external as well as internal arrangement.

By external I mean ſpectacle, comprehending theatre, ſtage, ſcenery, orcheſtra, and all things elſe, which fall within the province of the *arbiter deliciarum:* Theſe ſhould be planned upon a model new, original and peculiar to themſelves; ſo induſtriouſly diſtinguiſhed from our public play-houſes, that they ſhould not ſtrike the eye, as now they do, like a copy in miniature, but as the independant ſketch of a maſter, who diſdains to copy. I can call to mind many noble halls and ſtately apartments in the great houſes and caſtles of our nobility, which would give an artiſt ample field for fancy, and which with proper help would be diſpoſed into new and ſtriking ſhapes for ſuch a ſcene of action, as ſhould become the dignity of the performers. Halls and ſaloons, flanked with interior columns and ſurrounded by galleries, would with the aid of proper draperies or ſcenery in the intercolumnations take a rich and elegant appearance, and at the ſame time the muſic might be ſo diſpoſed in the gallery, as to produce a moſt animating effect.

A very

A very ſmall elevation of ſtage ſhould be allowed of, and no contraction by ſide ſcenes to huddle the ſpeakers together and embarraſs their deportment; no ſhift of ſcene whatever, and no curtain to draw up and drop, as if puppets were to play behind it; the area, appropriated to the performers, ſhould be ſo dreſſed and furniſhed with all ſuitable accommodations, as to afford every poſſible opportunity to the performers of varying their actions and poſtures, whether of ſitting, walking or ſtanding, as their ſituations in the ſcene, or their intereſt in the dialogue may dictate; ſo as to familiarize and aſſimilate their whole conduct and converſation through the progreſs of the drama to the manners and habits of well-bred perſons in real life.

Prologues and epilogues in the modern ſtile of writing and ſpeaking them I regard as very unbecoming, and I ſhould bluſh to ſee any lady of faſhion in that ſilly and unſeemly ſituation: They are the laſt remaining corruptions of the antient drama; reliques of ſervility, and only are retained in our London theatres as vehicles of humiliation at the introduction of a new play, and traps for falſe wit, extravagant conceits and female flippancy at the concluſion of it: Where authors are petitioners, and players ſervants to the public theſe condeſcenſions muſt be made,

but

but where poets are not ſuitors, and performers are benefactors, why ſhould the free Muſe wear ſhackles? for ſuch they are, though the fingers of the brave are employed to put them on the limbs of the fair.

As I am ſatisfied nothing ought to be admitted from beginning to end, which can provoke compariſons, I revolt with indignation from the idea of a lady of faſhion being trammelled in the trickery of the ſtage, and taught her airs and graces, till ſhe is made the mere *fac-ſimile* of a manneriſt, where the moſt ſhe can aſpire to is to be the copy of a copyiſt: Let none ſuch be conſulted in dreſſing or drilling an honorary novitiate in the forms and faſhions of the public ſtage; it is a courſe of diſcipline, which neither perſon will profit by; a kind of barter, in which both parties will give and receive falſe airs and falſe conceits; the fine lady will be diſqualified by copying the actreſs, and the actreſs will become ridiculous by apeing the fine lady.

As for the choice of the drama, which is ſo nice and difficult a part of the buſineſs, I ſcarce believe there is one play upon the liſt, which in all it's parts and paſſages is thoroughly adapted to ſuch a caſt as I am ſpeaking of: Where it has been in public uſe I am ſure it is not, for there compariſons are unavoidable. Plays profeſſedly

feſſedly wrote for the ſtage muſt deal in ſtrong character, and ſtriking contraſt: How can a lady ſtand forward in a part, contrived to produce ridicule or diſguſt, or which is founded upon broad humour and vulgar buffoonery?—

Nempe ipſa videtur,
Non perſona loqui.

" 'Tis ſhe herſelf, and not her maſk which ſpeaks."

I doubt if it be altogether ſeemly for a gentleman to undertake, unleſs he can reconcile himſelf to cry out with Laberius—

Eques Romanus lare egreſſus meo
Domum revertam mimus.

" Eſquire I ſign'd myſelf at noon,
" At night I counterſign'd Buffoon."

The drama therefore muſt be purpoſely written for the occaſion; and the writer muſt not only have local knowledge of every arrangement preparatory for the exhibition, but perſonal knowledge alſo of the performers, who are to exhibit it. The play itſelf, in my conception of it, ſhould be part only of the projected entertainment, woven into the device of a grand and ſplendid *fête*, given in ſome noble country houſe or palace: Neither ſhould the ſpectators be to-

tally excuſed from their ſubſcription to the general *gala*, nor left to doſe upon their benches through the progreſs of five tedious acts, but called upon at intervals by muſic, dance or refreſhment, elegantly contrived, to change the ſameneſs of the ſcene and relieve the efforts of the more active corps, employed upon the drama.

And now let me ſay one word to qualify the irony I ſet out with and acquit myſelf as a moraliſt.

There are many and great authorities againſt this ſpecies of entertainment, and certainly the danger is great, where theatrical propenſities are too much indulged in young and inexperienced minds. Tertullian ſays, (but he is ſpeaking of a very licentious theatre) *Theatrum ſacrarium eſt Veneris*—"A playhouſe is the very ſacriſty "of Venus." And Juvenal, who wrote in times of the groſſeſt impurity, maintains that no prudent man will take any young lady to wife, who has ever been even within the walls of a theatre—

Cuneis an habent ſpectacula totis
Quod ſecurus ames, quodque inde excerpere poſſis?

"Look round, and ſay if any man of ſenſe
"Will dare to ſingle out a wife from hence?"

Young

Young women of humble rank and ſmall pretenſions ſhould be particularly cautious how a vain ambition of being noticed by their ſuperiors betrays them into an attempt at diſplaying their unprotected perſons on a ſtage, however dignified and reſpectable. If they have talents, and of courſe applauſe, are their underſtandings and manners proof againſt applauſe? If they miſtake their talents, and merit no applauſe, are they ſure they will get no contempt for their ſelf-conceit? If they have both acting talents and attractive charms, I tremble for their danger; let the fooliſh parent, whoſe itching ears tingled with the plaudits, that reſounded through the theatre, where virgin modeſty depoſited it's bluſhes, beware how his aching heart ſhall throb with ſorrow, when the daughter, *quæ pudica ad theatrum acceſſerat, inde revertetur impudica. (Cyprian. ad Donatum.)*

So much by way of caution to the guardians and protectors of innocence; let the offence light where it may, I care not, ſo it ſerves the cauſe for which my heart is pledged.

As for my opinion of private plays in general, though it is a faſhion, which hath kings and princes for it's nurſing fathers and queens and princeſſes for it's nurſing mothers, I think it is a faſhion, that ſhould be cautiouſly indulged and

narrowly confined to certain ranks, ages and conditions in the community at large. Grace forbid! that what the author of my motto ſaid ſcoffingly of the Greeks ſhould be ſaid propheti-cally of this nation; emulate them in their love of freedom, in their love of ſcience; rival them in the greateſt of their actions, but not in the verſatility of their mimic talents, till it ſhall be ſaid of us by ſome future ſatiriſt—

Natio comœda eſt. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur: flet, ſi lacrymas aſpexit amici,
Nec dolet. Igniculum brumæ ſi tempore poſcas,
Accipit endromidem: Si dixeris, æſtuo, ſudat.
Non ſumus ergo pares; melior, qui ſemper et omni
Nocte dieque poteſt alienum ſumere vultum.

" Laugh, and your merry echo burſts his ſides;
" Weep, and his courteous tears guſh out in tides:
" Light a few ſticks you cry, 'tis wintry—Lo!
" He's a furr'd Laplander from top to toe;
" Put out the fire, for now 'tis warm—He's more,
" Hot, ſultry hot, and ſweats at every pore:
" Oh! he's beyond us; we can make no race
" With one, who night and day maintains his pace,
" And faſt as you ſhift humours ſtill can ſhift his
" face."

Before I cloſe this paper I wiſh to go back to what I ſaid reſpecting the propriety of new and occaſional dramas for private exhibition: Too many men are in the habit of decrying their

their contemporaries, and this diſcouraging practice ſeems more generally levelled at the dramatic province, than any other; but whilſt the authors of ſuch tragic dramas as *Douglas*, *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*, of ſuch comic ones as *The School for Scandal*, *The Jealous Wife*, *The Clandeſtine Marriage* and *The Way to Keep Him*, with others in both lines, are yet amongſt us, why ſhould we ſuppoſe the ſtate of genius ſo declined as not to furniſh poets able to ſupport and to ſupply their honorary repreſentatives? Numbers there are no doubt, unnamed and unknown, whom the fiery trial of a public ſtage deters from breaking their obſcurity: Let diſintereſted fame be their prize and there will be no want of competitors.

Latet anguis in herba,

There is a ſerpent in the graſs, and that ſerpent is the emblem of wiſdom; the very ſymbol of wit upon the watch, couching for a while under the cover of obſcurity, till the bright rays of the ſun ſhall ſtrike upon it, give it life and motion to erect itſelf on end and diſplay the dazzling colours of it's burniſhed ſcales.

" Though thou, vile cynic, art the age's ſhame,
" Hope not to damn all living fame;
" True wit is arm'd in ſcales ſo bright,
" It dazzles thy dull owliſh ſight;

" Thy wolfiſh fangs no entrance gain,
" They gnaw, they tug, they gnaſh in vain,
" Their hungry malice does but edge their pain.

" Avaunt, profane! 'tis conſecrated ground:
" Let no unholy foot be found
" Where the Arts mingle, where the Muſes haunt,
" And the Nine Siſters hymn their ſacred chaunt,
" Where freedom's nymph-like form appears,
" And high 'midſt the harmonious ſpheres
" Science her laurel-crowned head uprears.

" Ye moral maſters of the human heart!
" And you advance, ye ſons of Art!
" Let Fame's far-echoing trumpet ſound
" To ſummon all her candidates around;
" Then bid old Time his roll explore,
" And ſay what age preſents a ſtore
" In merit greater or in numbers more.

" Come forth, and boldly ſtrike the lyre,
" Break into ſong, poetic choir!
" Let Tragedy's loud ſtrains in thunder roll;
" With Pity's dying cadence melt the ſoul;
" And now provoke a ſprightlier lay;
" Hark! Comedy begins to play,
" She ſmites the ſtring, and Dullneſs flits aw

" For envious Dullneſs will eſſay to fling
" Her mud into the Muſe's ſpring,
" Whilſt critic curs with pricking ears
" Bark at each bard as he appears;
" Ev'n the fair dramatiſt, who ſips
" Her Helicon with modeſt lips,
" Sometimes alas! in troubled water dip

" But ſtop not, fair one, faint not in thy taſk,
" Slip on the ſock and ſnatch the maſk,
" Poliſh thy clear reflecting glaſs,
" And catch the manners as they paſs;
" Call home thy playful Sylphs again,
" And chear them with a livelier ſtrain;
" Fame weaves no wreath that is not earn'd with
" pain.

" And thou, whoſe happy talent hit
" The richeſt vein of Congreve's wit,
" Ah fickle rover, falſe ingrateful loon,
" Did the fond eaſy Muſe conſent too ſoon,
" That thou ſhould'ſt quit Thalia's arms
" For an old *Begum*'s tawny charms,
" And ſhake us, not with laughter, but alarms?

" Curſt be ambition! Hence with muſty laws!
" Why pleads the bard but in Apollo's cauſe?
" Why move the Court and humbly apprehend
" But as the Muſe's advocate and friend?
" She taught his faithful ſcene to ſhow
" All that man's varying paſſions know,
" Gay-flaſhing wit and heart-diſſolving woe.

" Thou too, thrice happy in a *Jealous Wife*,
" Comic interpreter of nuptial life,
" Know that all candid hearts deteſt
" Th' unmanly ſcoffer's cruel jeſt,
" Who for his jibes no butt could find
" But what cold palſy left behind,
" A ſhaking man with an unſhaken mind.

" And ye, who teach man's lordly race,
" That woman's wit will have it's place,

" Matrons and maidens, who inſpire
" The ſcenic flute or ſweep the Sapphic lyre,
" Go, warble in the ſylvan ſeat,
" Where the Parnaſſian ſiſters meet,
" And ſtamp the rugged ſoil with female feet.

" 'Tis ye, who interweave the myrtle bough
" With the proud palm that crowns Britannia's brow,
" Who to the age in which ye live
" It's charms, it's graces and it's glories give;
" For me, I ſeek no higher praiſe,
" But to crop one ſmall ſprig of bays,
" And wear it in the ſunſhine of your days."

N° CXXIV.

I THINK the ladies will not accuſe me of buſying myſelf in impertinent remarks upon their dreſs and attire, for indeed it is not to their perſons my ſervices are devoted, but to their minds: If I can add to them any thing ornamental, or take from them any thing unbecoming, I ſhall gain my wiſh; the reſt I ſhall leave to their milliners and mantua-makers.

Now if I have any merit with them for not intruding upon their toilets, let them ſhew me ſo much complaiſance, as not to read this paper, whilſt

whilſt they are engaged in thoſe occupations, which I have never before interrupted; for as I intend to talk with them a little metaphyſically, I would not wiſh to divide their attention, nor ſhall I be contented with leſs than the whole.

In the firſt place I muſt tell them, gentle though they be, that human nature is ſubject to a variety of paſſions; ſome of theſe are virtuous paſſions, ſome on the contrary I am afraid are evil; there are however a number of intermediate propenſities, moſt of which might alſo be termed paſſions, which by the proper influence of reaſon may become very uſeful allies to any one ſingle virtue, when in danger of being overpowered by a hoſt of foes: At the ſame time they are as capable of being kidnapped by the enemies of reaſon, and, when enliſted in the ranks of the inſurgents, ſeldom fail to turn the fate of the battle, and commit dreadful havock in the peaceful quarters of the invaded virtue. It is apparent then that all theſe intermediate propenſities are a kind of balancing powers, which ſeem indeed to hold a neutrality in moral affairs, but, holding it with arms in their hands, cannot be ſuppoſed to remain impartial ſpectators of the fray, and therefore muſt be either with us, or againſt us.

I ſhall make myſelf better underſtood when I proceed

proceed to inſtance them, and I will begin with that, which has been called the univerſal paſſion, *The love of Fame.*

I preſume no lady will diſavow this propenſity; I would not wiſh her to attempt it; let her examine it however; let her firſt enquire to what point it is likely to carry her before ſhe commits herſelf to it's conduct: If it is to be her guide to that fame only, which excels in faſhionable diſſipation, figures in the firſt circles of the gay world, and is the loadſtone to attract every libertine of high life into the ſphere of it's activity, it is a traiterous guide, and is ſeducing her to a precipice, that will ſooner or later be the grave of her happineſs: On the contrary, if it propoſes to avoid theſe dangerous purſuits, and recommends a progreſs through paths leſs tempting to the eye perhaps, but terminated by ſubſtantial comforts, ſhe may ſecurely follow a propenſity, which cannot miſlead her, and indulge a paſſion, which will be the moving ſpring of all her actions, and but for which her nature would want energy, and her character be no otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed than by avoidance of vice without the grace and merit of any poſitive virtue. I can hardly ſuppoſe, if it was put to a lady's choice at her outſet into life which kind of fame ſhe would be diſtinguiſhed for, good or

evil, but that ſhe would at once prefer the good; I muſt believe ſhe would acknowledge more gratification in being ſignalized as the beſt wife, the beſt mother, the moſt exemplary woman of her time, than in being pointed out in all circles ſhe frequents as the moſt faſhionable rake, the beſt dreſſed voluptuary in the nation: If this be rightly conjectured, why will not every woman, who has her choice to make, direct her ambition to thoſe objects, which will give her moſt ſatisfaction, when attained? There can be no reaſon but becauſe it impoſes on her ſome ſelf-denials by the way, which ſhe has not fortitude to ſurmount; and it is plain ſhe does not love fame well enough to be at much pains in acquiring it; her ambition does not reach at noble objects, her paſſion for celebrity is no better than that of a buffoon's, who for the vanity of being conſpicuous ſubmits to be contemptible.

Friendſhip is a word which has a very captivating ſound, but is by no means of a decided quality; it may be friend or foe as reaſon and true judgment ſhall determine for it. If I were to decry all female friendſhips in the lump it might ſeem a harſh ſentence, and yet it will ſeriouſly behove every parent to keep ſtrict watch over this propenſity in the early movements of the female mind. I am not diſpoſed to expatiate upon

upon it's dangers very particularly; they are ſufficiently known to people of experience and diſcretion; but attachments muſt be ſtemmed in their beginnings; keep off correſpondents from your daughters as you would keep off the peſtilence: Romantic miſſes, ſentimental noveliſts and ſcribbling pedants overturn each others heads with ſuch eternal rhapſodies about friendſhip, and refine upon nonſenſe with ſuch an affectation of enthuſiaſm, that if it has not been the parent's ſtudy to take early precautions againſt all ſuch growing propenſities, it will be in vain to oppoſe the torrent, when it carries all before it and overwhelms the paſſions with it's force.

Senſibility is a mighty favorite with the fair ſex; it is an amiable friend or a very dangerous foe to virtue: Let the female, who profeſſes it, be careful how ſhe makes too full a diſplay of her weakneſs; for this is ſo very ſoft and inſinuating a propenſity, that it will be found in moſt female gloſſaries as a ſynonymous term for love itſelf; in fact it is little elſe than the *nomme-de-guerre*, which that inſidious adventurer takes upon him in all firſt approaches; the paſs-word in all thoſe ſkirmiſhing experiments, which young people make upon each other's affections, before they proceed to plainer declarations;

declarations; it is the whetſtone, upon which love ſharpens and prepares his arrows: If any lady makes a certain ſhow of ſenſibility in company with her admirer, he muſt be a very dull fellow, if he does not know how to turn the weapon from himſelf to her. Now ſenſibility aſſumes a different character when it is taken into the ſervice of benevolence, or made the centinel of modeſty; in one caſe it gives the ſpring to pity, in the other the alarm to diſcretion; but whenever it aſſails the heart by ſoft ſeduction to beſtow that pity and relief, which diſcretion does not warrant and purity ought not to grant, it ſhould be treated as a renegado and a ſpy, which under the maſk of charity would impoſe upon credulity for the vileſt purpoſes, and betray the heart by flattering it to it's ruin.

Vanity is a paſſion, to which I think I am very complaiſant, when I admit it to a place amongſt theſe convertible propenſities, for it is as much as I can do to find any occupation for it in the family-concerns of virtue; perhaps if I had not known *Vaneſſa* I ſhould not pay it even this ſmall compliment: It can however do ſome under-offices in the houſehold of generoſity, of chearfulneſs, hoſpitality, and certain other reſpectable qualities: It is little elſe than an of-

ficious, civil, ſilly thing, that runs on errands for it's betters, and is content to be paid with a ſmile for it's good-will by thoſe, who have too much good ſenſe to ſhow it any real reſpect: When it is harmleſs, it would be hard to wound it out of wantonneſs; when it is miſchievous, there is merit in chaſtiſing it with the whip of ridicule: A lap-dog may be endured, if he is inoffenſive and does not annoy the company, but a ſnappiſh, barking pett, though in a lady's arms, deſerves to have his ears pulled for his impertinence.

Delicacy is a ſoft name, and fine ladies, who have a proper contempt for the vulgar, are very willing to be thought endowed with ſenſes more refined and exquiſite, than nature ever meant to give them; their nerves are ſuſceptible in the extreme and they are of conſtitutions ſo irritable, that *the very winds of heaven* muſt not be allowed to *viſit their face too roughly*. I have ſtudied this female favorite with ſome attention, and I am not yet able to diſcover any one of it's good qualities; I do not perceive the merit of ſuch exquiſite fibres, nor have I obſerved that the ſlendereſt ſtrings are apt to produce the ſweeteſt ſounds, when applied to inſtruments of harmony; I preſume the female heart ſhould be ſuch an harmonious inſtrument, when touched by

by the parent, the friend, the huſband; but how can theſe expect a concert of ſweet ſounds to be excited from a thing, which is liable to be jarred and put out of tune by every breath of air? It may be kept in it's caſe, like an old-faſhioned virginal, which nobody knows, or even wiſhes to know, how to touch: It can never be brought to bear it's part in a family concert, but muſt hang by the wall, or at beſt be a ſolo inſtrument for the remainder of it's days.

Baſhfulneſs, when it is attached to modeſty, will be regarded with the eye of candor and cheared with the ſmile of encouragement; but baſhfulneſs is a hireling, and is ſometimes diſcovered in the livery of pride, oftentimes in the caſt-off trappings of affectation; pedantry is very apt to bring it into company, and ſly, ſecret conſcioufneſs will frequently *bluſh becauſe it underſtands*. I do not ſay I have much to lay to it's charge, for it is not apt to be troubleſome in polite ſocieties, nor do I commonly meet it even in the youngeſt of the female ſex. There is a great deal of bluſhing I confeſs in all the circles of fine ladies, but then it is ſo univerſal a bluſh and withal ſo permanent, that I am far from imputing it always to baſhfulneſs, when the cheeks of the fair are tinged with roſes. However, though it is ſometimes an impoſtor,

and

and for that reaſon may deſerve to be diſmiſſed, I cannot help having a conſideration for one, that has in paſt times been the handmaid of beauty, and therefore as merit has taken modeſty into her ſervice, I would recommend to ignorance to put baſhfulneſs into full pay and employment.

Politeneſs is a charming propenſity, and I would wiſh the fine ladies to indulge it, if it were only by way of contraſt between themſelves and the fine gentlemen they conſort with. I do not think it is altogether becoming for a lady to plant herſelf in the center of a circle with her back to the fire, and expect every body to be warmed by the contemplation of her figure or the reflection of her countenance; at the ſame time I am free to confeſs it an attitude, by which the man of high breeding is conſpicuouſly diſtinguiſhed, and is charming to behold, when ſet off with the proper accompaniments of leather breeches, tight boots and a jockey waiſtcoat. I will not deny however but I have ſeen this practiſed by ladies, who have acquitted themſelves with great ſpirit on the occaſion; but then it cannot be done without certain male accoutrements, and preſuppoſes a ſlouched hat, half-boots, ſhort waiſtcoat and riding dreſs, not to omit broad metal buttons with great letters engraved

engraved upon them, or the ſignature of ſome hunt, with the indiſpenſable appendage of two long dangling watch-chains, which ſerve to mark the double value people of faſhion put upon their time, and alſo ſhew the encouragement they beſtow upon the arts: With theſe implements the work may be done even by a female artiſt, but it is an art I wiſh no young lady to ſtudy, and I hope the preſent profeſſors will take no more pupils, whilſt the academies of *Humphries* and *Mendoza* are kept open for accompliſhments, which I think upon the whole are altogether as becoming. Politeneſs, as I conceive, conſiſts in putting people at their eaſe in your company, and being at your eaſe in their's; modern practice I am afraid is apt to miſplace this proceſs, for I obſerve every body in faſhionable life polite enough to ſtudy their own eaſe, but I do not ſee much attention paid to that part of the rule, which ought to be firſt obſerved: It is well calculated for thoſe, who are adepts in it, but if ever ſuch an out-of-the-way thing as a modeſt perſon comes within it's reach, the awkward novice is ſure to be diſtreſſed, and whilſt every body about him ſeems repoſing on a bed of down, he alone is picketted upon a ſeat of thorns: Till this ſhall be reformed by the ladies, who profeſs to underſtand

politeneſs, I ſhall turn back to my red-book of forty years ago, to ſee what relicts of the old court are yet amongſt us, and take the mothers for my models in preference to their daughters.

N° CXXV.

"WHAT good do you expect to do by your Obſervers?" ſaid a certain perſon to me t'other day: As I knew the man to be a notorious *damper*, I parried his queſtion, as I have often parried other plump queſtions, by anſwering nothing, without appearing to be mortified or offended: To ſay the truth I do not well know what anſwer I could have given, had I been diſpoſed to attempt it: I ſhall ſpeak very ingenuouſly upon the ſubject to my candid readers, of whoſe indulgence I have had too many proofs to heſitate at committing to them all that is in my heart relative to our paſt or future intercourſe and connection.

When I firſt devoted myſelf to this work, I took

took it up at a time of leiſure and a time of life, when I conceived myſelf in a capacity for the undertaking; I flattered myſelf I had talents and materials ſufficient to furniſh a collection of miſcellaneous eſſays, which through a variety of amuſing matter ſhould convey inſtruction to ſome, entertainment to moſt and diſguſt to none of my readers. To effect theſe purpoſes I ſtudied in the firſt place to ſimplify and familiarize my ſtile by all means ſhort of inelegance, taking care to avoid all pedantry and affectation, and never ſuffering myſelf to be led aſtray by the vanity of florid periods and laboured declamation: At the ſame time I reſolved not to give my morals an auſtere complexion, nor convey reproof in a magiſterial tone, for I did not hold it neceſſary to be angry in order to perſuade the world that I was in earneſt: As I am not the age's Cenſor either by office or profeſſion, nor am poſſeſſed of any ſuch ſuperiorities over other men as might juſtify me in aſſuming a taſk to which nobody has invited me, I was ſenſible I had no claim upon the public for their attention but what I could earn by zeal and diligence, nor any title to their candour and complacency but upon the evidence of thoſe qualities on my own part. As I have never made particular injuries a cauſe for general complaints, I

am by no means out of humour with the world, and it has been my conſtant aim throughout the progreſs of theſe papers to recommend and inſtil a principle of univerſal benevolence; I have to the beſt of my power endeavoured to ſupport the Chriſtian character by occaſional remarks upon the evidences and benefits of Revealed Religion; and as the ſale and circulation of theſe volumes have exceeded my moſt ſanguine hopes, I am encouraged to believe that my endeavours are accepted, and if ſo, I truſt there is no arrogance in preſuming ſome good may have reſulted from them.

I wiſh I could contribute to render men mild and merciful towards each other, tolerating every peaceable member, who mixes in our community without annoying it's eſtabliſhed church: I wiſh I could inſpire an ardent attachment to our beloved country, qualified however with the gentleſt manners and a beaming charity towards the world at large: I wiſh I could perſuade contemporaries to live together as friends and fellow travellers, emulating each other without acrimony and chearing even rivals in the ſame purſuit with that liberal ſpirit of patriotiſm, which takes a generous intereſt in the ſucceſs of every art and ſcience, that embelliſh or exalt the age and nation we belong to: I wiſh I could

could deviſe ſome means to ridicule the proud man out of his folly, the voluptuary out of his falſe pleaſures; if I could find one conſpicuous example, only one, amongſt the great and wealthy of an eſtate adminiſtered to my entire content, I ſhould hold it up with exultation; but when I review their order from the wretch who hoards to the madman who ſquanders, I ſee no one to merit other praiſe than of a preference upon compariſon; as for the domeſtic bully, who is a brute within his own doors and a ſycophant without, the malevolent defamer of mankind and the hardened reviler of religion, they are characters ſo incorrigible and held in ſuch univerſal deteſtation, that there is little chance of making any impreſſion upon their nature, and no need for provoking any greater contempt, than the world is already diſpoſed to entertain for them: I am happy in believing that the time does not abound in ſuch characters, for my obſervations in life have not been ſuch as ſhould diſpoſe me to deal in melancholy deſcriptions and deſponding lamentations over the enormities of the age; too many indeed may be found, who are languid in the practice of religion, and not a few, who are flippant in their converſation upon it; but let theſe ſenſeleſs triflers call to mind, if they can, one ſingle inſtance

ſtance of a man, however eminent for ingenuity, who either by what he has written, or by what he has ſaid, has been able to raiſe a well-founded ridicule at the expence of true religion; enthuſiaſm, ſuperſtition and hypocriſy may give occaſion for raillery, but againſt pure religion the wit of the blaſphemer carries no edge; the weapon, when ſtruck upon that ſhield, ſhivers in the aſſaſſin's hand, the point flies back upon his breaſt and plunges to his heart.

I have not been inattentive to the intereſts of the fair ſex, and have done my beſt to laugh them out of their fictitious characters: On the plain ground of truth and nature they are the ornaments of creation, but in the maze of affectation all their charms are loſt. Where vice corrupts one, vanity betrays an hundred; out of the many diſgraceful inſtances of nuptial infidelity upon record few have been the wretches, whom a natural depravity has made deſperate, but many and various are the miſeries, which have been produced by vanity, by reſentment, by faſhionable diſſipation, by the corruption of bad example, and moſt of all by the fault and neglect of the huſband.

They have aſſociated with our ſex to the profit of their underſtandings and the prejudice of their morals: We are beholden to them for having

having ſoftened our ferocity and diſpelled our gloom; but it is to be regretted that any part of that pedantic character, which they remedied in us, ſhould have infected their manners. A lady, who has quick talents, ready memory, an ambition to ſhine in converſation, a paſſion for reading and who is withal of a certain age or perſon to deſpair of conquering with her eyes, will be apt to ſend her underſtanding into the field, and it is well if ſhe does not make a ridiculous figure before her literary campaign is over. If the old ſtock of our female pedants were not ſo buſy in recruiting their ranks with young novitiates, whoſe underſtandings they diſtort by their training, we would let them ruſt out and ſpend their ſhort annuity of nonſenſe without annoying them, but whilſt they will be ſeducing credulous and inconſiderate girls into their circle, and transforming youth and beauty into unnatural and monſtrous ſhapes, it becomes the duty of every knight-errant in morality to ſally forth to the reſcue of theſe hag-ridden and diſtreſſed damſels.

It cannot be ſuppoſed I mean to ſay that genius ought not to be cultivated in one ſex as well as in the other; the object of my anxiety is the preſervation of the female character, by which I underſtand thoſe gentle unaſſuming manners

manners and qualities peculiar to the ſex, which recommend them to our protection and endear them to our hearts; let their talents and acquirements be what they may, they ſhould never be put forward in ſuch a manner as to overſhadow and keep out of ſight thoſe feminine and proper requiſites, which are fitted to the domeſtic ſphere and are indiſpenſable qualifications for the tender and engaging duties of wife and mother; they are not born to awe and terrify us into ſubjection by the flaſhes of their wit or the triumphs of their underſtanding; their conqueſts are to be effected by ſofter approaches, by a genuine delicacy of thought, by a ſimplicity and modeſty of ſoul, which ſtamp a grace upon every thing they act or utter. All this is compatible with every degree of excellence in ſcience or art; in fact it is characteriſtic of ſuperior merit, and amongſt the many inſtances of ladies now living, who have figured as authors or artiſts, there are very few, who are not as conſpicuous for the natural grace of character as for talents; prattlers and pretenders there may be in abundance, who fortunately for the world do not annoy us any otherwiſe than by their loquacity and impertinence.

Our age and nation have juſt reaſon to be proud of the genius of our women; the advances

vances they have made within a ſhort period are ſcarcely credible, and I reflect upon them with ſurprize and pleaſure: It behoves every young man of faſhion now to look well to himſelf and provide ſome fund of information and knowledge, before he commits himſelf to ſocieties, where the ſexes mix: Every thing that can awaken his ambition, or alarm his ſenſe of ſhame call upon him for the exertions of ſtudy and the improvement of his underſtanding; and thus it comes to paſs that the age grows more and more enlightened every day.

Away then with that ungenerous praiſe, which is laviſhed upon times paſt for no other purpoſe than to degrade and ſink the time preſent upon the compariſon!

Plus vetuſtis nam favet
Invidia mendax, quam bonis præſentibus.
PHÆDRUS.

I conſcientiouſly believe the public happineſs of this peaceful æra is not to be paralleled in our annals. A providential combination of events has conſpired to reſtore our national dignity and eſtabliſh our internal tranquillity in a manner, which no human foreſight could have pointed out, and by means, which no political ſagacity could have provided. It is a great and

ſufficient praiſe to thoſe, in whom the conduct of affairs is repoſed, that they have clearly ſeen and firmly ſeized the glorious opportunity.

Let us, who profit by the bleſſing, give proof that we are deſerving of it by being cordially affectioned towards one another, juſt and generous to all our fellow-creatures, grateful and obedient to our God.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.